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CONTENTS.

		PAGE
MARCH (Illustrated by Louis Meynelle.)	SYDNEY DAYRE	131
WHAT HAPPENED TO LLOYD'S TOAD (Illustrated by W. L. Sheppard.)	EMMA C. DOWD	132
THE POP FAMILY (Illustrate by Maud Humphrey.)	PENN ANDINCK	134
I WONDER IF BABY EVER THINKS (Illustrated by Jessie C. Shepherd.)	R. W. L	137
FRANKIE'S LETTER (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott.)	FRANKIE	139
CAUGHT IN THEIR OWN TRAP (Illustrated by F. T. Merrill.)	M. C. W. B	140
THE CREEPMOUSE (Illustrated by Miss E. S. Tucker.)	ANNA M. PRATT	142
GRANMOTHER'S STORY (Illustrated by H. M. Beal.)	J. D. E.	144
HOW THE BABIES RODE (Illustrated by F. T. Merrill.)	EMMA C. DOWD	147
POLLY'S PUPIL (Illustrated by Julia Robinson.)	SYDNEY DAYRE	149
THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM CANADA (ILLUSTRATION)	MISS E. S. TUCKER	151
MOLLY AND HER KID (Illustrated by Carl Hirschberg.)	ANNA M. PRATT	152
THE STORY OF THE GANDER (Illustrated by F. W. Freer)	E. M. A.	154
MARCH (Illustrated by Lizbeth B. Comins.)	L. B. C	157
HOW WE GIRLS HELPED (Illustrated by J. H. Hatfield and Alfred Matthews.)	A. M	158

The Illustrative Department under the direction of Mr. GEORGE T. ANDREW.

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(*MONTHLY.*)

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MARCH.



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MARCH.

He puffs in my face, and tangles my hair,
And laughs at me
In his saucy glee,
As he looks to see if I seem to care;
He steals behind me and jerks my hat
While I am at play,
And flirts it away, —
Perhaps he thinks there is fun in that.
He reddens my cheeks, and even tries
To fling the sand in my very eyes,
And out of my ruffles he takes the starch, —
An impudent fellow is he — that March!

But I can forgive him everything,
For, hark! — do you hear
A silvery, clear,
Little chirping note
On the air afloat? —
He's teaching the earliest birds to sing,
And then he will send them on the wing
To tell the little ones, far and near,

To be on the watch for the tiny flowers,
That he has waiting for April showers.
Crocuses, violets,
Come, little dainty pets,
Tell, when your pretty wee buds peep out,
To see what the stirring is all about,
That March, with all his bluster and roar,
Is only hurrying on before,
The sweetest message of all to bring, —
She's coming — coming — beautiful spring!

SYDNEY DAYRE.



WHAT HAPPENED TO LLOYD'S TOAD.

Lloyd was fond of all the creatures that lived in the garden, from the robins high up in the apple tree to the little ants that built their homes in the gravel walks. He was always careful not to harm any of them, but some of them he thought more interesting than others. There was a toad that he called his own, and he fed it with crumbs every day. He liked to watch it as it hopped about among the plants, darting out its bright red tongue to catch any small insects that came in its way.

One day Lloyd ran to his mother in the greatest excitement.

"My toad is trying to get his skin off!" he cried.

It was true; and when Lloyd and his mother reached the toad they saw him pulling his skin up over his head in much the way that a little



girl would take off her high-necked, long-sleeved apron, only it was harder work for him to do it. But he tugged bravely away with his fore feet until he was free, and then what a bright new coat he displayed!

Lloyd was delighted, and he asked many questions about toads and the way in which they changed their coats, and after that he was more fond of his toad than ever.

EMMA C. DOWD.



THE POP FAMILY.

THERE they lay, — I don't know how many of them, — the little Pop children.

They were all in rows, close side by side, quiet as could be. They all wore black night-caps.

Their father was Mr. Pop Korn, and the little ones were Pops too.

Once they had green curtains to their cob bed, and a silky plume for a canopy.

Now the curtains were braided up with other bed-curtains, several families of Pops being together in a great bunch. Perhaps the little Pops were tired of this, but they did not complain.

One day they were taken down by a rosy-cheeked boy. They were carried into the kitchen.



THE POP FAMILY.

What joy! Now there was to be some play. A dozen children were there. They jumped about the floor when the Pops came in.

Then the boy began to rub and tickle the little Pops with his thumb and fingers. How glad they were! They jumped from their bed into a dish. The children laughed, and so the little Pops felt cheerful too.

Most of them did. But some of them did not want to make folks happy. These did not jump into the dish. They dropped to the floor. They rolled off and hid in corners. Some of them bounced under the stove. Lazy folks very often run away from their duty.

The good Pops were shown into a cosey frying-pan. This was set upon the stove. Oh, how warm the fire was! The little Pops felt their hearts swell with the heat.

Pretty soon one of them cried "Pop" with great glee, and hopped into the air. His black night-cap was gone. He had a fresh jacket, all snowy white.

Down he came, pat, upon the floor. Then the other Pops began to dance and leap. What a chorus of them! "Pop, pop, pop, pop!"

The children scampered to pick them up. Each white and sweet Pop was kissed by the little ones' red lips. Then all the teeth went "munch, munch," and the boys and girls were full of delight. The little Pops had made them all happy.

But the other Pops, who rolled into corners, and under the stove, what became of them?

They were swept out of doors into the cold. There the hens picked them up. The hens said, "Cluck, cluck!" They were glad to swallow the lazy Pops.

But I would rather pop for the children than to hide under the stove. And I would not like to be swallowed by a hen. Would you?

PENN ANDINCK.





I WONDER IF BABY EVER THINKS.

I WONDER if baby ever thinks?
And what does she think about?
Why does she look so very sweet?
And why does she sometimes pout?

I wonder what baby ever thinks
That makes her so full of glee,
And brings the roses to her face,
And dimples, one, two, three?

I wonder how baby ever knows
The time she should go to sleep,
And the time to wake and rub her eyes,
From her slumber soft and deep?

I wonder if baby ever laughs
At the things on grandmother's nose,
And if she ever tries to count
Her ten little rosy toes?

I wonder what ever baby says
In her baby-kind of talk,
When she coos and stretches out her arms
For papa to come and walk?

I wonder what baby means to be
When she grows up big and tall?
I wonder if she's never afraid
That nursie will let her fall?

I wonder if we were ever "new"
And tiny, and sleepy and pink?
But the wonder I wonder the most of all —
I wonder what babies think?

R. W. L.



FRANKIE'S LETTER.



WASHINGTON D.C. MARCH 1888.

DEAR "LITTLE ONES" ON THE DAY BEFORE VALENTINE'S DAY PET AND I HAD EACH A BIG FIFTY CENT PEICE WE WERE GOING TO BUY VALENTINES WITH THEM. NURSE TOOK US OUT TO GET THE VALENTINES. ON THE WAY WE MET A LITTLE BOY AND HIS CLOTHES WERE ALL RAGGED. PET SAID HE LOOKED AS IF HE WANTED SOMETHING. SO I SAID TO HIM "LITTLE BOY, WHAT DO YOU WANT?" AND HE SAID "I WANT FIFTY CENTS." THEN PET GAVE HIM HER FIFTY CENT PEICE AND THEN I GAVE HIM MINE AND HE WAS SO GLAD THAT HE LAUGHED. WHEN WE HAD GIVEN AWAY OUR MONEY WE COULD NOT GET ANY VALENTINES AND SO ANNIE TOOK US HOME. I WONDERED WHAT THE LITTLE BOY WOULD BUY WITH THE TWO FIFTY CENT PEICES. PET THOUGHT HE WOULD GET A NEW PAIR OF SHOES AND PERHAPS ONE OF THE CREAM PUFFS WE SAW IN THE BAKER'S WINDOW. NURSE SAID SHE HOPED HE WOULD GET A PLATE OF NICE HOT SOUP AND A PAIR OF WARM STOCKINGS AND A WORSTED SCARF FOR HIS NECK. PET CALLED THE LITTLE BOY THE "VALENTINE BOY" AND WE BOTH LIKED HIM BETTER THAN THE VALENTINES WE DIDN'T GET.

YOUR FRIEND,
FRANKIE.



CAUGHT IN THEIR OWN TRAP.

It was a very hot day, and rainy too. "Regular dog-day weather," old Mr. Spriggins said, "if it is the month of June."

It was too rainy for the boys to play out-doors at noon-time, so you may know it rained hard. The smaller children played "Tea-kettle's boiling over!" in the entry; but that was too small game for our three rogues.

"How hot it is!" said Tommy Trow, mopping up his face with a very dirty handkerchief.

"Have to make up a fire to cool off by," said Billy Coe, who was always saying queer things.

"Let's do it," cried Titus Rowe, the harum-scarum boy of the school. "Let's make a fire and roast 'em out this afternoon."

So the three young scamps went to work to get together wood and kindlings, and made up a fire in the big, rusty stove. By the time one o'clock and Miss True came the school-room was "just as hot as a pepper-pot."

The scholars, as they came in one after another, looked disgusted, and fanned themselves with their books.

Miss True quietly shut up the stove, and opened all the windows and the door. Then, by a very few direct questions, she found out who made the fire.

Moving up a chair each side of the stove, and one behind it, she



called on Tommy, Billy, and Titus to come with their books, and occupy the three chairs. Then she gave all the others seats near the open windows, and commenced recitations.

How those boys did sweat and swelter! "Please, Miss True, mayn't I go to my seat?" asked Tommy, after a while.

"No," said Miss True, so decidedly that the others did not dare to ask.

How they did long for recess time, that they might go out in the rain and cool off! But when recess came they were kept in instead, and very much ashamed they looked.

"If you are sure you are warm enough now, boys," said Miss True, when recess was over, "you may take your own seats for the rest of the day." And very glad they were to do it.

"I tell you," said Billy, on the way home, "you won't catch me making up another fire in a hot day."

"Nor me," said Titus. "I like to have roasted to death!"

"Yes, 'twas awful," sighed Tommy; "but I couldn't help thinking she served us just about right."

And nobody denied it.

M. C. W. B.



THE CREEPMOUSE.

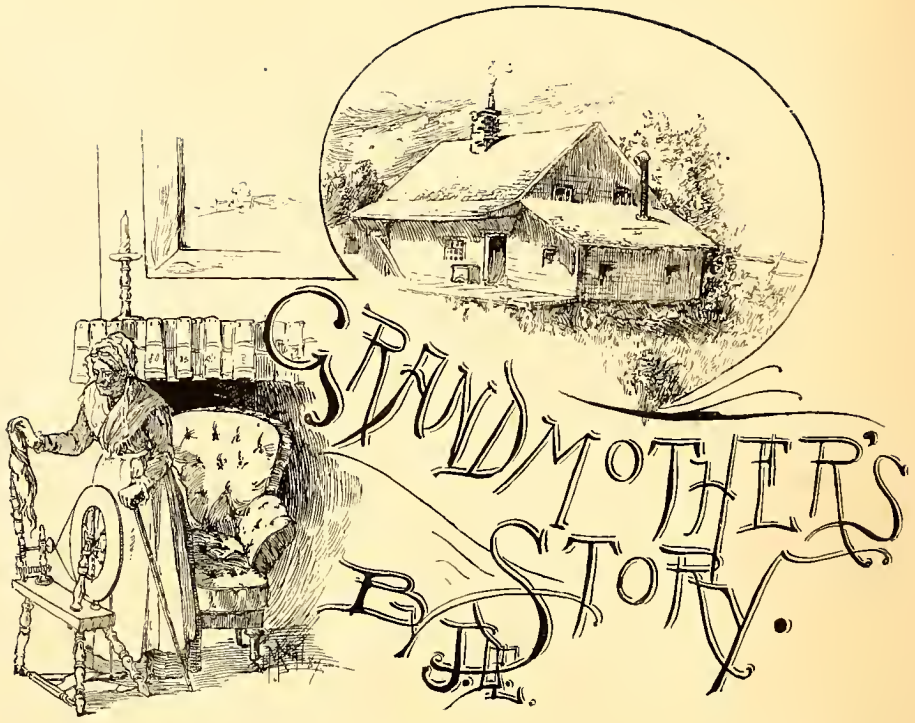
When baby in the morning
Begins to coo and crow,
A little cuddle-y creepmouse
Keeps moving to and fro.

And over all the dimples
Doth the little creepmouse creep,
Till it finds the very sweetest one,
And there it goes to sleep.

ANNA M. PRATT.



THE CREEPMOUSE.



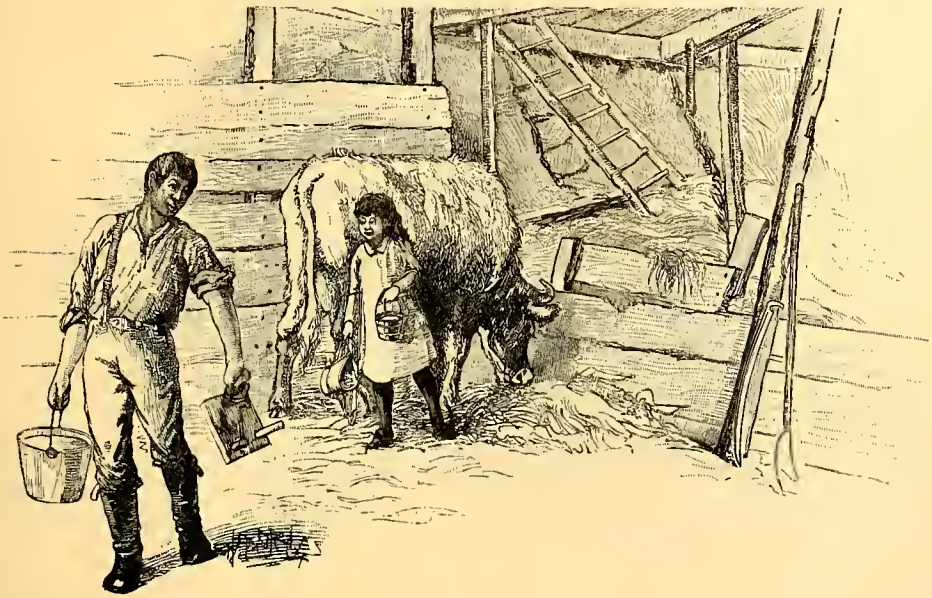
When I was a little girl I lived in the country. I had two brothers, one younger, one older than I; but my sister was much older, so most of the time I played by myself.

An old stone wall, gray with moss, divided our farm from the street. Beside this wall I had my play-house. In the cracks between the stones I put shelves made of bits of wood found at a cabinet-maker's near by. On these I set up bits of pretty china or crockery that had been broken. Then there were odd little bits of mahogany that had been left from sawing out furniture, that looked like little chairs. On one of these I sat my doll, and the others stood around as though other dolls were expected to visit her. Then a fire was laid with twigs in a fire-place made of pebbles, and the flames were represented by dandelion blossoms pulled to pieces. In this play-house I spent many happy hours, daily adding to its treasures.

But one morning I found a decoration that I had not made. A big black and gold spider, a great beauty, had spun a delicate, wheel-shaped web from the wall to a bush near by. He sat in the middle

of it, waiting for a call from some silly fly. I was glad to see him, and called him my clock.

One day I had a small wooden milking pail given me, and it was not long before I wanted to use it. We had many cows, and I had often watched my father and brother milk, so I knew very well how it was done. I begged to be allowed to try. So when my father had nearly milked a quiet, good, old cow, named "Curly horns," he let me sit on the stool and milk my pail full, and no little princess was ever



happier. But before long I wanted some little pans to turn the milk into and set it for cream. Then I would make some butter. Oh, what dreams I had of what I'd do! Well, mother bought me the pans, and I used to fill and set them on the shelves in the play-house each night. In the morning I skimmed the cream, put it in a small jar, and at the end of the week beat it with a large spoon in a bowl till it was butter. So each week there was a pat of butter for the table, which was dealt out with great pride by me to father and mother. Do you believe that I ever saw better butter than that?

One morning, when I went to skim the milk, the pan was empty. Off I went, crying to mother that Dick, my brother, had drank the milk. Dick was called, but denied having drank it. So also said James. They thought it must have tipped over. "No," said I, "it was setting all right on the shelf." So mother comforted me by saying it would not happen again, though she could not explain.

But, alas for her credit as a prophet! it did happen again the next



morning, and for many mornings, till I was in despair. One morning I rose early and went out to my play-house, jumped over the wall, and caught the thief in the act of stealing my milk; and what do you think it was?

A black snake!

I screamed, and rushed for the house, and Dick ran with a big stick and killed him. But that was the end of my play-house, for I was afraid of snakes, and feared his mate would come some time; so I never played there again.

J. D. E.



HOW THE BABIES RODE.

When Wynan was six years old he went to the Adirondacks to stay a month. There were papa and mamma and Uncle Jack, Bertha and Harry and Grace, Effie and May, besides Wynan himself. Effie was only three, and May not yet two, and Wynan, who prided himself on his six years, and felt almost as big as papa, invariably spoke of his little sisters as "the babies."

They left home early in the morning, and after riding all day in the cars stopped at a little country hotel, where they stayed all night. The next morning they climbed into a big wagon, drawn by four horses, and were driven sixteen miles along the rough forest road. Wynan was told that at the end of the drive they would be met by a guide, who would row them across Lake Wisco. Then they would have to walk two miles through the forest to the lodge where they were going to stay.

"But how are the babies going?" asked Wynan. "They cannot walk."

"They are going to ride," said Uncle Jack.

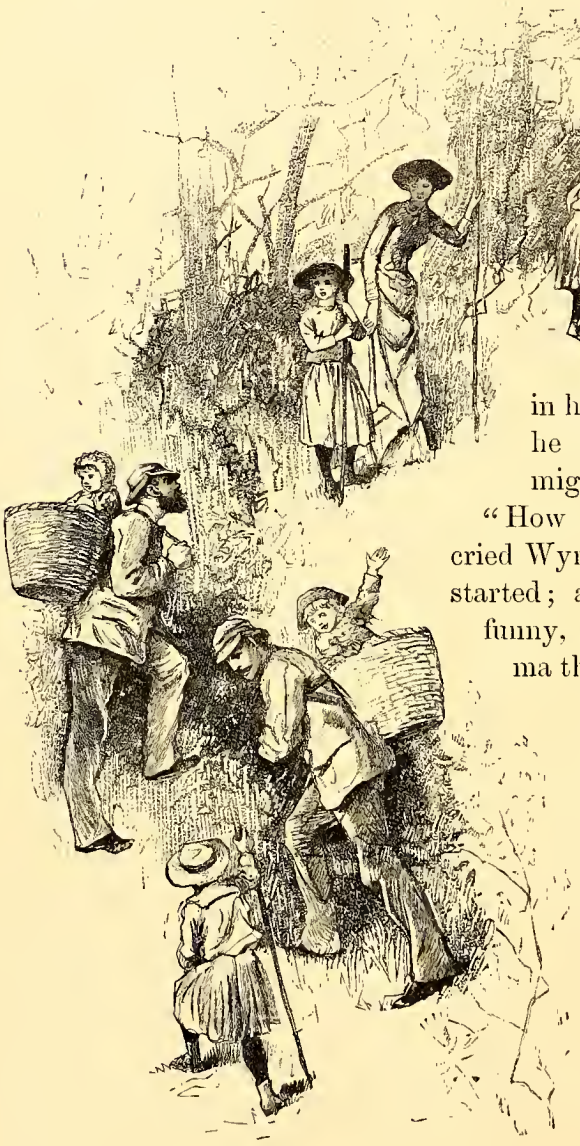
"How?" asked Wynan. "Will there be a baby-carriage for them?"

Uncle Jack said no, there would not be any carriage; but when Wynan teased to know more he only laughed and told him to wait and see.

Wynan did not want to wait, but he found it was the only way, for papa and mamma shook their heads when he begged them to tell him.

During the last few miles of the drive Wynan guessed many strange ways by which the babies would be carried across the country, but he never once hit upon the right one.

And how did they ride? Why, in two strong pack-baskets that were firmly strapped across papa's and Uncle Jack's shoulders. Effie



rode in Uncle Jack's basket, and May rode with papa. For the first and last time in his life Wynan really wished he was little, that he, too, might ride in this odd way.

"How funny the babies look!" cried Wynan, when they were fairly started; and indeed they did look funny, and pretty, too, so mamma thought. And Effie laughed and clapped her hands, thinking it fine fun; but May was a little grave at first, puzzling her small brain to know what it all meant. After a while she got used to the mode of travelling, and liked it as well as her sister. And during their stay in the great forest many a ride did the little girls take in this novel fashion.

EMMA C. DOWD.



POLLY'S PUPIL.

"Well, this is discouraging! What shall I do
With such a perverse little lassie as you?
You've idled and fretted an hour or more,
And are not a bit nearer the end than before.

"You want to be out with the birds and the flowers,
And cannot be busy for two little hours?
Why, flowers are growing, and hear the birds sing—
There's some kind of duty for every thing.

"Now, bring me your lesson. What! — D, O, G, cat?
Did ever one hear of such spelling as that?
Take that lesson over, and hand me your slate.
My dear little daughter, twice six is not eight!



"And look at your writing! One really might think
A chicken had been at your bottle of ink
And made little claw tracks. Ah, what would you do
If I were so naughty and careless with you?

"Now, play I was Polly, and you shall teach me
And see what a good little girl I shall be.
Yes, you take the primer, and teach me to spell,
And show me the figures and make me write well."

Miss Polly sat straight as she shut up the book
And gazed at her pupil with soberest look.
"My dear little daughter, I'm happy to say
You've had all your lessons quite perfect to-day.

"Now leave all the figures and teasing hard words,
And go out and play with the flowers and birds.
I am sure so much study is injuring you.—
Ho! ho! Mamma, darling — that's what I should do."

SYDNEY DAYRE.



THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM CANADA.

MOLLY AND HER KID.

ERNESTINE and Helen had started to walk down the lane one morning when they heard a cry as if some animal were in distress.

They looked around, and Ernestine's black eyes spied Molly on the other side of the stone wall.

Molly was the goat, and the children were sure she knew more than any other goat in the world.

"Perhaps her little Nannie is lost," said Ernestine. "Let's go back and get Nellie Bly."

Nannie was Molly's little kid.

The children ran back to the house, and Molly bounded along behind the wall.

"Nellie Bly! Nellie Bly!" they shouted; "please come out here."

Nellie Bly was in the garden watering her flowers, but she put down her watering-pot and went out into the lane.

"O auntie!" said Helen, "something ails Molly; won't you see what she wants?"

"Do you think she has lost Nannie?" exclaimed Ernestine.

"Let's go into the field," answered Nellie Bly, "and see if we can understand her."

She took down the bars, and as soon as they were in the field, Molly ran away from them towards some woods at the opposite end of the field. She stopped twice to see if they were following, and both times made the same little cry of distress. When they reached her, there lay Nannie in a crotch formed by two trees growing side by side. She had crawled in and could not get out. "Poor Molly!" said Nellie Bly, as she lifted the little kid out of its narrow bed; "she is as frightened about her baby as your mother would be about you, Helen, if you fell down stairs."

"She is trying to thank you," said Ernestine, as Molly made a low, contented sound after assuring herself that the kid was not hurt.

"You're very welcome, Molly," said Nellie Bly; "I hope Nannie will be a good child."

One night, several weeks after, Nannie came to the door and



MOLLY AND HER KID.

bleated so piteously that Ernestine said, "Come, Nellie Bly, you're wanted again."

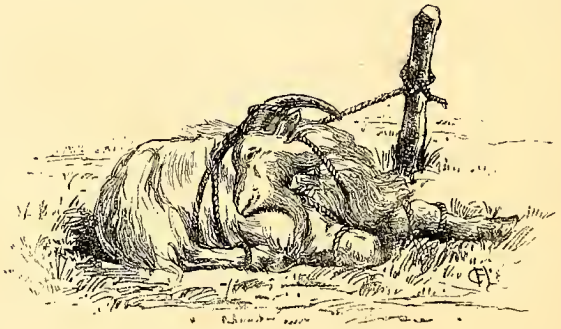
She called Helen, and they followed the kid, who kept crying aloud, to a stake where Molly had been fastened by a long rope.

The goat had wound the rope around herself till she was tied up so tight she could not move, and was almost choked.

Nellie Bly untied the rope and said, "You've saved your mother's life, Nannie."

"Dear little Nannie!" said Helen and Ernestine.

ANNA M. PRATT.



THE STORY OF THE GANDER.



After Amy is tucked into her little bed she is pretty sure to say, "Now, auntie, tell me the story of the gander." The oftener she hears it the better she likes it. Now I will tell it to you:—

Once upon a time a little boy and girl were playing together in the garden. The little boy was three or four years old, and his sister about two. There they sat, close by the garden fence, digging in the dirt, and making such lovely mud pies!

Waddling up the street came a gander, looking about for some-

thing good to eat. At last he saw this sweet little girl in a pink frock, close to the fence. She looked very tempting; so he poked



his head and neck through the slats of the fence. He took a good, firm hold of the pink frock and tried to pull dress and all through.

Oh, how the dear little girl screamed! The mite of a boy screamed too, and jumped about, but never thought of running away. Not he! he must do something to save his sister. But what to do he didn't know, he was so small, and the gander so big.

At last he caught up a stick, climbed up on the gate, and beat the

bird with all his little strength. But the gander did not mind that, and pulled away harder than ever, and the little girl screamed louder than ever.

Mamma and the good girl in the kitchen had by this time heard the noise, and came running out. Mamma soon made the gander let



go his hold of that pretty frock. The little girl was comforted and pitied, and her brother praised for what he had done.

He deserved praise, for he was a brave boy; don't you think so? The gander seemed to him a terrible wild beast, trying to carry off his baby sister.

Here little Amy always says, "And it is true, isn't it, auntie?" and I reply, "Every word true."

E. M. A.

MARCH

Now wildly round the rolling earth
The sharp wind fiercely blows,
For MARCH is a tempestuous month
As everybody knows.



Upon the globe, the shivering child,
Can scarcely keep her place,
The while that savey cherub blows
His bellows in her face.

L.B.C.

Lizbeth B. Comins

How We Girls Helped.

There was a little girl in our neighborhood who fell and injured her spine. The doctor said if she could go to the hospital for some months she might be cured ; otherwise she would be a cripple the rest of her life.

Her parents were very poor, and could not think of sending her. Some of the neighbors, feeling sorry for the little one, started a subscription paper to raise money to assist her.

Some of us girls were talking about it one day, and we decided that we ought to try and see what we could do to help.

Some months before, several of us had taken part in a little entertainment, in which we had appeared as a wandering Italian family ; and we decided to repeat it for little Maggie's benefit.

Lulu, the largest, was the father, and in an old suit of her brother's she looked quite manly. Bessie, dressed in an old blue wrapper, with a shawl over her head and hold-



ing a doll for baby, made a good mother. Dot, in a long jacket and dress, taken from the rag-bag, and Pansie, in some more old things, looked quite comical. Lulu's brother put the handle of a coffee-mill



on a box; this answered for an organ, and an old rag doll was the monkey. After dressing in our back yard we started out.

We stopped in front of every house, and after we had sung, Pansie would go around with her little tin cup, for the pennies. Every one laughed to see us, and when we told what we were working for they would pay us quite well. One lady said she liked our organ better than a real one, because it was quiet.



Pansie, who was not quite three, cried in front of one house, and the lady paid us over again, because she said the baby played her part so well.

One day, a lady who went to see Maggie at the hospital, told the doctor about our performance; he sent word that he would like to see it himself.

He came in his carriage, and when he saw our troupe he laughed until he cried. He said we looked just like an immigrant family.

A. M.

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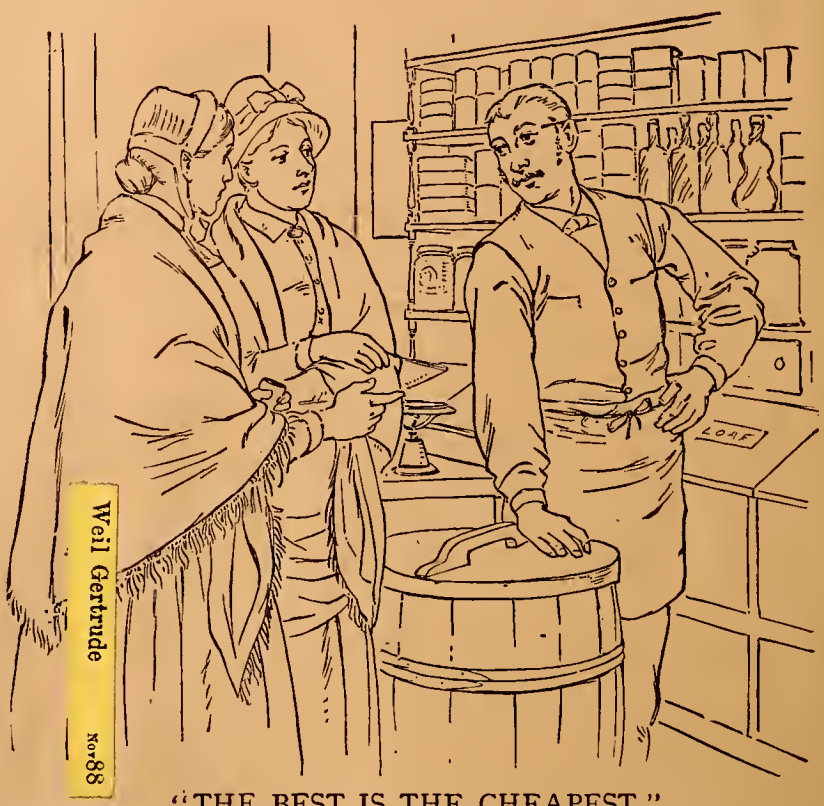
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APRIL
Vol. VIII. No. 6
1888.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY



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36 BROMFIELD ST. BOSTON.

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CONTENTS.

		PAGE
OUR BRIGAND (Illustrated by J. Steeple Davis.)	EMMA C. DOWD	163
A TURTLE SHIP (Illustrated by H. M. Beal.)	KHAM	164
APRIL (Illustrated by Lizbeth B. Comins.)	L. B. C.	167
THE FIRST SNOW-STORM (Illustrated by Louis Meynelle.)	MRS. ANNIE D. BELL	168
FLOWERS THAT LOVE THE SUN (Illustrated by H. P. Barnes.)	MRS. G. HALL	170
ON THE RACE-COURSE (Illustrated by F. T. Merrill.)	FRANCIS COE	171
PLAYING NOAH'S ARK (Illustrated by H. Winthrop Pierce.)	UNCLE FELIX	174
MISTRESS KITTY (Illustrated by Julia Robinson.)	EMMA C. DOWD	177
A NEW USE FOR CLOTHES-PINS (Illustrated by Edith F. Foster.)	MRS. M. N. SANFORD	178
FRANKIE'S LETTER (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott.)	FRANKIE	180
TOBOGANNING (Illustrated by J. H. Hatfield.)	LURA BELL	181
A NEW CURE (Illustrated by Maud Humphrey.)	MRS. FRANCES SMITH	184
PROMPT PAYMENT (Illustrated by Maud Humphrey.)	CATHARINE S. HOLMES	187
THE SHIPWRECK OF NOVEMBER (Illustrated by H. M. Beal.)	G. E. W.	188
THE FUNNY MAN FROM FUNNY-LAND (Illustrated by F. T. Merrill.)	MARION MANVILLE	190
NIGHT-FLOWERS (Illustrated by H. P. Barnes.)	MRS. G. HALL	192

The Illustrative Department under the direction of Mr. GEORGE T. ANDREW.

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CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, and all affections of the Kidneys.

AS A NERVE TONIC, It Strengthens and Quiets the Nerves.

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RAILWAY ACCIDENTS, by **W. S. CHAPLAIN**, of the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University, will be the subject of the first of a group of specially important and richly illustrated articles upon railways—their construction, administration, etc.—the authors and separate titles being announced in later numbers.

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES, of special interest will be those on the Campaign of Waterloo, by **JOHN C. ROPES**; on "The Man at Arms," by **E. H. BLASHFIELD**; two papers by **EDWARD L. WILSON**, illustrating results of recent Egyptian research; a further article by **WILLIAM F. APTHORP**, on a subject connected with his recent contribution on Wagner; and many others of equal interest. **Prof. SHALER'S** articles on the Surface of the Earth will be continued.

ELECTRICITY in its various applications as a motive power, **EXPLOSIVES**, etc., will be the subjects of another group of illustrated articles of equal practical interest, by leading authorities upon these topics.

UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE of **MENDELSSOHN**, the letters having been written to his friend, Moscheles, at a peculiarly interesting time of his career, will furnish the substance of several articles of great interest to musical readers, which will be illustrated with much valuable unpublished material, portraits, etc.

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS will be, as during the past year, an especially individual feature. They will include papers by **AUGUSTINE BIRRELL**, author of "Obiter Dicta;" some further papers by **W. C. BROWNELL**; articles by **AUSTIN DOBSON**, **Prof. WILLIAM JAMES**, **Gen. A. W. GREELY**, **Prof. JAMES RUSSELL SOLEY**, **Mrs. JAMES T. FIELDS**, **EDWARD KING**, and many others. An article worthy of special mention is one upon some phenomena in the intellectual growth of the West, which will attract wide attention.

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1.—LANGTRY BUSTLE. Only perfect folding bustle; folds when sitting or lying down. Made in White and Drab. Price, per mail, 60 cents.

2.—CANFIELD DRESS SHIELD. Only seamless or reliable waterproof Shield made. Have been worn by more than 5,000,000 ladies. Sample pair by mail 25 cents.

3.—SANITARY TOWELS. A boon to young and middle-aged ladies. Cheaper than washing; easily destroyed by burning; highly endorsed by London physicians. Price, per mail, small size, 40c. a dozen; large size, 80c. a dozen.

4.—BELT HOSE SUPPORTER. Prevents pain in hips and back. Patent swing piece at sides adjusts to every movement of the person. Price, by mail, each, 35c.

5.—STOCKINET DIAPER. Soft, easily washed, waterproof, and made to fit any child. 18 to 26 inch waist measure. Price, per mail, 75.

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Sold by all leading Dry Goods Houses.

CANFIELD RUBBER CO., 86 Leonard St., N. Y.

CARNRICK'S SOLUBLE FOOD

Perfectly nourishes the child from birth, without the addition of cow's milk, and **digests as easily as human milk.** Send for "Our Baby's First and Second Years," by Marion Harland. REED & CARNRICK, New York.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa***, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.

CANDY

Send $1, $2, $3, or $5 for a retail box by express of the best candies in America, put up elegantly, and strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Refers to all Chicago. Address

GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago.

TEN OUTLINE PICTURES FREE

TO ALL SUBSCRIBERS FOR

"OUR LITTLE ONES."

* * * * *

On receipt of a 2c. stamp from any one whose name is on our books as a subscriber for Our Little Ones, we will send an envelope package containing ten Outline Pictures, with directions for painting in water-colors.

This is intended as a means of relieving parents by supplying an inexpensive form of Occupation and Amusement in which Instruction may be combined. It can also be made a source of pleasure by parents as well as children.

Any one can learn to paint.

Application must be made before the first day of May, 1888, and but a single package will be sent to any one subscriber. Address with a 2c. stamp,

RUSSELL PUBLISHING CO.,
36 Bromfield Street, Boston.


All through the
long long day
With his crimson sash
and his fierce mous-
tache
And his hat with
its feather gay.
OUR BRIGAND
Oh, he is a terrible
brigand



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OUR BRIGAND.

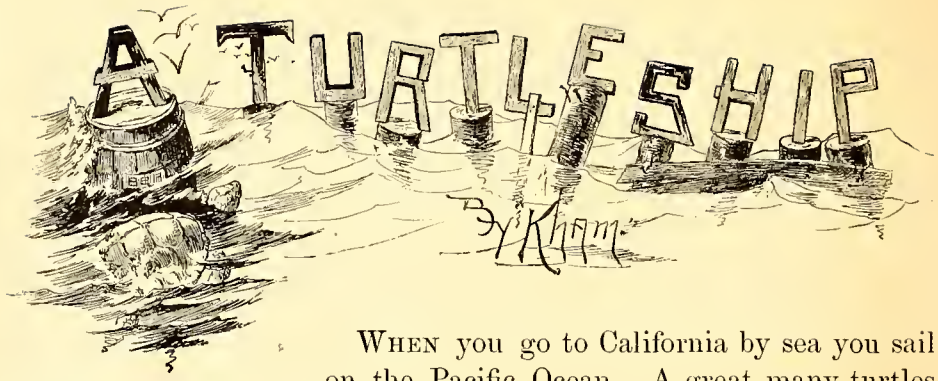
Oh, he is a terrible brigand
  All through the long, long day,
With his crimson sash and his fierce moustache,
  And his hat with its feather gay.

Yes, he is a terrible brigand,
  As he hides in parlor or hall,
And rushes out with triumphant shout,
  To capture Nannie or Paul.

But he is a dear little brigand
  When the sun sinks low in the west,
And with sleep in his eyes he drops disguise,
  Begging to be undressed.

Yes, he is a dear little brigand
  When his childish prattlings cease,
And he holds my hand till he's safe in the land
  Where brigands are all at peace.

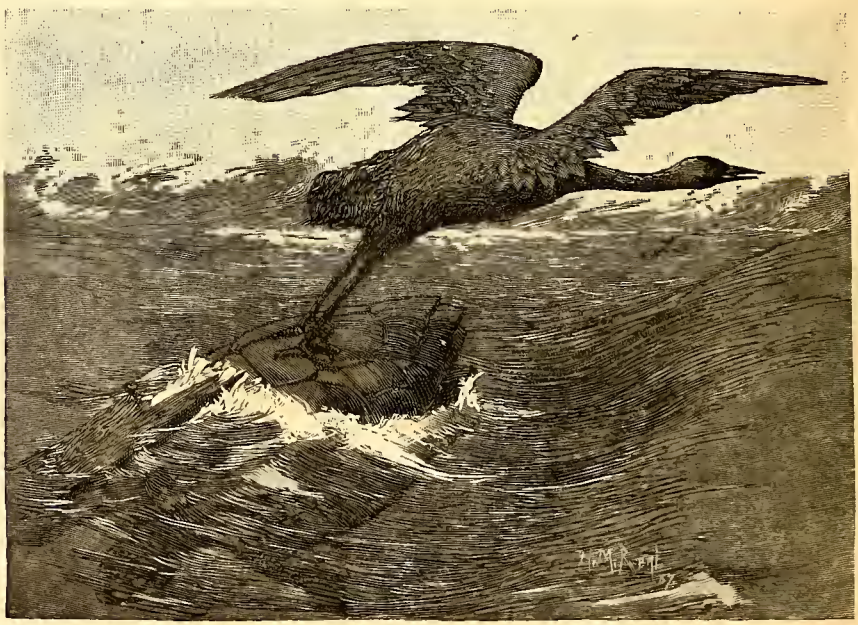
EMMA C. DOWD.



When you go to California by sea you sail on the Pacific Ocean. A great many turtles live there, in that ocean.

Perhaps you have seen turtles in the country. They are small, and could swim in a pudding-dish. But the ocean turtles are very large. One of them could carry three or four children upon his back.

One day Uncle Will was standing upon a steamer's deck watching the turtles. The ship had just run over one. You ought to have seen him.



He was asleep, you know, when the ship hit him. He waked up very suddenly, you may be sure. He acted as frightened as if he had been a bad boy caught stealing cookies. He tumbled over and



over, and flapped his flippers very funnily. He looked as if it would be a relief to him to be boiled in a soup. While Uncle Will was laughing at him he saw another comic sight. A little way off was another turtle, sound asleep.

On the turtle's back stood a crane upon one leg. He was as still as if he were asleep too. He was captain, and cook, and crew of his living ship. He looked very happy. Now, if you could stand on one leg and go to sea on a turtle, would it not be nice?



You see, if you got shipwrecked on Robinson Crusoe's island, you could eat your ship.

Only if your ship dived beneath the water, and you could not fly like a crane, what would become of you?

I guess I would rather play going to sea in the rocking-chair. Wouldn't you?

KHAM.

APRIL

Ha! ha! little April
You're caught in the rain;
Have patience, the sunshine
Will soon come again.



For you, and the weather,
Wear much the same face,
One instant in tears,
Then smiles in their place.

L.P.C.

Lizbeth B. Comins



THE FIRST SNOW–STORM.

Away off on a warm sunny island, little Harry Hall was born. Flowers bloomed all the year round. The sun shone most of the time, although now and then there were thunder-showers.

Many wonderful plants grew wild, while on the shore shells and seaweed and queer little fishes were often to be found.

When Harry was six years old his parents took a journey to New York.

It seemed very odd to the little boy to live in a place where there were so many people, and such great houses. After a while the weather grew cold, and he had to wear thick woollen clothing. The house in which they lived was heated by a furnace; but one day they had a fire of logs on the hearth. Harry enjoyed it very much, and thought the bright blaze so pretty.

The sky was gray and cloudy one afternoon, and Harry had been standing by the window watching the street cars. Suddenly the air grew thick, and he could scarcely see the houses opposite. Something white and feathery fell slowly down and rested on the window ledge. Then it disappeared. But more and more of the little flakes came, until there was quite a ridge outside of the window.

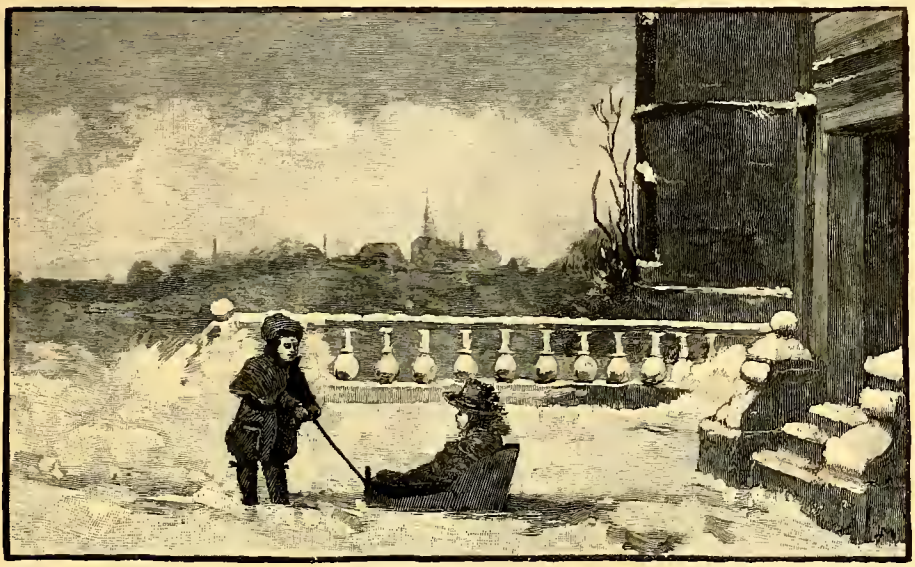
Harry opened the sash gently, fearing it might fly away. He was surprised when he touched it to find it so cold. He took

some up in his hand, but in a moment it was only a drop of water.

By that time the street and the men's hats and coats were quite white. Harry was puzzled to find a name for the beautiful white substance, so he ran to his mamma and asked her about it.

She told him it was snow, and because the air was so warm on the beautiful island where he was born they never had any.

The next morning he saw the little children of the neighbor-



hood playing in it; but before noon the sun was so bright and warm the snow had all melted away.

When the second snow-storm came Harry's papa brought home a beautiful sleigh, and gave his little boy great pleasure by drawing him up and down the street.

Harry soon learned to go out by himself, and made many friends; especially of the little girls, as he was very generous with his sleigh.

But he has never forgotten his surprise when he saw the first snow-storm.

MRS. ANNIE D. BELL.



FLOWERS THAT LOVE THE SUN.

THERE are some flowers that love the sunlight as much as you do. See the sunflower, with its great, honest face, always looking towards the west until it has gone out of sight. The next morning you will find that same flower gazing towards the east, all ready and waiting for it to rise. This is why this flower has often been called the "Sun Worshipper."

The little white daisy is a great lover of the open light of day. This is why it used to be called "day's eye." And the marigold mourns its going so much that it solemnly closes just at night-fall.

So does the oxalis, and you will not only find its flowers closed. but the leaves, too, folded all up into three pretty divisions, like a heart. And our sweet pond-lily always hides away under the water when the sun is gone, only to appear when it comes up in the morning.

MRS. G. HALL.

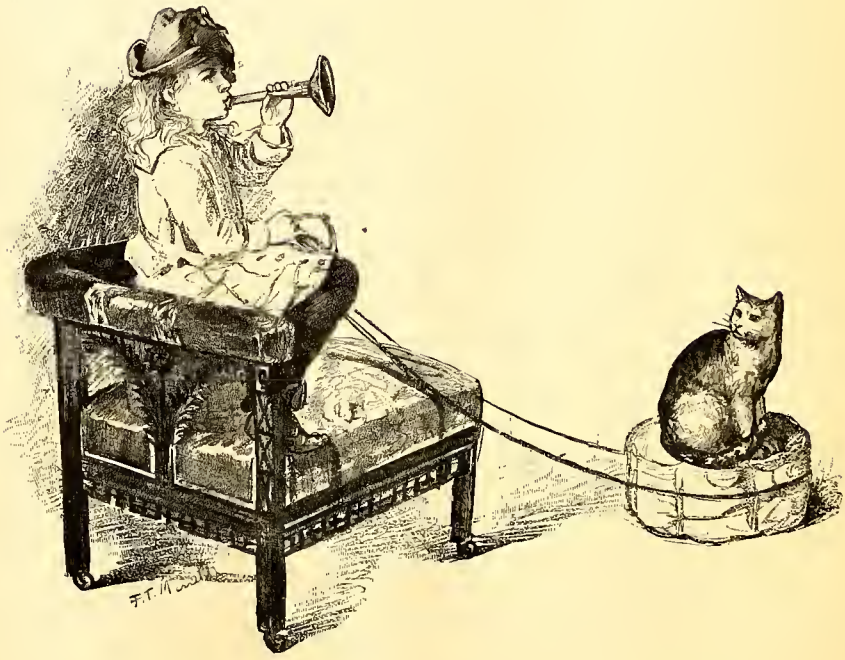
ON THE RACE-COURSE.

I ONCE owned shares in railway stock,
And had a "free pass" yearly;
And how, or when, that road failed up
I never knew quite clearly.



The first I knew — the engineer
Wore pants, instead of dresses;
And from beneath the school-boy's cap
I missed the golden tresses.

And next this kilted Jockey came
His steed — a (rocking?) pacer.
My "four-year-old," in papa's boots,
Astride a "Maud S." racer.



The trotting course — I must confess it —
Is laid across my "body Brussels;"
And here the nag and Jockey come
To train, and stretch their muscles.

The arm-chair's next a tally ho!
And "Kitty" is postilion.
The coachman blows his penny horn
As if he owned a million.

A stylish turnout next appears,
Selected quite at random;
The saw-horse, boot-box, organ stool, —
All driven "a-la-tandem."

Now Jockey's cap and pony's tail
Go switching round the table;
Hurrah! they're on the home
stretch now,
As fast as they are able.



God's blessing on you, bonny boy!
Your race is just beginning,
And may you gain in future years
A race that's worth the winning.

FRANCIS COE.



PLAYING NOAH'S ARK.

They were going to play Noah's Ark. This was a quiet game, and mamma had a headache.

Uncle Jed was Noah. Zuriel played Ham. She was six years old, and she was fond of ham and eggs.

Doll Kitty Dingle was Shem. She had lost one eye by falling against the stove. Zuriel said this "was a shame." And "Shem" sounded something like "shame," you know.

Baby Grace was Japhet. She was two years old. Her hair was cut straight across her forehead. She talked all the time, but could not speak plain. The nurse said it was Hebrew. Japhet was a Hebrew.

Peter and Billy played animals. Billy was a small pug dog. He was the elephant. Peter was so large a cat that he played all the rest of the animals, and the birds too.

They all went into the ark, then the flood began. It did not truly rain, for the ark was the arm-chair in the parlor; but Uncle Jed said, "Br-r-r-r!" and "Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat!" That was the wind and the rain, you see.

The arm-chair was on wheels. To make the ark sail, Uncle Jed turned the wheels with his hands.

Ham sat on Noah's knee, and held Shem in his lap. Japhet perched on the other knee.

Billy, the elephant, climbed upon one of Uncle Jed's shoulders. The rest of the animals and birds sat on the other shoulder. They were puss Peter, you know.

Then the ark set sail, and rolled about the parlor in a lovely manner.

After a few moments Zuriel thought it was time to send out the dove. She was in a hurry, because she smelled gingerbread baking in the kitchen.



PLAYING NOAH'S ARK.

So they played send out the dove; but he really was out all the time. It was a stuffed dove, and he sat upon a brass moon which hung from the gas-pipe.

Zuriel said she did not want to land in the moon. Poor Noah did not know what to do about it.

Perhaps the elephant smelled the gingerbread too. At any rate, just then Billy tumbled out of the ark.

But he was not drowned. He found the parlor carpet dry, and raced away to the lounge.

Noah said the lounge must be Mount Ararat, and they would go ashore.

Billy's ear caught the sound of "rat," and he barked very loud indeed.

Then Peter forgot that he was any animal but a cat, and he hopped out of the ark.

Ham and Japhet scampered off, and went straight to the kitchen.

Soon they came back with their mouths full of gingerbread. They found poor lonely Noah asleep in the ark.

UNCLE FELIX.



Mistress Kitty.

by Emma C Dowd



"Mistress Kitty, dainty and pretty,
How does your family grow?"
"With thirteen dollies, two talking pollies,
And pussy-cats all in a row."

A NEW USE FOR CLOTHESPINS

"GIRLS, what do you think these are good for?" asked Nannie Brown of her two little Brown sisters. She held up one of the clothes-pins they were picking up from the grass, where Norah had left them after taking in the wash.

"What do we think they are good for? Why, to fasten the clothes to the line, of course," answered the other two little Browns in a breath; "every one knows that."



"But there's another use for them," said Nannie; "Norah told me last night. She says if we put them on our noses — so " — and she put one astride her nose as she spoke, — "they will make our noses of the most beautiful shape, not at all puggy and turned up as they are now, you know. Wouldn't it be splendid to try it?"

Now the three little Browns had noses that were most decidedly turned up, and many were the times they had each sighed in secret over the fact. Here was their chance to shape their noses "illigantly," as Norah told them,



That night three clothes-pins were missing from the basket. The three little girls, after being tucked in by mamma for the night, each slyly drew one from under her pillow and put it on her nose. It took them some time to go to sleep in such a queer fix, but they did at last. When mamma came to take a last look at them before going to bed she found them sound asleep, each with a little red nose pinched by a clothes-pin. Although astonished at the sight, she laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks.

As she took off the pins and put them back in the basket she said, "What won't these children do next!"

MRS. M. N. SANFORD.

Frankie's Letters



No. 6

Washington. D.C. April 1888

Dear "Little Ones,"

There is a big park in front of our house, and when the leaves are off the trees, we can see the President's house on the other side of it. The President's house is big and white, and there are trees all round it. My papa took me to see the President not long ago. There were lots of rooms in his house and I liked it because you could see the great river from the windows, and all the boats going up and down. When we went in the room where the President was I went up to him and shook hands with him and said, "Good morning, Mr. President", the way my papa told me to. His wife was there too so I said to her, "Good morning, Mrs. President," and then they all laughed. Mrs. President looked pretty and she kissed me and looked out of the window with me at the river, and she gave me some splendid kind of candy and I liked her very much. When it was time to go we went through a great glass house full of flowers, and a man cut me some roses and Mrs. President knelt down and pinned them in my coat. Next time I write I will tell you about our big Washington Monument and the little Chinese boy Pet and I know. Your little friend,

Frankie.

P.S. I have a new sailor suit with long pants.



TOBOGGANING.

Sliding to-night on the glittering pathway
Down the steep snow-slide, over the hill,
Frescoes of silver and blue above us,
Shadows before us, we follow still.

Bonfires are glowing in crimson splendor,
Rockets are flashing across the sky,
Onward for aye, like a rocket speeding,
Over the icy path we fly.



Oh, we are swept to a land enchanted,
Colored with light from a realm of dreams;



Firelight and torchlight, and wondrous starlight,
Crinkled with frost, through the cold night gleam.

What is the earth but a big toboggan,
On the tremendous slide of spaee
Swinging at ease 'mid the rival planets,
Speeding along in an endless raee?

Comets and meteors glare like roekets
Over the wonderful world-bearing slide;
Youthful or olden, gray-haired or golden,
Fearful or bold, we must all take our ride.

LURA BELL.



A NEW CURE.

Carrie had a very bad habit of crying. Not a bright, quick flood of tears, sueh as leave baby faees shiny and sunny as wood anemones after an April shower. It was a long, howling, November storm — wailing and whining about the house till we were all unhappy and indignant by turns.

Expostulation was in vain until grandma eame for a visit and tried the New Cure. Now Carrie loved grandma dearly, but stood somewhat in awe of her. She had been known to withdraw promises of rides or stories, and to reeapture sweetmeats when children had been very bad indeed. So it was two whole days before Carrie had a cry in grandma's hearing. When she did have one, however, poor grandma eould hear nothing else.

"Carrie," said she, "if you don't stop I shall pull all the hair off my head." Carrie looked amazed, but was not seriously alarmed, and kept on howling. "Carrie," said grandma again, "I shall surely



tear my hair all out by the roots if you don't stop that distressing noise. You know they tore their hair in Bible days when anything very dreadful happened that they could neither help nor get rid of."

Carrie was crying to go out in the rain. She gave a little longer, louder h-o-w-l, and took a peep from under her hat-brim to see what grandma would do.

The old lady looked desperate. In an instant she raised her hand

— thin and feeble from a long attack of fever — to her pretty lace cap. In another instant she sat straight in her chair with a head as bald and shiny as the baby's!

You should have seen Carrie's face! "O Grandma! Grandma!" she screamed. "Sew on your hair! I'll never cry so any mo-o-o-re if you only will!"



Grandma made sure that the promise was a serious one. Then she carefully readjusted her wig and cap. The wig remained a mystery to Carrie; but after that grandma had only to raise her hand to her head to check the loudest cry. Carrie never forgot her fright and her promise.

MRS. FRANCES SMITH.

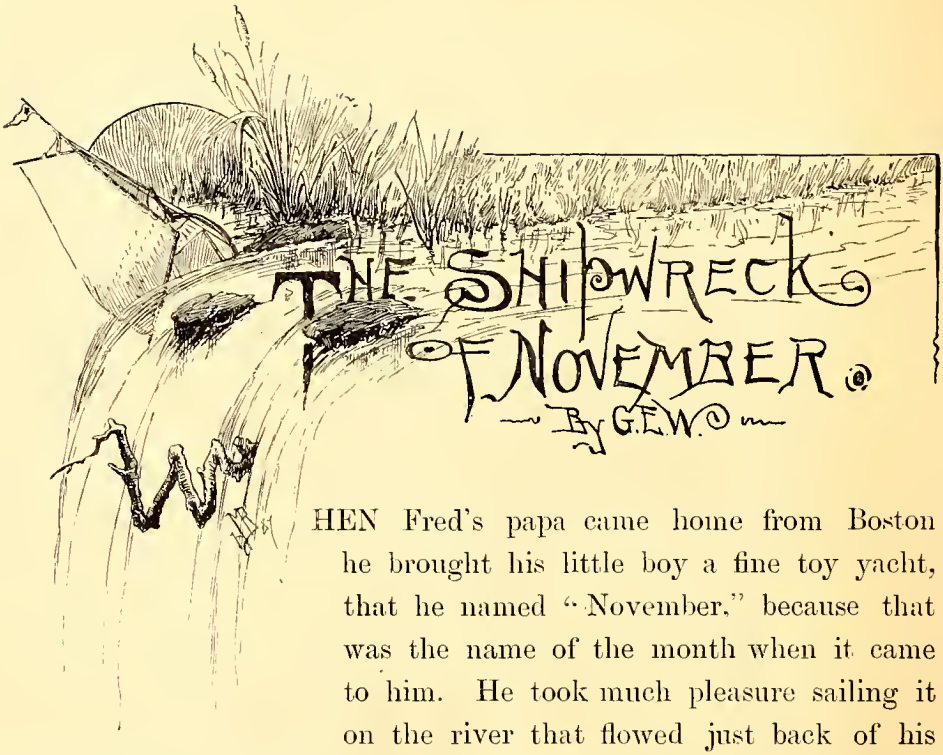


PROMPT PAYMENT.

While the dressmaker sewed, little Carrie kept watch
With the sharp eyes which childhood possesses,
And her dolls, black and white, soon were wearing new suits,
Made from bits of her Aunt Kitty's dresses.

Then I said, "My dear Carrie, Aunt Kitty will charge,
If so many big pieces she misses."
With a sweet upward look little Carrie said, "Well,
Will it do if I pay you in kisses?"

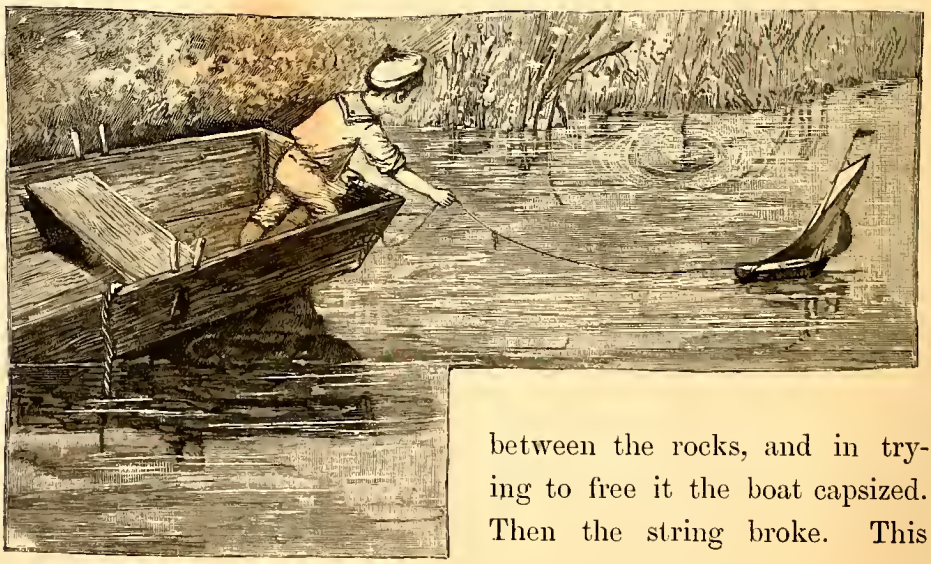
CATHARINE S. HOLMES.



THE SHIPWRECK OF NOVEMBER.

By G. E. W.

WHEN Fred's papa came home from Boston he brought his little boy a fine toy yacht, that he named "November," because that was the name of the month when it came to him. He took much pleasure sailing it on the river that flowed just back of his papa's store. Directly below this smooth water were the falls. One day the string by which Fred held his boat became fastened



between the rocks, and in trying to free it the boat capsized. Then the string broke. This

relieved the boat, and she speedily righted, gave herself a little shake, set her sails to the wind, and started swiftly toward the falls.



Just at the edge of the dam she stopped for a second and then sailed proudly on, to be whirled and tossed over the cruel rocks to the still water below. Oh, what an anxious time that was! Fred ran as fast as his feet could fly over the bridge, down to the edge of the river, hoping to see some bit of his boat go by. To his great joy there lay that precious boat on the sand, thoroughly soaked but uninjured, except by well-scratched sides, and a small bit of wood broken from the stern.



G. E. W.



The Funny Man From Funny-Land.



The funniest man from funny-land,
With funny legs which never stand,
And funny thumbs and funny toes,
And blinking eyes, and turn-up nose,
And speech you never understand;
O funny man from funny-land!

The funniest speech you ever heard.
He talks, but never says a word;
And looks as wise as if he knew
More than he tells of "Goo, ah Goo,"—
As if he thought we'd understand
The funny talk of funny-land.

And if you ask him where he's from,
Or what's his native state or home,
He always says just "Goo, ah Goo."
I've never heard of it, have you?
It would be fun to find it and
The funny things in funny-land.

And when you ask him what's his name,
"Goo, ah Goo," — 'tis just the same.
I think he came from China here,
He talks so very odd and queer.
But what he means I never can
Make up my mind, that funny man.

O funny man from funny-land,
Whom no one here can understand,
I think we'll have to send you to
Your native place of "Goo, ah Goo;"
For there they must all understand,
Those funny folks of funny-land.

MARION MANVILLE.





NIGHT FLOWERS.

THERE are some flowers that never see the sun. One of the most curious is the "evening primrose." About six o'clock it suddenly bursts open, with a popping sound, and at six next morning closes.

If you watch that pretty flower, and listen, you can hear this strange performance.

This is why it does so. The little calyx holds the petals in such a way that the moment it turns back they are let loose. At once it bursts out into full flower, with this funny noise, like a pop-gun.

So the "night-blooming cereus" blossoms in the night, only for an hour, giving out its sweet fragrance, and then dies. Just think of never seeing the sun at all!

In a far East[illegible]ntry there is a kind of jasmine called the "sorrowful tree" [illegible]droops as if sick in the daytime, and at night grows fresh and [illegible]right. It opens its lovely flowers with a very pleasant odor till morning, and then wilts and looks wretched again.

MRS. G. HALL.



When You Need

An Alterative Medicine, don't forget that everything depends on the kind used. Ask for **Ayer's** Sarsaparilla and take no other. For over forty years this preparation has had the endorsement of leading physicians and druggists, and it has achieved a success unparalleled in the history of proprietary medicines.

"For a rash, from which I had suffered some months, my father, an M. D., recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It effected a cure. I am still taking this medicine, as I find it to be a most powerful blood-purifier."—J. E. Cocke, Denton, Texas.

"C. H. Hut, Druggist, Evansville, Ind., writes: "I have been selling Ayer's Sarsaparilla for many years. It maintains its popularity, while many other preparations, formerly as well known, have long been forgotten."

"I have always recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla as superior to any other preparation for purifying the blood."—G. B. Kuykendall, M. D., Pomeroy, W.T.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

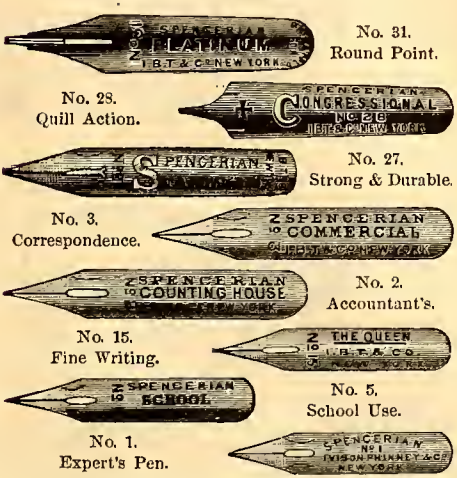
PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

ARE THE BEST.



Sample Card containing one of each of the above Pens sent for trial, **postpaid**, on receipt of 6 cts. in stamps.

IVISON, BLAKEMAN & CO.,

753 and 755 Broadway, New York.

The Flynt Waist or True Corset.

is universally indorsed by eminent physicians as the most SCIENTIFIC WAIST or CORSET known. Pat. Jan. 6, 1874.



is universally indorsed by eminent physicians as the most SCIENTIFIC WAIST or CORSET known. Pat. Feb. 15, 1876.

The first cut represents a high-necked garment. The second, a low-necked one, which admits of being high in the back, and low front. The third cut illustrates our mode of adjusting each side of the hip the "Flynt Hose Support;" also, the most correct way to apply the waist-bands for the drawers, under, and outside petticoats and dress skirt. The fourth cut shows the Flynt Extension and Nursing Waist, appreciated by mothers. The fifth, the Misses' Waist, with Hose Supports attached. The sixth, how we dress very little people; and the seventh cut illustrates *how the warp threads of the fabric cross at right angles in the back*, thereby insuring in *every waist* THE MOST SUCCESSFUL SHOULDER-BRACE EVER CONSTRUCTED.

☞ Physicians and ladies send for "Manual," containing forty-six pages of reading matter, relating to the subject of Hygienic Modes of Under-dressing. Address,

MRS. O. P. FLYNT,
319 Columbus ave., Boston, Mass.

Corticelli Wash Silk.



Prepared expressly for Art-needlework on materials which require washing.

Colors warranted not to "run" or to injure in any way the most delicate fabrics by using castile soap and warm water.

Sold in three grades; (1) EE, coarse, for extra heavy outline work or solid embroidery. Ten yard skeins; (2) No. 500, medium for ordinary outline work or etching. Ten yard skeins; (3) Floss, (sometimes called Filo-floss) a fine size of high lustre, sold only on spools owing to its slack twist and consequent delicacy,

NONOTUCK SILK CO.

18 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON.

(SOLE MANUFACTURERS.)

Painting Outfit for Our Little Ones Free!!

How to Learn to Draw and Paint in Water Colors without a Teacher.



The foundation of this system of instruction which is amusing as well as instructive, is a little book entitled

"Introductory Lessons in Drawing and Painting in Water Colors,"

which explains everything which is necessary to be done for one to learn, that is, one is told *how* to do it and he must practice until he can do it. The book is the *instructor* and *practice* the teacher. If one wishes to take lessons from a teacher, this book will prepare him the better for so doing. Every one in beginning to paint in water colors puts the colors on in patches, streaks and daubs. This book shows how all that may be avoided, and how a flat even tint can be obtained.

Price, 50 cents, postage paid.



The above box contains the foll… colors: Indigo, Vermilion, Cobalt, Gambog… Crimson Lake, Vandyke Brown, Yellow Ochr… Light Red, also, three brushes, and directions fo… e ten colors so as to make any colors required. We al… to say that these are not toy colors, but the true arti… lors, and will be all any beginner will require.

Price, 50 cents, postage paid.



In order that those who may not care to learn to draw may have an opportunity to practise painting, we have prepared the following six books of **outline designs.**

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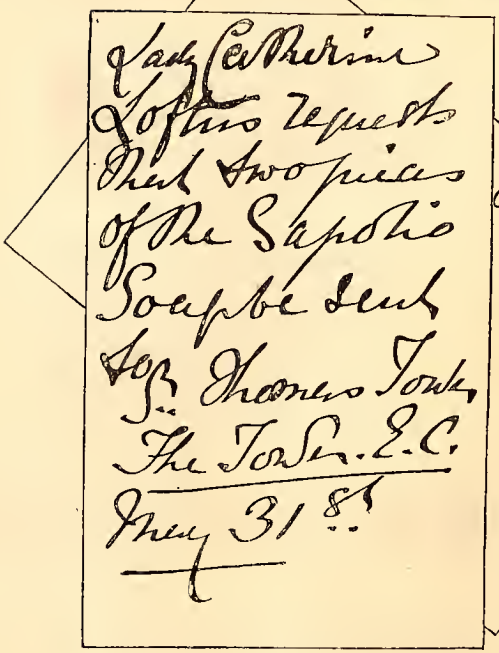
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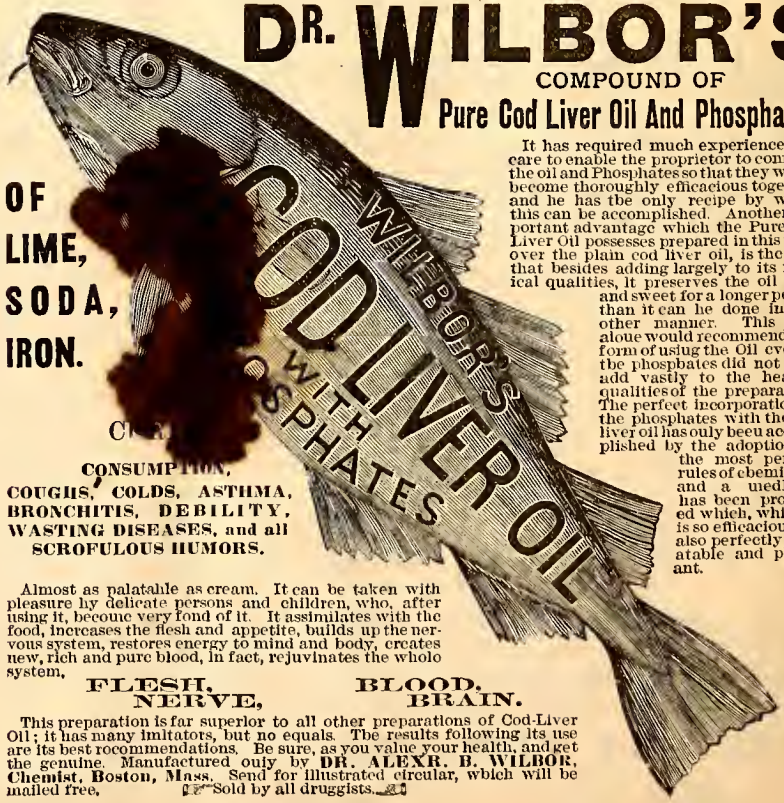
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(The postal shown in this advertisement is an exact photo. reproduction of an order received at our London agency.) **ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO.**

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He won't be happy till he gets it!



Weil Gertrude
Nov 88

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There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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CONTENTS.

		PAGE
LITTLE MAY'S JEWELS (Illustrated by Miss E. S. Tucker.)	George S. Burleigh	195
JESSIE AND THE GOAT (Illustrated by Carl Hirschberg.)	Mrs. C. O. Harrington	196
PRETTY POLLY (Illustrated by Miss V. D. Prentiss.)	S. Fanny Gerry Wilder	200
THE BIRD'S BABY-SHOW (Illustrated by Irene E. Jerome.)	George Cooper	202
HOW NOAH'S ARK WENT TO SCHOOL (Illustrated by H. P. Barnes.)	J. K. Ludlum	204
SUE'S DANDELION-GREENS (Illustrated by J. H. Snow.)	Mary A. Sawyer	206
TEDDY AND JOE (Illustrated by F. T. Merrill.)	Agnes G. Gray	209
FLOWERS THAT HIDE FROM THE SUN (Illustrated by Louis Meynelle.)	Mrs. G. Hall	210
FRANKIE'S LETTER (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott.)	Frankie	211
HOW TOM TOOK CARE OF DOT (Illustrated by L. D. Norton.)	Katie Kyle	212
HAWKS AND HOLLYHOCKS (Illustrated by Edith Foster.)	Lavinia S. Goodwin	214
MAY (Illustrated by Lizbeth B. Comins.)	L. B. C.	217
FRED'S STOLEN RIDE (Illustrated by J. H. Hatfield.)	Florence B. Hallowell	218
A SMALL PHILOSOPHER (Illustrated by Maud Humphrey.)	Lucy Willing	220
A RACE AND WHO WON IT (Illustrated by H. M. Beal.)	Louise R. Baker	221

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LITTLE MAY'S JEWELS.



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LITTLE MAY'S JEWELS.

WHAT are you weaving, my wee Miss May?
Oh, a beautiful chain to wear
About my neck, or over my hair,
From stems of the dandelion gay.
How long will it last? It will last to-day,
To-morrow I'll play some other play.

And what are you doing now, Miss May?
Making a fillet of lilac flowers,
Pretty and sweet, between the showers
That drive the buzzing bees away.
Will it last you long? It will last to-day,
To-morrow I'll play some other play.

Now in the cool October, say,
What jewels are you stringing there?
They are scarlet beads the alders bear,
Brighter than corals are, are they!
Will they wear as well? They will last to-day,
To-morrow I'll play some other play.

Ha, wise little miss, who are always May,
In spring or autumn, in rain or shine,
If half your sweet content were mine
Bubbles might break and blooms decay,
I would take to-day's gift for to-day,
And trust to-morrow for some new way.

GEO. S. BURLEIGH.



JESSIE AND THE GOAT.

"DEAR me! If only I could go home through the field!"

School was just out, and little Jessie May, warm and tired, looked longingly over the cool, green field. It was a much shorter way home, as well as more pleasant, to go through the field than to go around by the dusty road. But Mr. Rawson's goat was pastured there. He was a very cross old fellow, and the terror of the school-children. Mr. Rawson had said that it was not at all safe for the small children to enter the field while the goat was there; so going home that way this afternoon was not to be thought of.

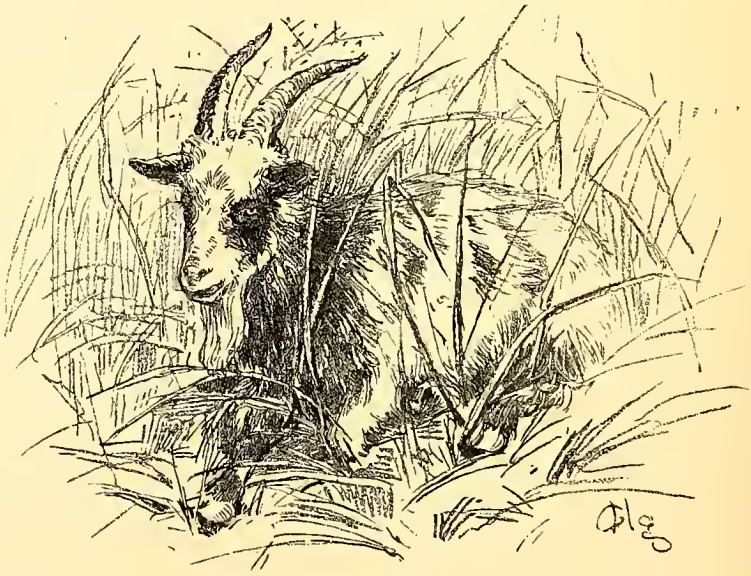
As Jessie cast a last longing look in that direction, before turning down the dusty road, she gave a cry of delight: "Why, I do believe old Billy is gone! I can't see him anywhere. Mr. Rawson must have taken him out of the pasture."



Climbing upon the fence she looked long and carefully. No goat was in sight, so she jumped down from the fence into the long, cool grass of the field.

She had gone about half-way across, when Mr. Billy — who all this time had been lying buried in the deep grass, taking an afternoon nap — gathered himself up for a good shake.

As he caught sight of Jessie tripping along, he gazed for a moment in astonishment. It was only for a moment, for the next instant he gave his head a vicious shake, as though to say, "What right have you here, I should like to know?" and started in hot pursuit.



Jessie soon heard the quick patter, patter, patter of his small feet. A terrified glance behind her showed her the goat, with lowered head, rushing directly at her. Oh, how swiftly she ran; but he was overtaking her.

Just as she despaired of making her escape, she saw a large stump where a tree had recently been cut down. It stood almost directly in her path, and was large enough for her to hide behind it.

Quick as a flash off came her white apron, and was as quickly

tied around the stump, on the side toward which the goat was coming.

With a widely beating heart Jessie crouched behind the stump to await the result.

She was completely hidden, and Mr. Goat, with head bent so low that he caught but a glimpse of the white apron, did not discover that it was the stump that wore it, and not Jessie.

He came rushing on, and his head struck the stump with terrible force.

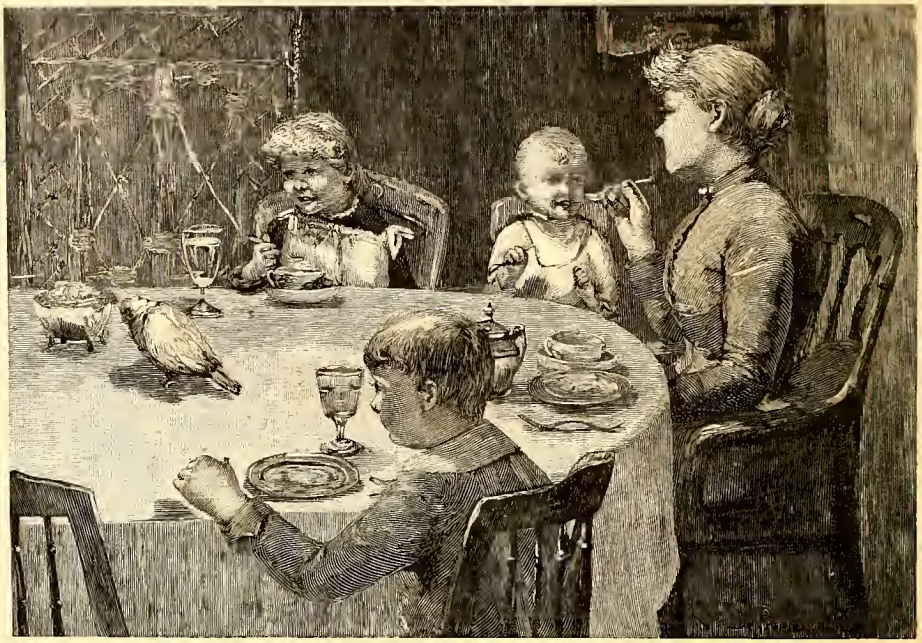
All was still, and when the trembling little girl ventured to peep around the stump there lay the goat, apparently lifeless. Seizing her apron, she sped swiftly over the rest of the field, and was soon at home safe in her mother's arms.

Was the goat killed? Well, he was so badly stunned that he did not revive for some time.

When Jessie was on her way to school the next morning she met Mr. Rawson coming out of the pasture. He did not know, until Jessie told him, what hurt the goat. When she had finished telling him about it he said, "Well! well! I must say you have a wise little head, not to let your 'thinking-cap' blow off as soon as you get frightened."

MRS. C. O. HARRINGTON.





PRETTY POLLY.

"Pretty Polly" was a parrot, who lived with some children in the country. She was not kept in a cage. She flew about the house, and went out-doors. She could talk a great deal. She would sit on the fence or in a tree, and cry, "Whoa!" to any horse that was going by, and he would stop quickly. Then Polly would laugh, and say, "Naughty Poll!"

When the family were eating she would fly up on the table, perch very near the butter, and put her bill into the very middle of it. Polly knew it was not right to do so, but butter was her favorite food.

Ray, one of the boys who slept in a room near the kitchen, heard Polly trot across the floor to the open fire-place, where the big logs had been blazing all the evening. The fire was burning faintly, as Polly crept up to it. After a moment she said, "Polly so cold! Oh! so cold! Poor Polly!" Ray called to her, "Come, Polly, get into bed with me; then you will be warm." Then, saying, "Polly so cold," she trotted into his room, climbed up on the bed. She crawled under the clothes, laid herself down on her back, and was soon sleeping soundly.

When Polly wanted to get into the house she would call, "James, let Polly in!" If he did not open the door quickly she called, "Ja-mes, Tom is here!" So when he came to see if Tom was really at the door of the room she would fly, shouting, "Ha! Ha! Polly in! Pretty Polly!"

Papa petted her, and she was very fond of him. When he came



home at night she cried, "Polly want to see papa." He would take her on his arm, pat her head, and she showed her love for him by stroking his cheek with her bill and putting her head under his chin.

Polly loved her home; but, sad to say, she flew away and never came back again. But she was never forgotten by the children, and her cunning tricks were often spoken of by them.

S. FANNIE GERRY WILDER.



THE BIRDS' BABY-SHOW.

UNDER the leaves there was heard such a flutter;
Robin, wren, bluebird, crow, humming-bird, jay,
Bobolink, cat-bird, — all trying to utter,
At the same time, their opinions that day.

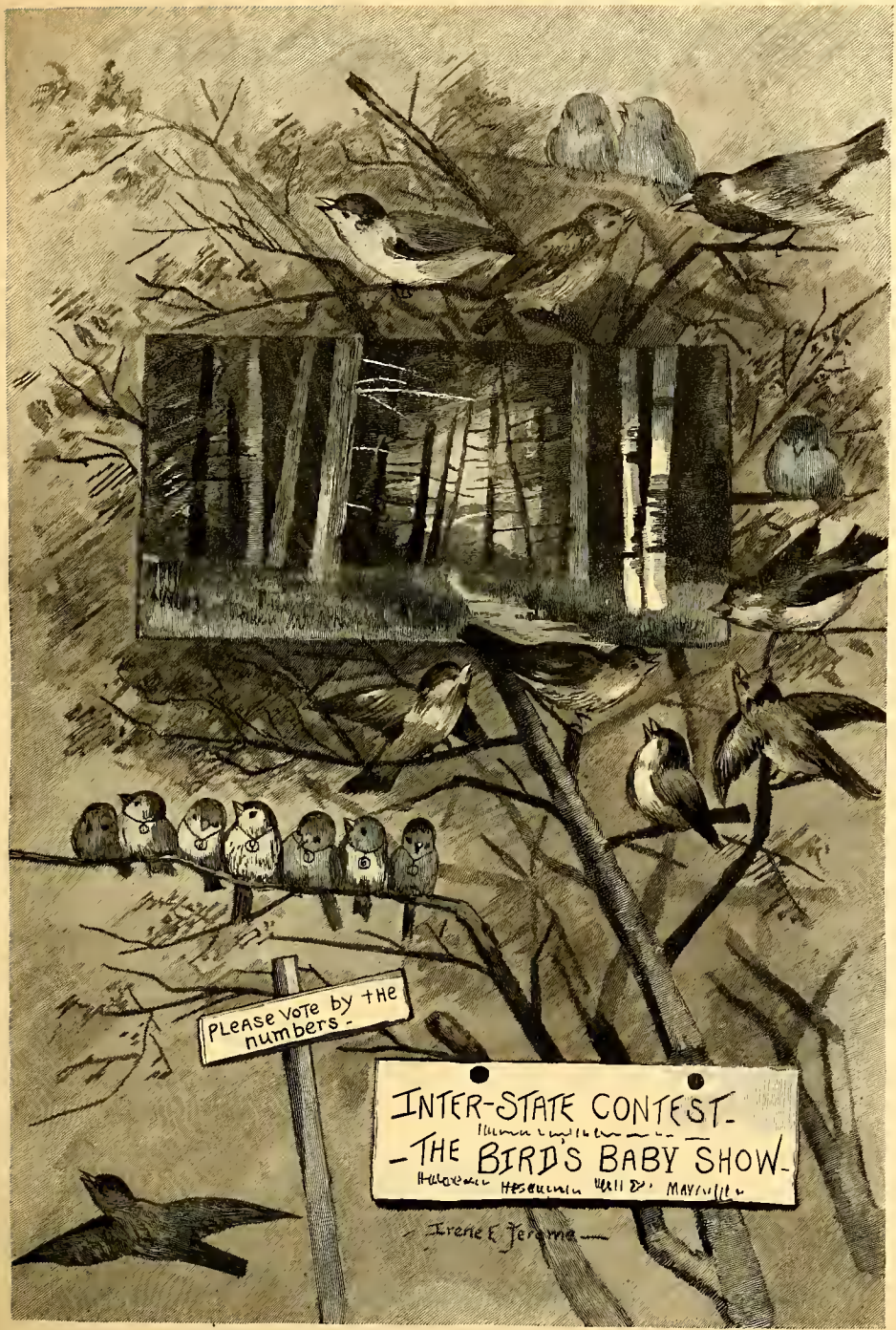
This was the question: which bird had the sweetest,
The brightest, the prettiest birds in her nest.
"I," said the humming-bird; "mine are the neatest!"
"Mine," piped the robin, "I'm sure are the best!"

"Where are such darlings as mine?" trilled the bluebird.
"Beauties I have," bobolink sang; "come see!"
"Each one of mine is a nice bird and true bird,"
Jenny Wren chirruped, "and takes after me!"

"Whose can compare with mine?" queried the cat-bird.
"Yours?" laughed the jay; "don't be quite so absurd!
What's the opinion of this bird or that bird?
Mine are the best!" "So are mine!" cried each bird.

"Mine! Mine! Mine! Mine!" set the whole greenwood ringing,
Then the crow hoarsely cawed, as she flew from the spot,
"For grace and for beauty, for sweetness and singing,
My baby-birds are the pinks of the lot!"

GEORGE COOPER.


Please vote by the numbers -
INTER-STATE CONTEST -
- THE BIRD'S BABY SHOW -
Irene E. Jerome



HOW NOAH'S ARK WENT TO SCHOOL.

MAMMA was sick, and Aunt Tina had to stay with her a good deal.

One afternoon, when mamma was feeling worse than usual, Aunt Tina coaxed Arthur, the youngest of her two nephews, to take a nap in his crib. She told Clarence to be a good boy, and not get into mischief, while she bathed mamma's head.

Clarence was a warm-hearted little fellow, and loved both mamma and Aunt Tina dearly. He readily promised to be the best boy he knew how to be, and ran out in the yard to play.

By and by, when mamma had dropped asleep, Aunt Tina went softly out of the room to see what Clarence was about, for he was full of mischief, and got into a good many scrapes.

His playthings were strewn around the yard, — his rocking-horse, his kite, and bow and arrows; but no Clarence could she find.

Finally, away down the dusty road, she saw a little red figure plodding along as fast as possible out of sight. Fearful that he would be run over, or stray so far he would be lost, she hurried after him. He heard her coming, and, turning his head covered with yellow curls, saw her so near he started to run. His chubby feet and short legs were not equal to the long wayside grass and tall daisies, and he somehow got all tangled up in them.

When Aunt Tina reached his side he was sitting half-buried in the grass and daisies and clover. His blue eyes were drowned in tears as he rubbed them with his fat, dirty little fists. When she picked him up in her arms to soothe him he sobbed out all his grief on her shoulder.

"Dear Aunt Tina, see!" pointing to a huge basket he had lugged with him, crammed full of the animals from his Noah's ark. They were now scattered in great disorder through the grass. "I was a-takin' Mr. Noah an' his fam'ly to school, so they could learn to spell an' read like other boys, an' not have to always keep still. An' now — an' now they's all losted or broke, an' me'll never find 'em, an' — "

His grief was too deep for words. But after a while Aunt Tina comforted him and helped him find all the men and animals. Hand in hand they trudged back home to tell mamma how he tried to take Noah and his family to school and couldn't.

J. K. LUDLUM.



Sue's Dandelion Greens.

Sue wanted to give Bridget a present. Papa had given her a trunk, and mamma a nice new dress; so Sue wanted to put something in the trunk that was going across the ocean to Ireland.

She decided to get some candy; so, after breakfast, she ran down the street to a candy store.

"I want some candy," she said. "Bridget loves candy."

"How much?"

"A whole lot."

"Here's a pound," said the clerk; "will that be enough?"

"Thank you. If you please," said Sue.

She took it and turned to leave the store.

"Stop," cried the clerk, "you haven't paid for it. Give me the money, little girl!"



"What money?" asked Sue.

"For the candy. You cannot have candy without money."

"But I haven't got no money," sobbed Sue.

"Go and find some. Then you shall have the candy."

Sue went home swiftly. She had never been in a store alone before, and the man's words bewildered her.



She met Bridget at the door. "Where do you find money, Bridget?" she asked.

"Bless my pretty!" said Bridget. "I don't find money, I earn it, child."

Sue ran upstairs. "Where do you find money, mamma?" she asked.

Her mamma wondered what she meant, and resolved that she would ask her when she was not so busy. "People don't find much money, darling," she answered; "they earn it."

Sue asked no more questions. She took her doll and went into the orchard. Pretty soon a small boy looked over the fence and said,



"Will you let me pick some o' them dandelions?"

"What for?"

"To sell to folks as likes 'em for greens."

"That's funny," said Sue, "to buy dandelions."

"It's fun to earn the money," said the ragged boy, as Sue opened the gate.

Sue knew now how people earned money. They sold dandelions. She ran into the house and got a knife and a pan.

"Mamma will buy mine," she said, "and Aunt Lizzie will buy yours. She lives across the street."

Sue and the boy worked until Bridget rang the dinner-bell.

"That's for me; but you can come too," said Sue, "and after dinner we'll pick some more."

"You've got a lot now. Them's worth ten cents."

Sue flew into the house. "Mamma," she cried, "the boy says my greens are worth ten cents."

"Dandelion-greens," said her papa; "and nice ones! Well, Sue," handing her a dime, "there is your pay."

"Why did you pick them, dear?" asked her mamma.

"To earn money," answered Sue. "The man wouldn't give me the candy unless I earned money. And the boy sells dandelions, and he wants his dinner, mamma."

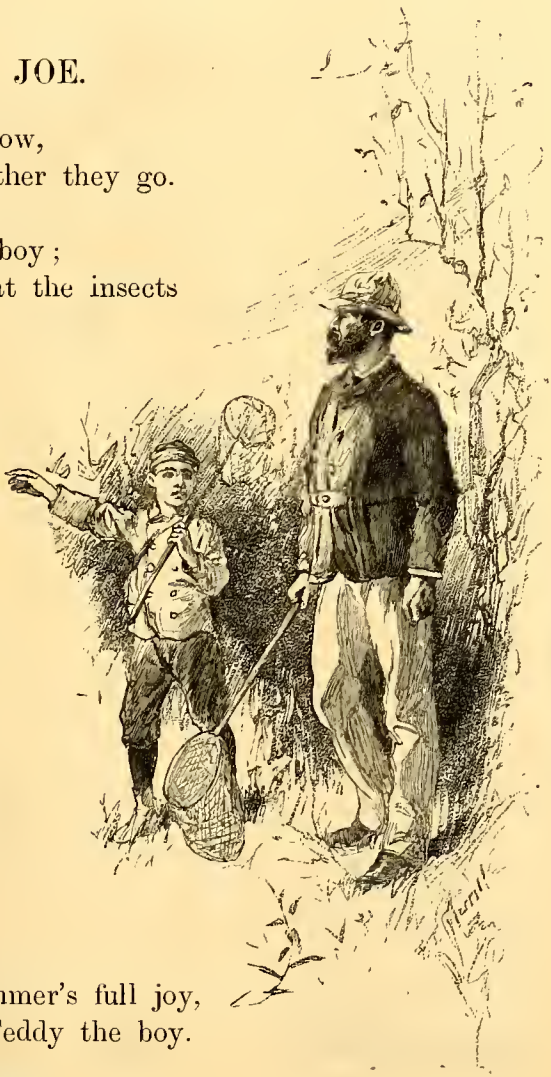
So, after dinner, the boy went away, happy, and jingling the pennies in his pocket; and Sue went for her candy.

"Here 'tis," said the clerk; "I thought you'd find some money."

"I picked dandelions," said Sue.

MARY A. SAWYER.

TEDDY AND JOE.



TEDDY and Joe, two in a row,
Up hill and down hill together they go.

Joe's a big man, Teddy, a boy;
But both know the arts that the insects employ.

Both know the spot, in the green wood's deep shade,
Where the squirrels and birdies their treasures have laid.

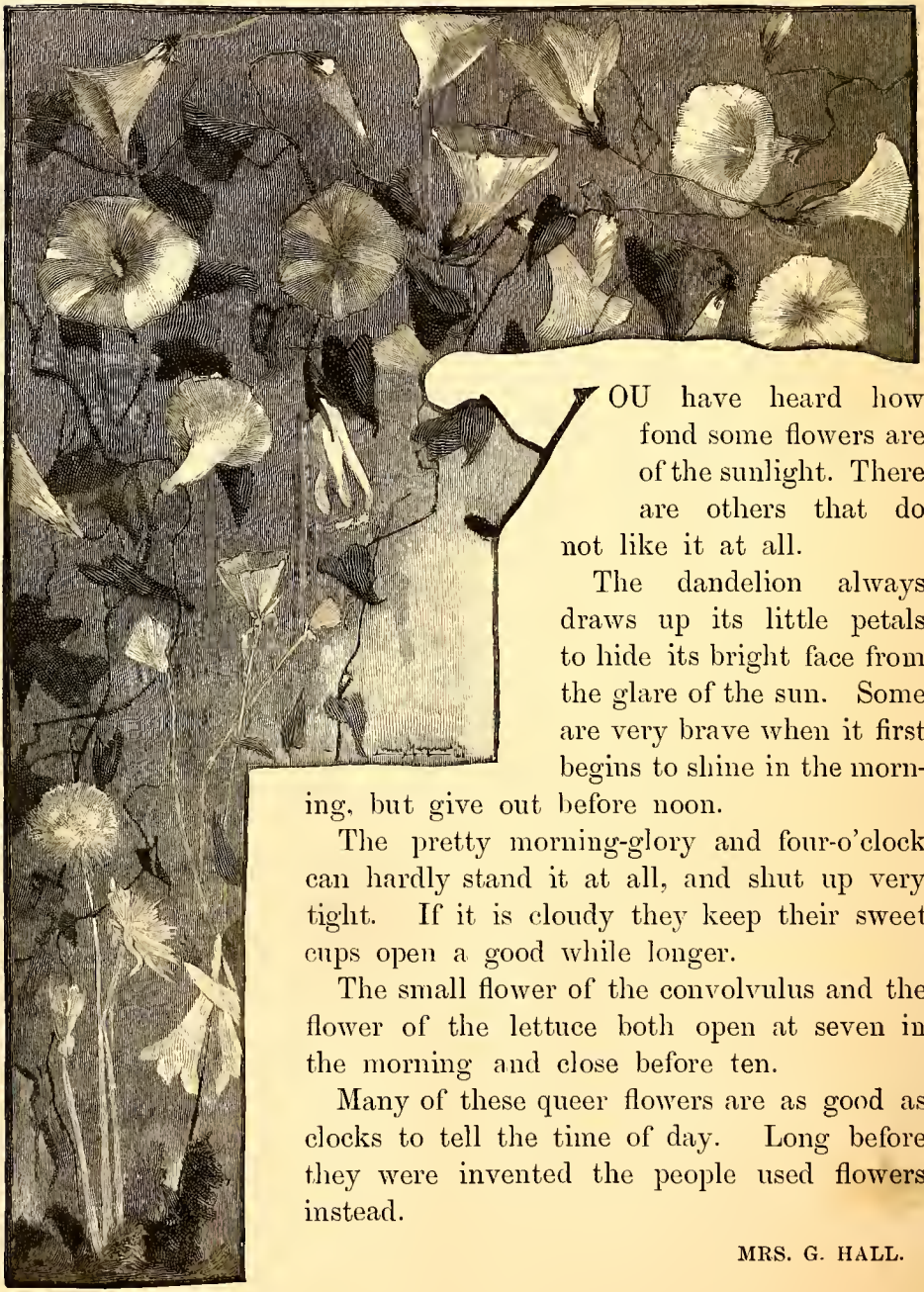
In vain for a bird, flower, or insect to hide
In the deep-tangled growth of the rank riverside;

For bright eyes are peering through forest and field,
Are searching so closely the secrets they yield.

So day after day, in the summer's full joy,
Go Joe the professor, and Teddy the boy.

AGNES G. GRAY.

FLOWERS THAT HIDE FROM THE SUN.



YOU have heard how fond some flowers are of the sunlight. There are others that do not like it at all.

The dandelion always draws up its little petals to hide its bright face from the glare of the sun. Some are very brave when it first begins to shine in the morning, but give out before noon.

The pretty morning-glory and four-o'clock can hardly stand it at all, and shut up very tight. If it is cloudy they keep their sweet cups open a good while longer.

The small flower of the convolvulus and the flower of the lettuce both open at seven in the morning and close before ten.

Many of these queer flowers are as good as clocks to tell the time of day. Long before they were invented the people used flowers instead.

MRS. G. HALL.

FRANKIE'S LETTER



Pet invites the little boy to play.

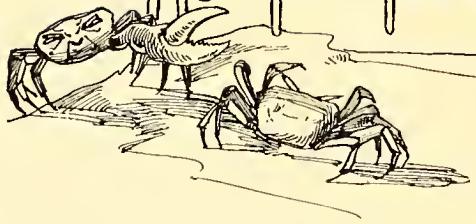
WASHINGTON, MAY, 1888

DEAR "LITTLE ONES"

ONE DAY PET AND I WERE PLAYING "TAG" ON THE PAVEMENT IN FRONT OF OUR HOUSE, WHEN SUCH A FUNNY LOOKING BOY CAME ALONG. HE WAS DRESSED SOMETHING LIKE A GIRL, AND HIS HAIR WAS PLAITED DOWN HIS BACK IN A LONG TAIL, WITH A SILK TASSEL ON THE END OF IT. HE STOPPED AND LOOKED AT US AND PET SAID HE SMILED REAL NICE IF HIS EYES WERE JUST LIKE BUTTON-HOLES, SO SHE ASKED HIM TO PLAY WITH US, AND HE DID, AND WE HAD A SPLENDID GAME OF "TAG". WHEN THE LITTLE BOY WOULD CATCH US HE WOULD PRETEND TO WHIP US WITH HIS PIG-TAIL AND WE LIKED HIM VERY MUCH. ANNIE WAS WATCHING US FROM THE WINDOW. PRESENTLY SHE WENT AWAY AND WHEN SHE CAME BACK MAMMA WAS WITH HER. MAMMA SMILED AT US, THEN SHE OPENED THE WINDOW AND TOLD US ALL TO COME IN. THE LITTLE BOY DIDN'T WANT TO BUT I MADE HIM. WHEN WE GOT IN THE HOUSE MAMMA TALKED TO THE LITTLE BOY, AND HE BOWED A GREAT MANY TIMES AND WAS VERY POLITE THOUGH YOU COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT HE SAID VERY WELL. MAMMA TOLD US THAT HE HAD COME TO WASHINGTON FROM A PLACE A LONG WAY OFF CALLED CHINA, AND SHE SAID HE WAS A "NICE CHILD" AND VERY WELL BEHAVED AND THAT HE MUST COME TO SEE US AGAIN. HE PLAYS WITH US OFTEN NOW AND HIS NAME IS CHUNG, AND HE IS A CHINESE NOBLEMAN. CHUNG WENT WITH US TO SEE THE BIG WASHINGTON MONUMENT THE OTHER DAY. PAPA TOOK US. IT IS THE HIGHEST MONUMENT IN THE WORLD AND YOU CAN SEE IT FROM ALMOST EVERY SPOT IN THE CITY. WE WENT CLOSE UP TO IT THE OTHER DAY AND WHEN WE LOOKED WAY UP AT THE TOP IT MADE US FEEL VERY LITTLE. PET SAID SHE FELT ABOUT AS BIG AS ONE OF HER LEAD SOLDIERS. HERE IS A PICTURE I MADE OF THE MONUMENT. THE LONG BLACK MARK AT THE BOTTOM IS PAPA AND THE OTHERS ARE CHUNG AND PET AND ME. YOUR LITTLE FRIEND,

FRANKIE.

How Tom Took Care of Dot.



Tom lived on the bank of the river. His father had a boat in which he could go down to fish. Sometimes he would take Tom with him and let him row.

Tom had a little sister whom they called Dot (because she was so small for her age). One day Tom's mother asked him if he could take care of Dot while she went to the city. Tom was very fond of his little sister, and he promised to take good care of her. And this is the way he did it.

Tom thought it would be nice to take Dot down to the river and show her papa's boat. The boat was pulled partly on shore, while the remainder was in the water.

Tom knew if he and Dot got into the boat they could get good motion by his rocking it. So he lifted Dot in and then jumped in himself. Then he began to rock the boat. Dot had never been in a boat before, and she was delighted with the motion.

By and by Dot exclaimed, "O Tom! the bank's gone and left



us." Tom turned to see what Dot meant, and found that the boat had broken from the bank, and they were floating down the stream without any oars. Tom was very much frightened. He remembered his promise to his mother to take good care of Dot; but he was a very brave little fellow, and did not let Dot know of his fear.

"Dot, you'll sit very still, won't you?" asked Tom.



Dot promised. Tom wondered if they would have to stay on the river all night.

But they did not. A kind fisherman found them, took them into his boat, and rowed them back to their papa and mamma. They were so glad to have them safe in their arms again that they didn't scold Tom. They knew he meant no harm, and Tom's fear was his own punishment. He never ventured into dangerous places with his little sister again.

KATIE KYLE.



HAWKS AND HOLLYHOCKS.

When little Jessie went from the city to visit her aunt the country was new and strange to her. She wondered at nearly everything. Seeing a brood of chickens, she said, "O aunty, what a many canaries!"



She knew cut flowers very well, but had seen few flowers growing. The garden was her delight. She learned the names of the plants. Some hollyhocks seemed like trees in bloom, reaching high above the little straw hat.

One day Jessie heard her uncle say he feared the hawks would catch the chickens. "That large one," said he, "looked wicked when watching for a chance."

Jessie got down from her chair at the table and went straight to the garden. There her aunt found her standing soberly among the hollyhocks.

"I guess they haven't caught any yet," said Jessie.

"What do you mean?" her aunt inquired.



HAWKS AND HOLLYHOCKS.

"Hollyhocks and chickens," replied the child. "Uncle spoke of this great one. I would cut it down if it catches chickens."



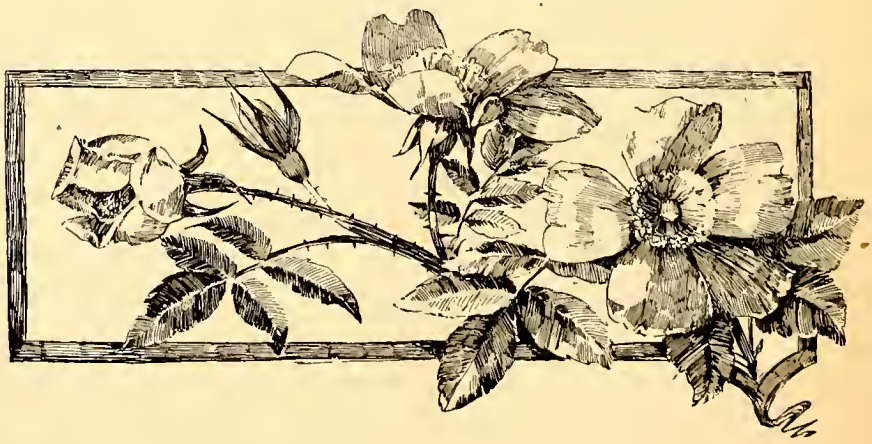
"O you little city girl!" smiled her aunt. "Don't you know hawks are birds? I will show you one when he comes hunting around again. You shall see how swiftly his pointed wings carry him through the air."

"Does he peep?" asked Jessie, looking up at the sky. "For I saw a bird sailing round and round, crying, 'Peep! Peep!'"

"That might be a night-hawk," said her aunt. "Night-hawks do no harm. But hawks, too, sail and cry in that way. When the hen hears one she makes haste to call her brood under her wings. The little things learn the danger, and, hearing the voice of a hawk, run and hide beneath the mother. Then she makes a low sound that they know means, 'Keep out of sight, children.'"

Then her aunt added, "I came to the garden for flowers to fill the vases, and you may help to cut them, Jessie."

LAVINIA S. GOODWIN.



1

Who cares now for the chilling winds?
The oft repeated showers?
Since gentle MAY has come at last.
And kissed the buds to flowers.



2

So softly comes she on the earth,
We scarce can hear her tread,
While from her willing, out-stretched hands
The SPRING-TIME'S seeds are spread

3.

O winsome, tender, loving MAY
We welcome your sweet face;
Within our very inmost hearts
You'll always find a place.

L.B.C.

Lizbeth B. Comins

FRED'S STOLEN RIDE.

One day little Fred's mother, who had been sick a long time, told him she was going out with a friend to take a drive. Fred wanted to go, too, but his mother said there would not be room in the buggy. Fred felt very cross and unhappy, and sat down on the front steps, ready to cry as soon as he should see his mother go away.



A buggy came to the gate, and the gentleman who was driving went into the house. Fred ran out and climbed into the buggy to sit there until his mother came out.

In looking around he saw there was a wide space under the seat, in which a boy might hide. He crawled in, thinking he would take a ride, and his mother would not know it.

He waited a long time, but no one came, and at last he grew tired and fell asleep.

He was waked by feeling a big jolt, as a wheel of the buggy struck a stone ; but he kept still. After what seemed to him a long time the buggy stopped and he heard some one taking the horse from the shafts. He waited until all was quiet, and then crawled out from his hiding-place.

He found it was almost dark, and everything about him was strange. He was very much frightened, but he jumped down and went to a



farm-house close by. A woman he had never seen before came to the door. When he told her where he lived she said he was fifteen miles from home, and he found that he had taken his stolen ride in the buggy of a man who had called to see his father on business.

It was too late for Fred to go home that night, and he had to stay at the farmer's house until the next day. Then he was taken home, and I am very sure he never tried to steal another ride.

FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

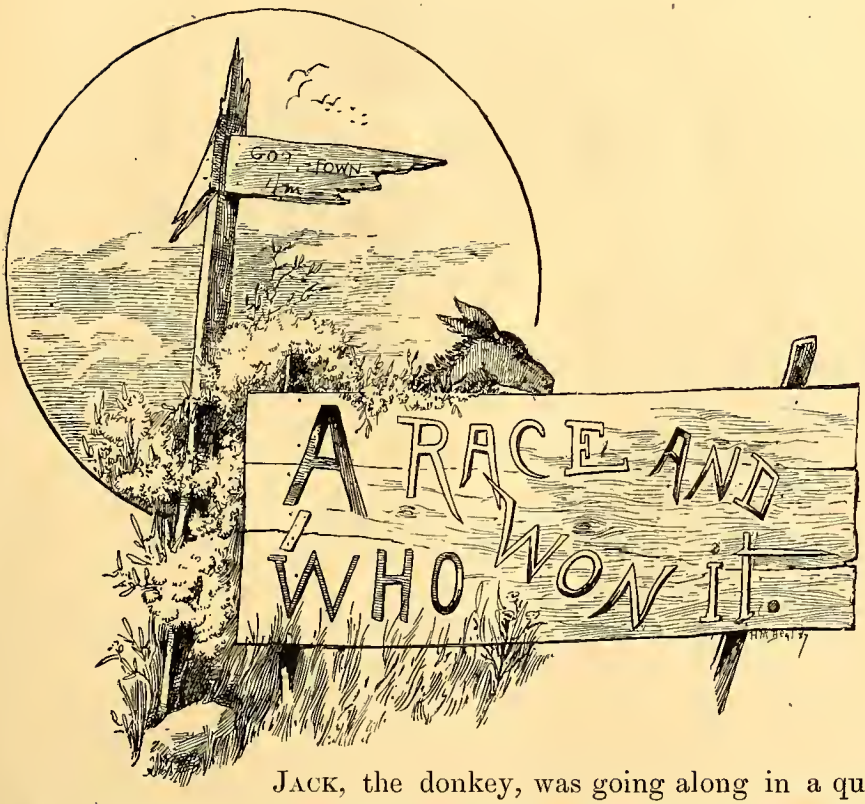


A SMALL PHILOSOPHER.

Ted and Uncle Ned went nutting,
On a pleasant autumn day,
When the wood was warm and sunny,
And the squirrels were at play;
When the yellow leaves kept falling
Softly, softly, to the ground;
And the ripe, brown nuts were dropping,
Pat-pat-patter, all around.

Happy Teddy's blue eyes sparkled,
And his cheek glowed like a rose;
But just then a falling shagbark
Struck him plump upon his nose.
"Oh!" he cried and laughed together,
"What a dreadful thing 'twould be
If the nuts were big as pumpkins
Growing on this hickory tree!"

LUCY WILLING.



JACK, the donkey, was going along in a quiet trot with Jack, the boy, on his back, and Jack, the dog, alongside.

"Let's have a race!" cried Jack, the boy.

"Let's have a race!" whinnied Jack, the donkey.

"Let's have a race!" barked Jack, the dog.



"Whoever gets to the cross-roads first, wins," shouted Jack, the boy.

"All right," barked Jack, the dog.

"Well, I'd like to know," whinnied Jack, the donkey, "which one of us two 'll win if we reach the cross-roads before the dog, for you're sitting on my back."

"I never thought of that," said Jack, the boy; "I suppose we'll have to say we both win. If I were to run I'd have no chance with you two."

"Of course not," assented Jack, the donkey; "stick on, and may be, after all, you'll get there before me."

"Keep your place," barked Jack, the dog.

"One, two, three," counted Jack, the boy; "one, two, three, and away!"

And away they ran; one minute the two Jacks ahead, the next minute the one. But, although they were going so fast, Jack, the donkey, was busily thinking, and this is what he thought: —



"Jack, the boy, is only eight years old, and his whole heart is set upon winning this race. Now, I'm nigh on to a hundred and eight if I'm correct, and the other fellow is only a dog. I'm determined that the boy Jack shall win."

And the dog was thinking too, and this is what he thought: —



"I certainly do wish that boy could win the race, but I don't wish to be beaten by a donkey."

They were still alongside when the cross-roads came in sight; then the dog was left behind, for the donkey started ahead at a wonderful pace. When within a yard of the appointed place he gently tossed the boy Jack over his head, right on to the cross-roads.

Jack landed on his feet in breathless astonishment.

Well," he exclaimed, "I declare if I didn't get here first, after all!"

And Jack, the donkey, whinnied, and Jack, the dog, barked.

LOUISE R. BAKER.



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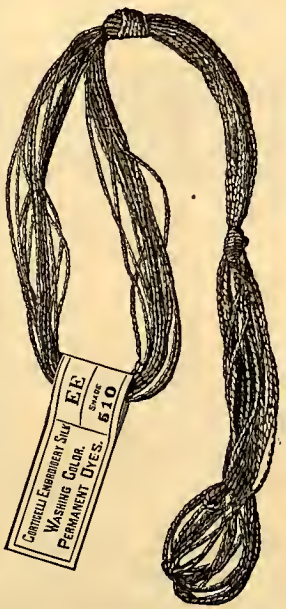
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"Wash our hands"
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Our blankets smeared with grease and stains
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Through summer's dust and heat content,
From moon to moon unwashed we went;
But IVORY SOAP came like a ray
Of light across our darkened way.

And now we're civil, kind and good,
And keep the laws as people should.
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As well as folks with paler face.
And now I take, where'er we go,
This cake of IVORY SOAP to show
What civilized my squaw and me
And made us clean and fair to see.

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JUNE
Vol. VIII No. 8
1888.

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CONTENTS.

		PAGE
THE SEA'S HARVEST (Illustrated by Edmund H. Garrett.)	Lavinia S. Goodwin	22
A FAIRY CRADLE (Illustrated by Miss E. S. Tucker.)	Mrs. Mary Johnson	22
SPRING (Illustrated by Edith F. Foster.)	Emma C. Dowd	23
THE RED DRAGON (Illustrated by F. T. Merrill.)	Clara G. Dolliver	23
WHAT THE BLUE-EYED GRASS SAW (Illustrated by Irene E. Jerome.)	Annie E. Jerome	23
SAMMY'S BOAT (Illustrated by L. D. Norton.)	Pink Hunter	23
JUNE (Illustrated by Lizbeth B. Comins.)	L. B. C	23
FRANKIE'S LETTER. FRANKIE HAS THE MEASLES (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott.)	Frankie	23
THE THREE LITTLE GOOSEY-GOSLINGS (Illustrated by Parker Hayden.)	E. Annette Hills	23
PLAYING STATION (Illustrated by J. H. Hatfield.)	Florence B. Hallowell	24
SUGARING OFF (Illustrated by J. H. Hatfield.)	Clara Doty Bates	24
SENSITIVE PLANTS (Illustrated by H. P. Barnes.)	Mrs. G. Hall	24
THE LITTLE DAIRY MAID (Illustrated by Alice Hirschberg.)	Robert Ogden Fowler	24
BETTY'S PLAYTHINGS (Illustrated by F. W. Freer)	Virginia C. Hollis	25
BUILDING THE NEST (Illustrated by Louis Meynelle.)	Elizabeth A. Davis	25
THE DODDER-WHIP (Illustrated by Miss E. S. Tucker.)	Julia P. Ballard	25

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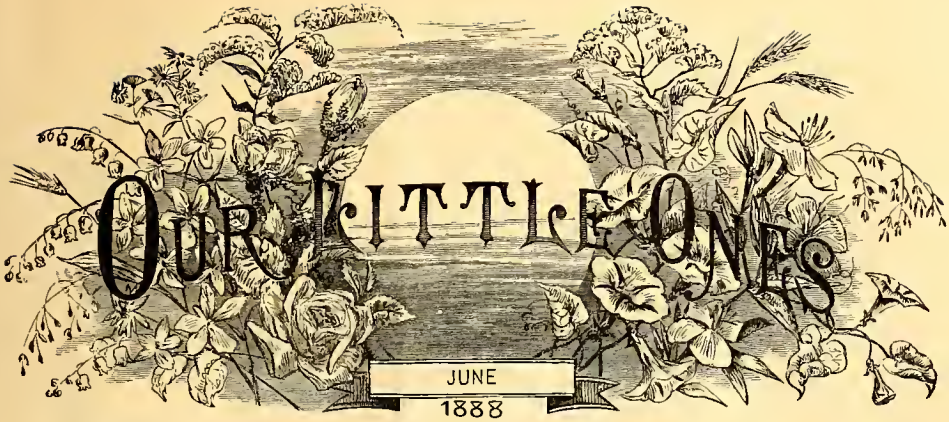
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THE SEA'S HARVEST.



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THE SEA'S HARVEST.

OH, 'tis merry in Normandie,
When the fishers come back from sea;
Buyers are tracking the white sands then,
Maidens and women, lads and men.

"Fresh soles!"[1] they cry. "Who buys, who buys?
Count your money and take your prize;
Francs if you have them, or only sous;
Big fish are biggest, small will do.

"Blue-eyed Frowsy, this has your mark;
Took him aboard for you in the dark;
A gentle fellow, with dreamy eye,
Begging 'Please boil me, miss, or fry.'

"Men, with your pipes, be not afraid;
What are you here for but to trade?
Finish the business, then home and dine
On best of soles and good red wine.

[1] A kind of flat fish.

"Dames, with kerchiefs and caps like snow.
Fill your baskets, — away you go!
What are offered for this fine pair,
Sent to you by a sea-nymph fair?

"See this sole, that measures an ell;
So big it will make a good umbrel';
Very well! he is yours, and so cheap;
A few more, friends, and don't go to sleep."

Oh, 'tis merry in Normandie,
When the boats come laden from sea;
Fishers and people meet on the sands,
And jest, while soles and cash change hands.

LAVINIA S. GOODWIN.

A FAIRY CRADLE.

Robbie found some queer little things, that looked like dry leaves rolled up.

"I wonder what they are?" he said. "Maybe they're fairies' cradles. I wish I could see a fairy come out."

Mamma had told him a fairy-story the night before. He took them into the house to show to her; but she was out. So he put them in a little pasteboard box, which he set on the closet-shelf in her room. He meant to tell her, but forgot all about it.

The queer little rolls stayed there for two or three months, till the pleasant fall weather was over, and winter had come. But mamma's room was always warm. If fairy-babies had been there they would have been very snug and comfortable.

No one noticed the little box. One evening, when Robbie was fast asleep, his mother sat reading rather late in her room. The



house was very quiet. After a while she heard a queer noise, — tap, tap, tap, — as if somebody knocked. But the taps were very light, and she could not think what made them.

She looked about the room, and opened the closet. She found the tapping was inside the little box.

"What can it be?" she thought. She lifted the cover, which was not very tight; and out flew something as beautiful and bright as a fairy. It was a large butterfly, blue and gold and black and crimson; one of the prettiest she had ever seen.

It was very strange to see a live butterfly in winter. What Robbie found was a chrysalis.

The caterpillar spins threads around itself, and makes a cradle or nest. In this it sleeps all winter, and in the spring is changed into a butterfly. But the warmth of the room had made this one come out much sooner.

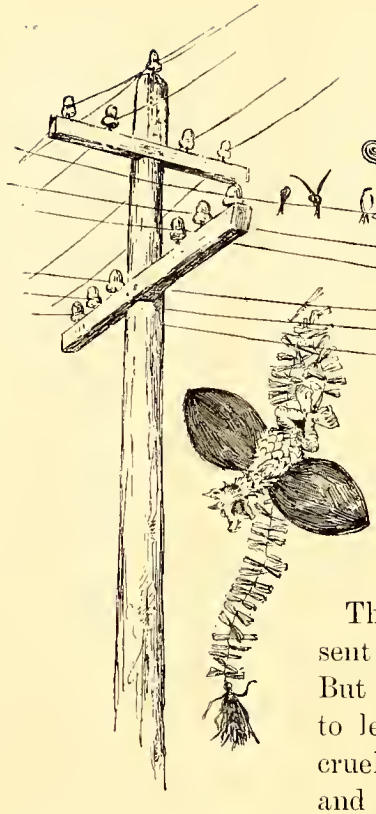
Robbie's mamma was puzzled. She did not like to let the pretty creature starve; and there were no gardens in winter for him to fly into, and get his breakfast. But her bay-window was full of house-plants. She caught the butterfly in a glass jelly-dish, and carried him to the flowers. So he was very happy as long as he lived.

This strange event really happened.

MRS. MARY JOHNSON.




Spring
is flinging her
blossoms wide..
Cowslips, anemones
arbutus sweet..
Oh may she ever
with you abide
To flower the
pathway under
your feet!
Edith L Foster. 88.



The Red Dragon.

Jack's brother Tom gave him a Chinese-Dragon kite, with wings like a great red bird. The boys all said that nothing like it had ever been seen in town.

They sent him up, and pulled him in, and sent him up again, just for the fun of it. But just the last time, when they were going to let him sail away as far as he would, a cruel telegraph wire caught him by the tail and held him fast. Jack tugged at the string until it broke. Then the boys said it was of no use trying any more. One by one they went off, leaving poor Jack standing in the street alone, gazing up at his dear Dragon, flapping helplessly so far above him. He tried hard not to cry, but he could not help a vagrant tear that slipped out of his eye, and stole down the side of his nose. He put his arms round the pole with some wild idea of climbing it. Then he got a lath from a new building, and tried to reach the captive. He put that down and wiped the tear, which was now very cold, off the end of his nose, and swallowed a great lump that would come in his throat.

Just then a man came along, crying, "Tins to mend!" It sounded like "Hings to bings!" but everybody knew what he meant.

"Hullo, boy!" he said. "Is that your kite?"

Jack nodded; he couldn't speak for the lump in his throat.

The man looked up at the Dragon, then down at Jack. Perhaps he thought of some other little boy, or of himself as a child in his poor home far away across the seas. At any rate his face looked very kind.



He took the long lath over to the new building and nailed it to a still longer one; with this he reached the Dragon.

The tail was now twisted many times around the wire; and it took time and patience to uncurl it, but at last the pride of kites was released.

As it came fluttering to the ground, the man picked up his little furnace and was off, crying, "Hings to bings!" before Jack could even thank him.

CLARA G. DOLLIVER.



A-ting-a-ling-a-ling,
Dame Nature holds the bell;
She calls her little wild-flowers in,
Their stories sweet to tell.
The bright-hued scholars pass,
Their lessons are not long;
Listen! the blue-eyed grass
Repeats his little song.

I slumbered very late,
And wakened none too soon;
The butterflies were laughing, —
I saw 'twas really June.
I opened wide my eyes
And took a peep around;
I saw coy Mrs. Buttercup
With golden glory crowned.

I saw a little bird
A-trying hard to fly.
I saw a little cloud
With eyes of violet-blue;
I said, "Oh, pretty one,
Come here and kiss me, do."

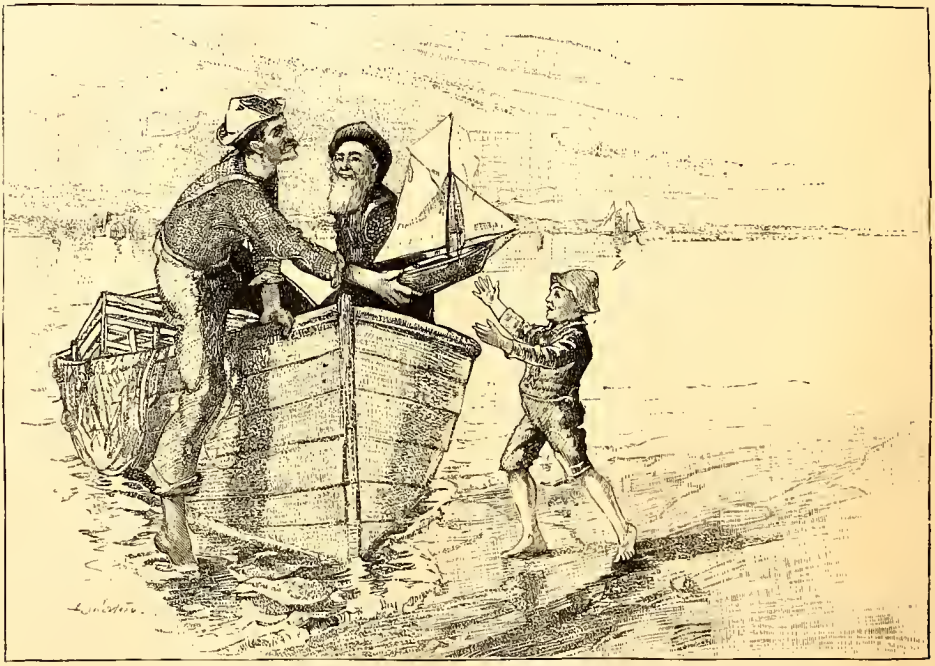
ANNIE E. JEROME.

Sammy's Boat.

Sammy lived very near the river, and, being a small boy, had little else to do than to play. He liked to watch the boats, big and little, that plied up and down the broad sheet of water, and had a little fleet of his own. He could not make his boats very well. Some were too heavy, and some a little one-sided, and they had a way of sailing upside down.



One day Sammy was sitting as usual on the shore when he saw a little vessel sailing towards him with very different rigging from any of his own make. She was well-shaped, with a keel and masts, and had been painted, but the water had washed off much of the paint. She was, in fact, a toy vessel, such as Sammy had never seen before in all his life. It had drifted away from its owner far down the river.



Sammy jumped up, and tried to reach it with a long pole, but it was too far out, and he nearly fell into the water. Just then a fishing-boat came up, with two men rowing it. One of them was a great friend of Sammy's, and often took him out fishing with him. He captured the tiny vessel and brought it in shore with him.

Sammy clapped his hands with delight, and seized his treasure to examine it more closely. Some of the rigging was broken, but Sammy's friend mended it up, and the little boat was soon afloat again. Sammy fastened a long line to it, so that his prize may not drift away from him.

PINK HUNTER.

JUNE



Ah, June, dear June,
No other month
With her can ever compare,
To us she has
a fairer mien
Than all the
others wear.

How lovingly
her head is
bent,
As, lightly
poised in air,
She drops
upon the
waiting
earth
A crown
of roses
fair.

H.B.C.

Lizbeth B. Comins

Frankie's Letter: No 8



Frankie Has the Measles

Washington, June, 1888.

Dear "Little Ones" Pet and I have got the Measles. Did any of you ever have them? They dont hurt much but you get awful tired of staying in one room and having shawls put round you every time you go to the window. I felt pretty sick the other day. Mamma took me on her lap and rocked me. I thought when I got big enough to wear pants that I wouldn't want mamma to rock me like a baby. But when my head ached so I thought it was the nicest thing she could do. Pet and I haven't seen each othea foa a long time but we write notes to ech other. Here is one Pet wrote me with a picture she drew herself. My eyes are not strong yet and Nurse wont let me use them much so I must stop now. Your little friend,

Frankie.

Dear Frankie, How do your measles feel now? Mine feel bad and I look just like this.

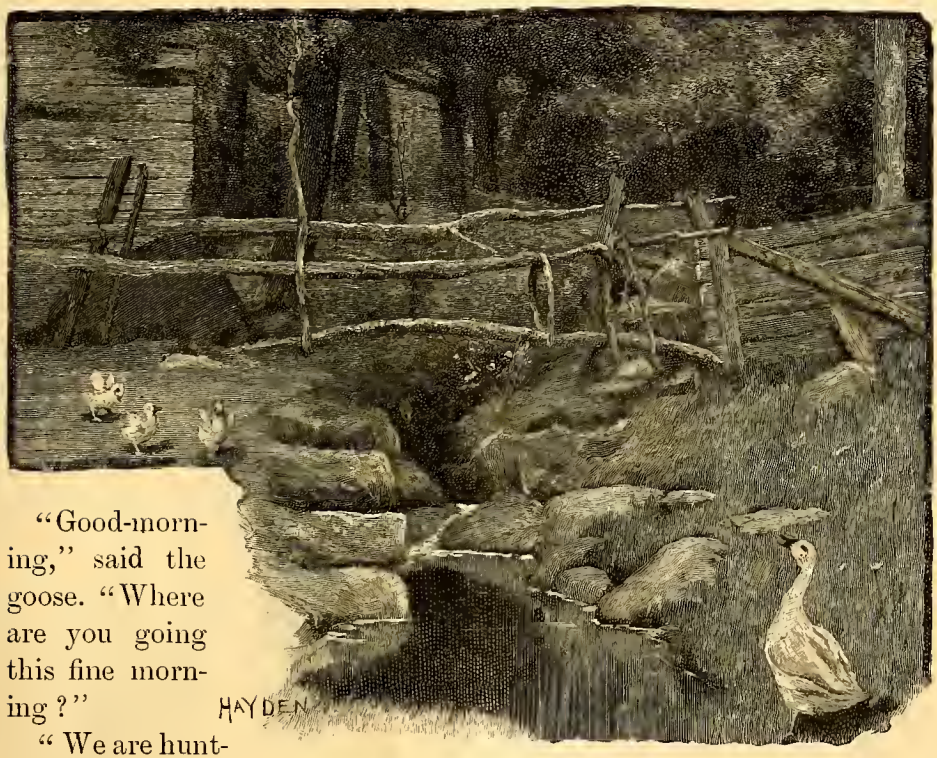


Your kind friend,

Pet.

THE THREE LITTLE GOOSEY-GOSLINGS.

THERE were once three little yellow and white goslings who had no mother. One day they went out walking and met an old gray goose.



"Good-morning," said the goose. "Where are you going this fine morning?"

"We are hunting for a home," said the three little yellow and white goslings; "and we don't know where to go."

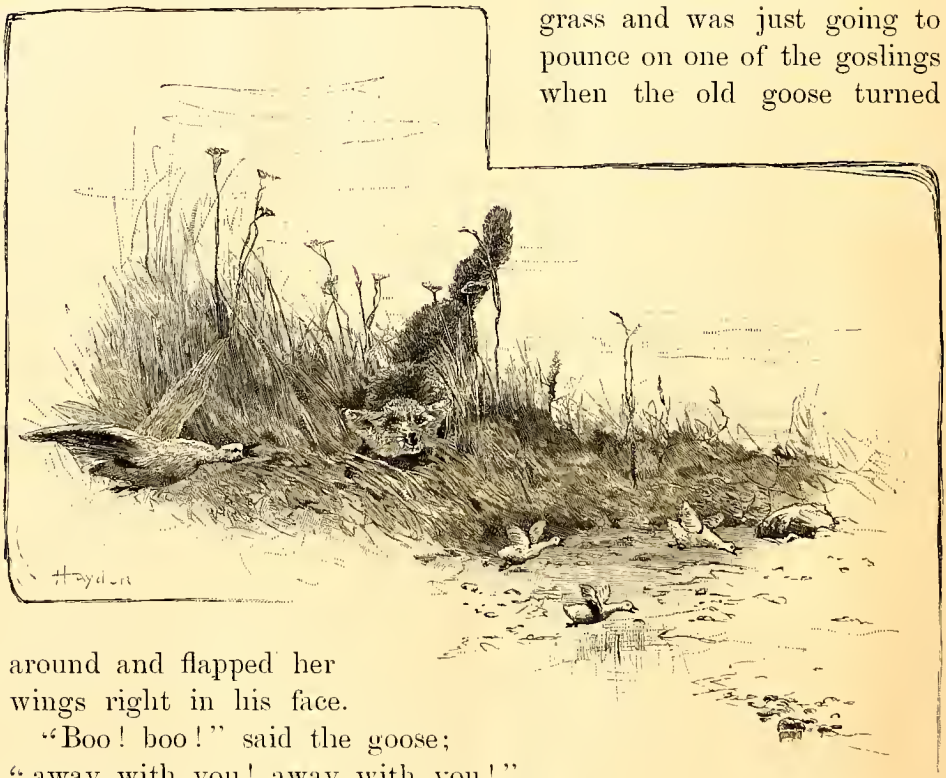
"Come with me," said the gray goose. "I have a nice home in a barrel up by the barn, and no little goslings to put in it. Come with me, and I will be your mother."

The three little yellow and white goslings bobbed their heads and looked so pleased that the old goose wanted to kiss them, only she didn't know how.

So she started off for her barrel and the three little goslings waddled after. But there was an old fox watching them from behind a tree.

"Ha! ha!" said the fox to himself. "I see three little yellow and white goosey-goslings. I think I'll eateh one for my supper."

He erept softly through the grass and was just going to pounce on one of the goslings when the old goose turned



around and flapped her wings right in his face.

"Boo! boo!" said the goose; "away with you! away with you!" and frightened the fox off into the woods.

The next morning the old gray goose said to the little goslings, "Come, my dears. Let us go down to the brook and swim."

"Yes, yes," said the yellow and white goslings; and they all waddled off together.

When they eame to the brook the old goose jumped in first, and the three little goslings followed after — splash! splash! splash! one after the other.

But the old fox was watehing them from the bank.

"Ha! ha!" he said to himself. "I spy three little yellow and white goosey-goslings. I think I'll catch one for my breakfast." So he jumped into the brook, and the little goslings ducked their heads into the water and out again, without once looking behind them.

But the old gray goose was on the watch and she jumped at the fox, and flapped her wings in his face. She splashed the water in his eyes, and shrieked out at the top of her voice: "Boo! boo! away with you! away with you!"

This so frightened the fox that he scrambled up the bank as fast as his legs would carry him, ran off into the woods, and never came back again.

The three little goslings went back to live in the barrel, and grew up, each of them, to be a big mamma goose, and to have little yellow and white goslings of her own.

E. ANNETTE HILLS.



PLAYING STATION.

When Aunt Kate came to make us a visit last spring she brought Arthur and James a present of a little hammock. Their papa swung it between two trees in the back-yard, and the little boys were delighted with it, and took turns swinging each other.

Every day when it was time for James to take his noon-day nap

his nurse put him in the hammock and swung him to sleep. He never made a fuss, as was often the case when he was rocked to sleep in somebody's arms.

One afternoon, when the two little boys were in the hammock, Aunt Kate came out in the yard. "Let's play station," she said; "I'll swing you, and you must tell me where you want to go, and I'll stop the hammock when we get to the place. Then you must pay your car-fare in kisses."

Arthur said he wanted to go to Washington, and so Aunt Kate



swung the hammock a few times, and then called out "Washington!" in a loud tone, and said the fare was five dollars. So Arthur gave her five kisses, and the hammock began to swing again, for James wanted to go to Boston. When Aunt Kate called out "Boston!" James had to pay ten kisses.

"Now, where do you want to go?" asked Aunt Kate.

"I want to go to Mud-top," said Arthur.

"And I want to go to Dog-house," said James.

"There is no station on this road named Mud-top, and the train never stops at Dog-house," said Aunt Kate, laughing.

Then the two little boys began to laugh, too, and they laughed

so hard that when the hammock tipped a little they both fell out.



But they were not hurt, and they liked so much to play station that after that Aunt Kate had to come out in the yard every afternoon as long as she stayed.

FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.



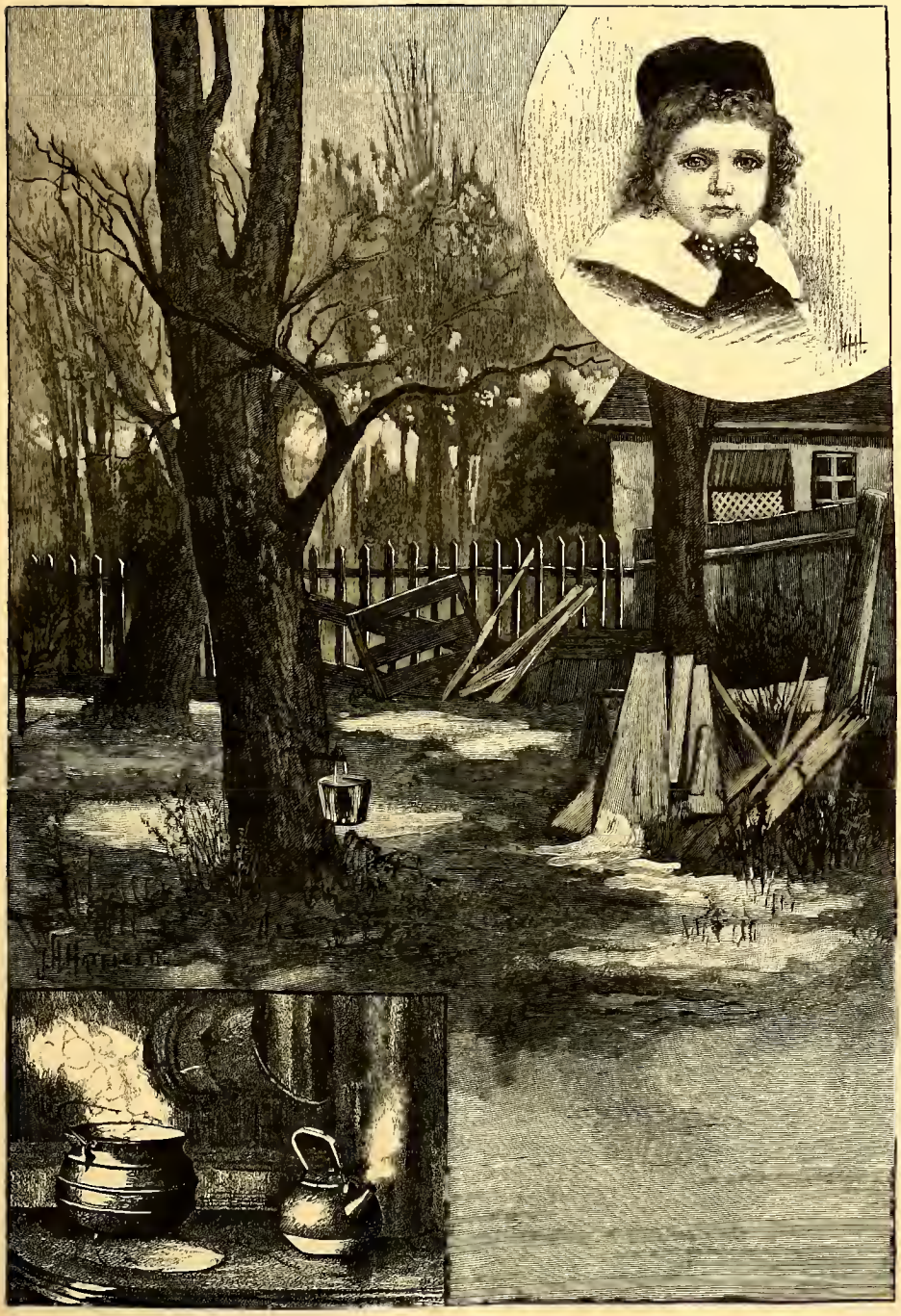
SUGARING OFF.

Connie discovered one morning
That the sap from the maple trees
Was dripping where twigs had been broken,
And he straightway began to tease.

Why couldn't he have a kettle,
Tap a tree, and get it full,
Then boil it into molasses,
And have a candy pull?

"Make sugar!" They laughed at his notion.
"Make sugar in town!" they cried.
"You could do it," said Connie, determined;
"You could if you only tried."

The day was beautiful, balmy,
Although on the lawn still lay
Great patches of snow that the sunshine
Had not yet melted away.



SUGARING OFF.

So a tree was bored with an auger
To the music of Connie's tongue,
A tiny trough made, and under
A little tin bucket hung.

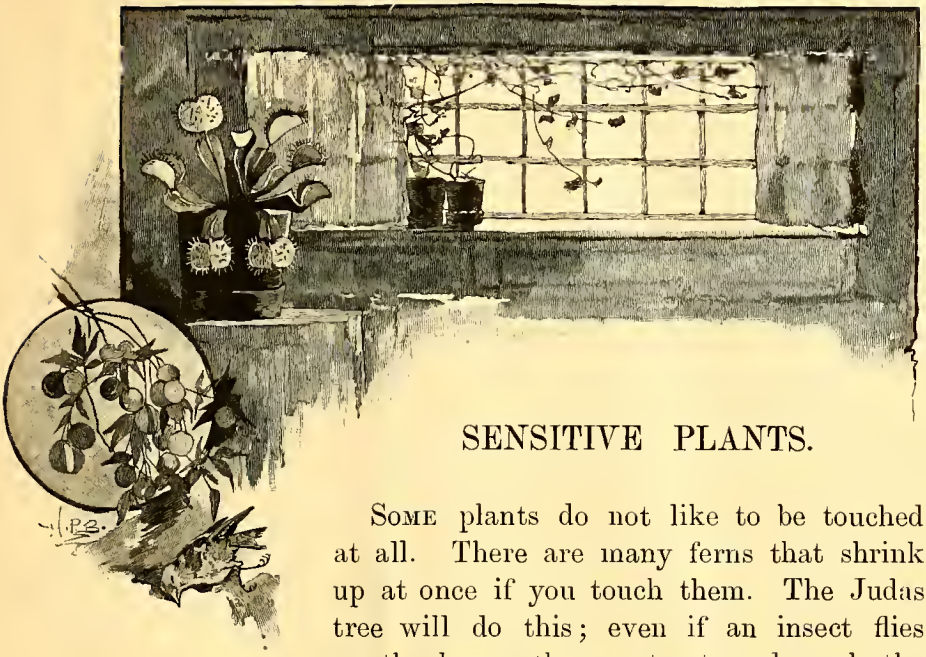
Drip, drip, all day until evening
The great tree's sweet sap run;
Drip, drip, till the pail brimmed over;
Then the boiling was begun.

'Twas not outside in a snow-drift,
As sugar-boiling should be,
But over the kitchen fire,
While Bridget got the tea.

There was just a mere atom of sugar,
Such a very little bit,
That nobody else but Connie
Had even a taste of it.

CLARA DOTY BATES.





SENSITIVE PLANTS.

Some plants do not like to be touched at all. There are many ferns that shrink up at once if you touch them. The Judas tree will do this; even if an insect flies on the leaves they contract, and crush the poor creature to death. Under this tree you will find all about the ground hundreds of these dead insects.

The "Venus fly-trap" has a sweet, sticky juice, which they like. The moment they touch it, to sip this juice, the little petals contract. They put the poor things in prison, and they have to die. The odor of the nutmeg the cook uses to flavor your cakes and pies is so strong that birds that live about the nutmeg groves are made tipsy. They fall to the ground, not able to move. The ants that abound in that country come and eat their legs off, and leave them to die a most cruel death.

MRS. G. HALL.



THE LITTLE DAIRY-MAID.

Bright little Betty,
Blithesome and pretty,
Lightly she trips thro' the sweet-scented clover,
Rosy cheeks, ruby lips,
Dainty shaped finger tips,
Sweet little mouth as one e'er could discover.

Lithely she skips along,
Trilling her carol song,
Calling the kine from the mead o'er the water;
Loving and dutiful,
Modest and beautiful,
She is a dairy-man's dear little daughter.

Trim little dairy-maid,
Mother's own merry maid,
Scarcely she knows she is winsome and pretty;
Who would not be as she,
Willingly, cheerily,
Loving and helping all — sweet little Betty?

ROBERT OGDEN FOWLER.



The Little Dairy Maid



BETTY'S PLAYTHINGS.

THIS summer Aunt Nancy went to a farm where she lived when a little girl. At this place were some aged people and their great-granddaughter, who was only five years old. Her name was Betty. She had no playmates, or no such playthings as city children have.

One day Aunt Nancy sat by the window and heard Betty say, "Now, little chicken, you must lay an egg." Looking out, Aunt Nancy saw that she had a piece of glass propped up in an old birds' nest. Pretty soon Betty said, "There, little chicken, you did lay three eggs." Then she took three small bits of glass from the nest, and seemed as pleased as if they were truly eggs.

Aunt Nancy remembered that she had a number of "Our Little Ones" in her valise. She got it, and read to Betty about "Pauline's Strange Pets." Betty thought it very funny to dress the toads up so, but said she couldn't do that, for she had always been afraid of toads.



But one day Aunt Nancy met her in the lane, with a wheel-barrow, in which she had a little pig, dressed in a long white baby dress. Around its neck was one of Betty's white ruffles, and on its head a wreath of golden-rod and red honeysuckle. Piggy didn't like the arrangement at all. He kept squirming and grunting, but Betty had tied him in with an old sash-ribbon. She wheeled him up and down the lane for quite a while. When Aunt Nancy went back to her city home she bought a lovely doll and doll-carriage, and sent them, by express, to Betty. The little girl wrote a letter to her,



printed with a lead-pencil. The most important sentences were these: I. LIKE. MY. DOLL. AND. CARRIAGE.— THE. PIG. IS. DEAD.—COME. DOWN. NEXT. SUMMER.

VIRGINIA C. HOLLIS.



BUILDING THE NEST.

"Little Mrs. Robin, let me help, I pray;
Will you have a withered leaf, or a wisp of hay?

"Here are softest mosses, grasses dry and brown,
Shreds of lace and feathers, bits of silky down.

"Tell me, Mrs. Robin, what I first shall bring,
Shall it be a mossy twig, or a bit of string?"

"Wait, my little maiden, by the garden-wall,
Where the warmest sunbeams always seem to fall.

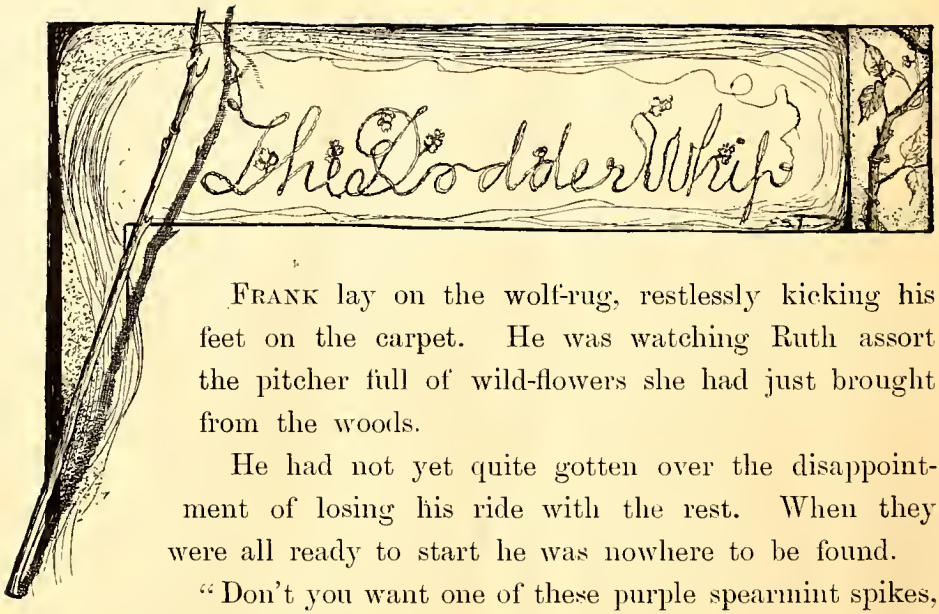
"I must build so nicely, I can hardly tell;
All the things you mention answer very well.

"But if I could choose the best," so the robin said.
"It would be some yellow curls from your pretty head."

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.



BUILDING THE NEST.



Frank lay on the wolf-rug, restlessly kicking his feet on the carpet. He was watching Ruth assort the pitcher full of wild-flowers she had just brought from the woods.

He had not yet quite gotten over the disappointment of losing his ride with the rest. When they were all ready to start he was nowhere to be found.

"Don't you want one of these purple spearmint spikes, Frank?" said Ruth.

"Don't care a bit for spearmints."

"Well, I know you would like this gentian. Such a pretty blue, — like somebody's eyes!"

"Tain't the fringy kind; don't want it when it ain't fringy.

Ruth was smiling under her broad sun-hat. She was glad Frank could not see it. She knew how hard it was for a bright, sweet little boy to lose his temper and be in the mood Frank now was.

Pretty soon, as she was disentangling something that looked like a fine cord of gold from one of her long flower-stems, she saw Frank's blue eyes furtively watching. A happy thought struck her. Taking up her flower-scissors, she snipped off the flower and leaves from one long straight stem, leaving the cord. It was twisted curiously about one end, and trailing down by itself, like a whip-lash. "Here, Frank, here is a dodder-whip for you."

It was too great a temptation. Slowly he got up from the rug, and edged along till he could reach the green whip-handle held out to him.

"I didn't know it was dodder, and I didn't know dodder made whips."

"It does, though, if you cut it right. You can snap that at a fly, and you'll find out."



"How did you twist the lash on so tight and even? Just two twists, and 'edzactly' even."

"They twist themselves, Frank. You may have the whip, but I want to show you some more of this dodder. Here is one of my large yellow flowers. Look at the stem. It is all wound round and round with this pretty gold cord. It is kinked and curled in rings

and knots as tightly as I could have wound it, and more gracefully done."

"What's those white flowers' little cups all in a bunch? I didn't know dodder had blossoms."

"Yes, indeed, blossoms, but not leaves. See, they look like wax bells. How pretty the white ball buds are! I like everything about the dodder but just one thing."

"What is that?"

"Do you see these leaves of my yellow flower? How they are curled and bent up tight towards the stem? Well, the dodder does that. When it first started to grow it had a root of its own; but pretty soon it thought it could just as well live on the yellow-flowered plant as by it. So it sent out little tiny roots, and drew its own life from the plant it clung to. The better it grew, the worse the plant looked. It often kills the plant, and goes on growing and curling and blossoming without caring at all about the poor, withering plant."

"I think it's awful selfish, but I like my dodder-whip for all that," and Frank went off in search of flies. He pretended they were Tom, the driver, who didn't hunt him up when they went to drive, and used it in such vigorous efforts as to quite spoil the golden lash."

JULIA P. BALLARD.



A Bolted Door

May keep out tramps and burglars, but not Asthma, Bronchitis, Colds, Coughs, and Croup. The best protection against these unwelcome intruders is **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.** With a bottle of this far-famed preparation at hand, Throat and Lung Troubles may be checked and serious Disease averted.

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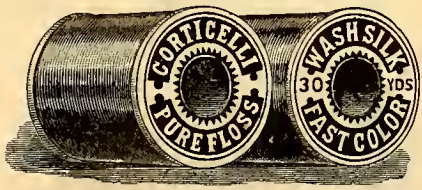
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JULY
Vol. VIII No. 9
1888.

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CONTENTS.

		PAGE
THE FOURTH OF JULY (Illustrated by the Author.)	A. S. Cox	259
FRESHENING FISH (Illustrated by L. D. Norton.)	Florence B. Hallowell	260
TO BE SUNNY (Illustrated by A. Brennan.)	A. B.	263
WHAT LADY IS SHE (Illustrated by H. P. Barnes.)	George Cooper	264
THE FIRE-CRACKER (Illustrated by H. Winthrop Pierce.)	M. A. Haley	265
JULY (Illustrated by Lizbeth B. Comins.)	L. B. C.	268
LUCY'S NEW SHOES (Illustrated by Miss V. D. Prentiss.)	Katie Kyle	269
SHEP'S CELEBRATION (Illustrated by H. M. Beal.)	E. L. V.	271
FOUR LITTLE BOBOLINKS (Illustrated by Parker Hayden.)	Amanda M. Douglas	274
THE FLAMINGO (Illustrated by Carl Hirschberg.)	Mrs. G. Hall	277
FRANKIE'S LETTER. BELLE BURIED IN THE SAND (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott.)	Frankie	278
THE CRICKET AND THE WORMS (Illustrated by H. P. Barnes.)	Mrs. G. Hall	279
HOW TOT WENT TO THE PARK (Illustrated by H. P. Barnes.)	Lizzie May Sherwood	280
THE PANSIE'S SECRET (Illustrated by H. P. Barnes.)	Jennie S. Judson	282
TENTING OUT (Illustrated by H. W. Tucker.)	Christine Stevens	283
SUMMER DAYS (A full-page Illustration by Miss C. A. Northam.)		285
A CHICKEN WITH A WOODEN LEG (Illustrated by Parker Hayden.)	Aunt Estelle	286

The Illustrative Department under the direction of Mr. George T. Andrew.

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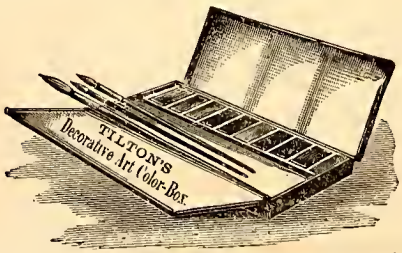


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"IMPERIAL GRANUM.—A neighbor's child being very low, reduced, in fact, to a mere baby skeleton from want of nourishment, as nothing could be found which the child could retain, at the urgent request of friends the parents were induced to try IMPERIAL GRANUM, which proved such a benefit to the child it grew and thrived beyond all comprehension. At the same time I had a child sick with cholera infantum; on being presented with a box of *Granum*, with the high recommend from this neighbor, used it and continued its use to raise the child on, and I firmly believe this had all to do in saving the former child's life and the greater part in restoring my own child to health. A. C. G."—*Leonard's Illustrated Medical Journal, Detroit, Mich., Oct.*, '87.

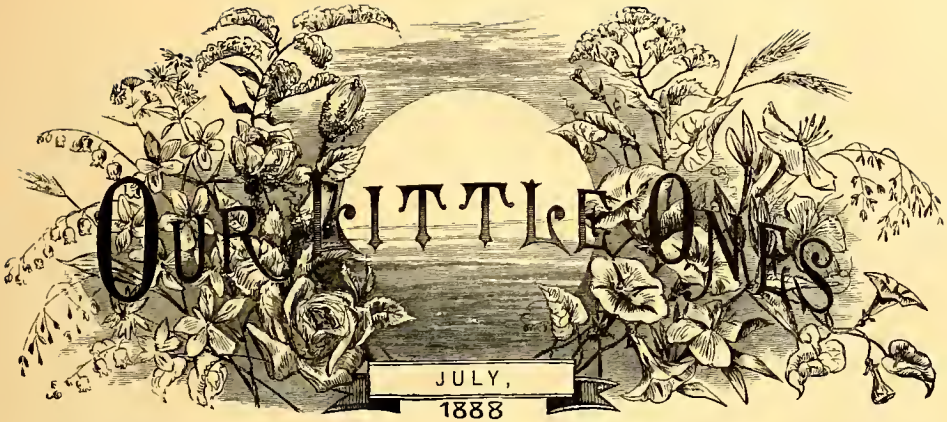
P. VARNUM MOTT, M. D., Boston, Mass., in the Microcosm, New York, February, 1886.—"There are numerous Foods that are much vaunted, and all have their adherents. The 'IMPERIAL GRANUM,' in my hands, seems to be all that is claimed for it, and experience has brought me to rely on its use where its special properties are indicated. In infantile diseases it has proved very efficacious, and I always direct its use when a child is being weaned."

The lives of untold thousands of infants have been saved by IMPERIAL GRANUM, and careful mothers are loud in their praises of this well known food, and pharmacists can safely recommend it.—*Proceedings Illinois Pharmaceutal Association*, 1887.

"On some other Planet there may be a better Dietetic Preparation than IMPERIAL GRANUM, but not on this."—"*The American Analyst*," *New York.*

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. **JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.**





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THE FOURTH OF JULY.

QUACK! Quack! Quack! Kut, Kut, Kurdee! Ducks quacking, hens cackling, geese screaming, and all running in every direction.

Whew! what a dust! What can be the matter? Don't you hear the rattle of the wheels?

It is the cavalry coming. Cavalry, you know, means soldiers on horseback; but this time they ride velocipedes instead.

Who wonders that the poultry are afraid?

Rattle, rattle, the wheels! Toot, toot, the horns! Snappity bang! go the fire-crackers, and above all come the shouts of those brave soldiers.

"Why do they make such a noise!" you ask.

Can't you think? Yes, to be sure; it is the glorious Fourth of July! One hundred and twelve years ago to-day our great-great-grandfathers said they would make a country of their own. They would call it the United States, and not be ruled any longer by other men in England, a country away across the sea.

In memory of this event people living in the United States show how glad they are for their grandfathers and themselves by making

a very loud noise, every year when this day arrives. The boy in front, with the big fur hat, is the son of an artist, who has many queer hats and clothes; that is where they got those funny things to dress up in.

Isn't it a strange army? Every one is a great general, not one private soldier!

First, there comes the boy who calls himself General Sheridan, and next to him is General George Washington. Then General Grant comes, with so many more behind that I can't remember their names. Oh, what a beautiful day this Fourth of July is, and how we all long for it to come again!

A. S. COX.



LAST summer, when Susie and her mother were in the country, her father used to come every Friday to stay until Monday. One Saturday morning, as soon as breakfast was over, he and Susie started on a fishing excursion.

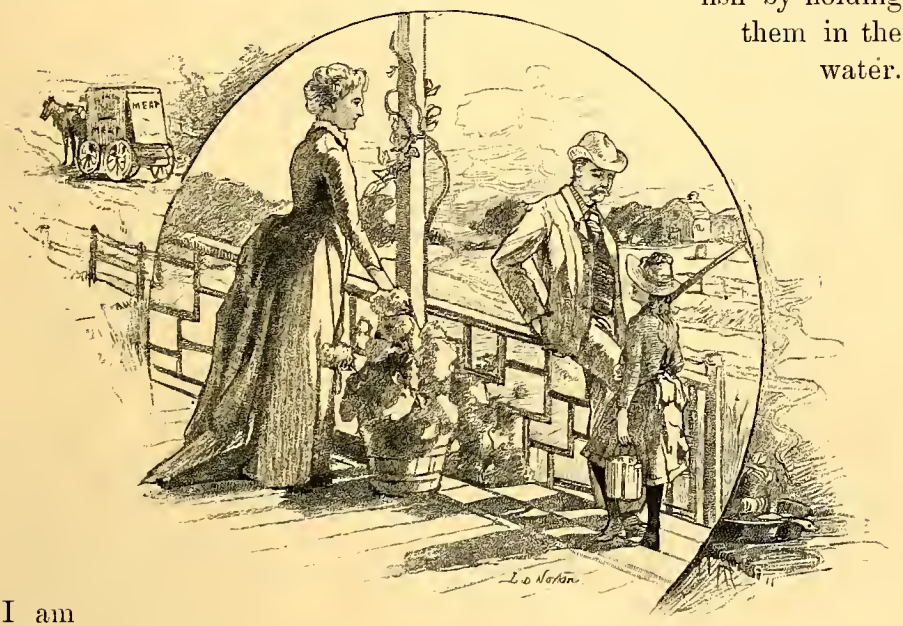
Susie carried the minnow pail, and over one shoulder was a rod her father had brought her. She looked very proud and happy.

"You needn't buy any meat for dinner, mamma," she said, "for papa and I will bring plenty of fish."

"Very well," said her mother. "I won't stop the butcher's wagon when it comes by. We will have a fish dinner."

When the river was reached Mr. Dean baited Susie's hook, and in less than five minutes she caught a fat cat-fish. Then her papa caught a bass, and by eleven o'clock they had nearly twenty fish strung on a willow switch, which Mr. Dean had cut for the purpose.

Susie was tired sitting still so long, and, throwing down her rod, said she would "freshen" up the fish by holding them in the water.



"I am afraid you will let them go," said her papa.

But Susie was sure there was no danger of that; and she had fine fun dipping the string of fish in a little pool by a big rock.

All at once she gave a loud cry.

"O papa, they're gone," she said. "I didn't mean to let them go. Oh, I'm so sorry I came! I wish I had stayed at home;" and she burst into tears.

Her father poked around the rock with a pole for a long time, but could not find the fish, and at last he and Susie went home.

Mrs. Dean laughed when she heard about the loss of the fish. She said she would fry some eggs, which must take the place of the meat

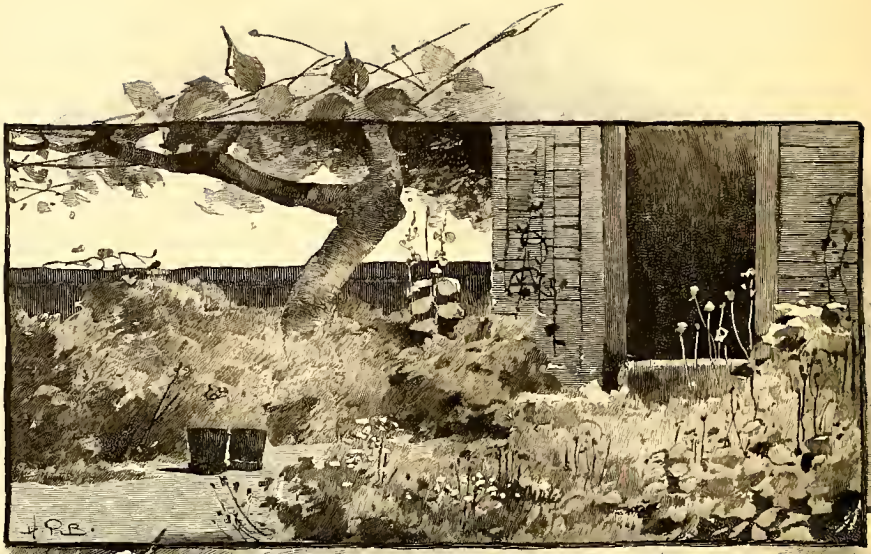


she would have bought but for Susie's promise to bring home plenty of fish.

And the next time Susie went fishing she did not ask to be allowed to "freshen" the fish at all.

FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.


For Children dear
by one
To be sunny.
I know a little lady
Who, be it sun or shady,
Laughs and sings and sings and laughs
In such a merry way
That on a day made shady
By dark gray clouds, my lady
Laughed 'til birds flew out to sing
And the clouds all flew away.



WHAT LADY IS SHE?

Did you see a little lady
  Pass you by without a bonnet,
In a robe of crimson satin,
  With some pretty dots upon it?

All the day she haunts the garden,
  'Mid the roses, pinks, and lilies,
Under cooling leaves she loiters,
  When the drowsy noon so still is.

Then, on busy quest, she hurries
  Till the dewy twilight closes;
Bees may hum, and birds may carol,—
  She's as quiet as the roses.

Other ladies have their mansions;
But a lily's lighted chalice
Is a lovely home to live in, —
That's my Lady Bug's own palace.

GEORGE COOPER.



THE FIRE-CRACKER.

It was the first Fourth of July that Bertie could remember. His mother gave him a box of torpedoes, and told him he might sit on the front steps and amuse himself with them.

Bertie thought this was great fun for a while. Then he became interested in some boys in the street who were throwing down something different from torpedoes.

He went into the house, and asked his mother if he might have some fire-works such as the boys had.

"No," said his mamma. "My little boy is not old enough to play with fire-crackers."

"Oh, please, mamma, let me have some! I will be very careful," said Bertie.

His mamma told him he must be contented with torpedoes, and if the boys offered him any fire-crackers he must refuse them politely.



THE FIRE-CRACKER.

Bertie went out on the steps again, feeling very unhappy, and wondering how his dear mother could be so cruel to her little boy.

By and by a boy passed quite near Bertie. He lighted his fire-cracker and threw it at the foot of the steps. It did not fizz and explode as the others did, and Bertie went down to look at it.

Just at this moment his mother called him. He felt that he must keep this one fire-cracker, so he thrust it into the pocket of his linen dress.

He heard his mamma call him again. He ran into the house; but instead of going to her side, as he always did, he crowded into the farther corner of the window.

How hot the fire-cracker seemed! He put his hand slyly into his pocket, then screamed, and threw himself into his mother's arms. His dress was on fire.

Mamma caught the burning skirt in both hands, and wrapped the woollen curtain around it and held it till the fire was extinguished. Her hands were severely burned as well as Bertie's.

Whenever afterwards Bertie was tempted to do wrong he would think of the scars on his mother's hands, and say to himself, "My dear mother has suffered so much for me already, I must not do anything more to give her pain."

M. A. HALEY.



JULY

Oh,
Is she not
lazy?
This fair
young
July
Who floats
at her ease
Neath
the summers
blue
sky



But
how can we
chide
her?
For every one
knows
The lily she
brings
Is the
fairest
that
grows

Lizbeth B. Comins

LUCY'S NEW SHOES.

One day Lucy's papa brought her home a beautiful pair of new shoes, with patent-leather tips that shone so brightly Lucy could almost see her face in them.

Lucy was very proud of them. She put them on and tip-toed all around the room. While she was admiring them in this way, her mamma said, "Lucy, if you go out to play put on your old shoes."

"Yes'm," replied Lucy, and she really meant to; but her brother Harry called her to come to the brook with him to sail his boat. She forgot about her shoes till something dreadful happened!



When they reached the brook Harry wanted to cross to the other side, where it was shady. He found some stones, which he placed in the water for him and Lucy to step on. Harry skipped over, and Lucy was following, when slip went one of the stones, and splash went Lucy into the water!

"O Harry, I've ruined my new shoes!" cried Lucy,—"my beautiful new shoes!" And coming out of the water, she sat upon the bank and cried.

"It's all my fault," said Harry; "I ought to have helped you across."

"No, it's my fault," said Lucy; "I ought to have remembered what mamma told me."

Lucy went up to the house and told her mamma her trouble. Her mamma didn't scold her, but she said, "I'm very sorry my



little girl's memory is so poor. She has spoiled her new shoes in consequence. But I'm glad she has come straight to mamma with her trouble. Now, it's no use to cry over what is done. Your crying won't make your shoes new again. Put on your old ones and go back to Harry and sail your boat."

Lucy put her arms around her mamma's neck, and said, "You're the dearest mamma in the world!" And I think she was very sweet.

KATIE KYLE.



SHEP'S master kept a livery stable, and he used to like to have Shep stay around the barn. The dog was very watchful, and nothing could be disturbed while he was there. Shep has a very good time usually. He was a favorite with every one, for he was very handsome and intelligent.

Shep was like some boys: he liked to be where there was noise, and nothing delighted him more than to be where guns were fired; and he would dance and bark gleefully if he could get where there was a bright bonfire.

One day the people where Shep lived had a celebration. A cannon was brought out and fired in honor of the occasion. Shep was on



hand, prancing and giving short and excited yelps of joy. He would go quite up to the cannon, and watch for the sparks as they flew from its mouth. But finally Shep went too close, so that his head was directly under the piece when it was fired.

The loud report stunned him, and made him entirely deaf. He knew something had happened to him, and he crept silently away and went home. No one saw him again till supper-time. His master called him loudly and looked for him everywhere, but he did not find him.

Shep had crawled down into the cellar, and there he stayed for a number of days; when he got very hungry he would creep out, look-

ing very sheepish and sorrowful, to get his meals; but then he would go back as soon as he could. His master tried to coax him out, but he would not come unless he was very hungry.

By and by Shep began to get better, so that he could understand some things that were said to him; but it was quite a long time before he was really well. Then he seemed to be very happy; but



since then he has kept as far away as he can get when any noise is made. The lesson was pretty severe, and he never will forget it.

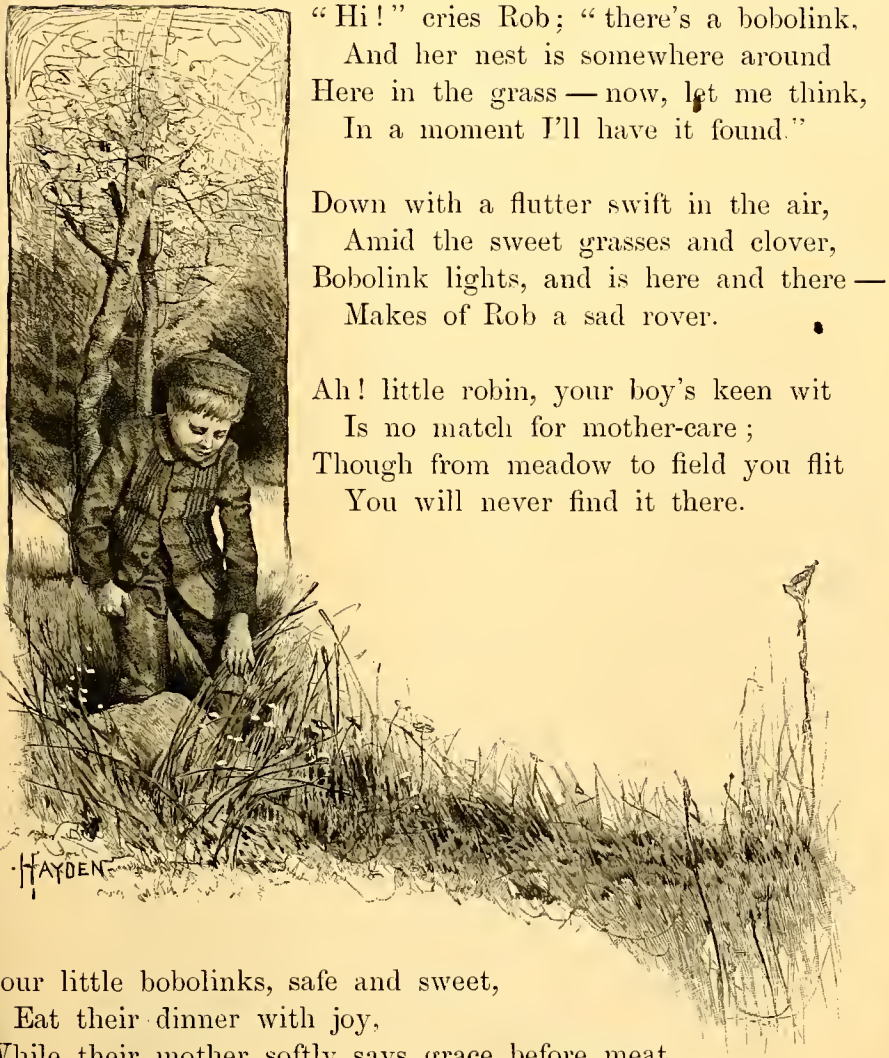
E. L. V.



FOUR LITTLE BOBOLINKS.

Down in the grasses soft and sweet,
In a cradle dainty and fine,
Four little bobolinks nestle complete,
Never making a sign.

Rob goes by, with a whistle gay,
And a chirp like a bit of song;
"It's not our mother," the birdies say,
But to dinner time seems long.



"Hi!" cries Rob; "there's a bobolink,
And her nest is somewhere around
Here in the grass — now, let me think,
In a moment I'll have it found."

Down with a flutter swift in the air,
Amid the sweet grasses and clover,
Bobolink lights, and is here and there —
Makes of Rob a sad rover.

Ah! little robin, your boy's keen wit
Is no match for mother-care;
Though from meadow to field you flit
You will never find it there.

Four little bobolinks, safe and sweet,
Eat their dinner with joy,
While their mother softly says grace before meat,
And thinks of the far-off boy.

AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

THE FLAMINGO.

What a beautiful bird this is, isn't it? All rosy red from head to foot. But the baby flamingoes are dressed in very sober colors for more than two years!

If you could see them, and the curious way they eat, you would laugh. They look as if they stood on their heads, with their long bills down in the mud, like a boat in shape. Their mouths are wide open, so as to catch all the worms and small frogs they can find there. They put them in the lower part of this boat, and use them whenever they are hungry. One flamingo always stands sentinel while the rest are getting their food, for fear they may be disturbed.

But the queerest thing about this queer bird is the length of his slender legs. He stands upon one leg, while the other is tucked up out of sight, among his feathers. Don't you think the one on the ground must be cold while the other is snug and warm? What can they do when the wind blows? "Topple over," you would say. But they never do that. They stand as firmly as you do on your two feet and much shorter limbs.

When the flamingo makes a nest he scoops it out of a high hill of mud, because of his long limbs. He sits across it as if it were a three-legged stool.

They live in very hot countries, like the West Indies, and go always in flocks; never afraid of animals, but always of men. By dressing in their skins they can be very easily caught.

MRS. G. HALL.





THE FLAMINGO.

Frankie's Letter No. 9



Belle buried in the sand.

Long Branch. July 1888

Dear "Little Ones."

We have been here at this place for two weeks and I like it very much. Pet and I play all day on the beach and some days we bathe in the surf. I dont like much to bathe. Annie holds on to me so tight. But it is lots of fun to pull your pants up and paddle about on the wet sand. The other day Pet took her doll, Belle Paris, with her down to the beach. We got tired of her presently and left her lying on the sand while we went to build a fort. When we came back we found poor Belle buried head downward in the sand with only her feet sticking out. I laughed she looked so funny but Pet cried. Annie said someone had done it for a joke while we were away. She helped us dig Belle out. The sand brushed off and she wasn't much hurt but Pet wont take her out with us any more now. I dont see why little girls like dolls. I must stop now and go down to the beach,

Your Friend

Frankie.



THE CRICKET AND THE WORMS.

On the bough of a small mulberry-tree there lay some caterpillars' eggs, small and silvery white. They were no larger than the tiniest bead you put around your dolly's neck. Pretty soon they swelled and burst, and out crawled some very tiny black worms, that began to eat up, at once, their cradle walls. They would not have asked you for anything better; all the while they are growing stronger and stronger upon this funny fare.

One day a noisy cricket came by; his voice was so shrill that he made the poor caterpillars very nervous! He was saucy, too, and put on a great many lordly airs. He talked much about poor, crawling worms and their horrid looks, and wished they could have a happier lot!

In their quiet, patient way the caterpillars wished so too, for they really felt very humble. But after the cricket was gone their faces brightened, to think that, at least, they were not so impolite, if they could not aspire to his rank in life.

Just then a kind little sunbeam came along, and wrapped them all up in his golden mantle, fondled them, and made them feel quite contented with their humble lot.

By and by the cricket appeared again. What was his surprise to see these little black worms all transformed into gorgeous creatures, with beautiful golden wings, in color just like the friendly sunbeams. They were about to float away into the air, far above the tallest trees. The poor cricket could only jump his length upon the

ground. "Who would have thought it?" he muttered to himself. "I'd better have held my tongue, for we never know what's coming in this world!"

And how the sunbeam did laugh to see the surprise of the cricket, and thought that it served him just right!

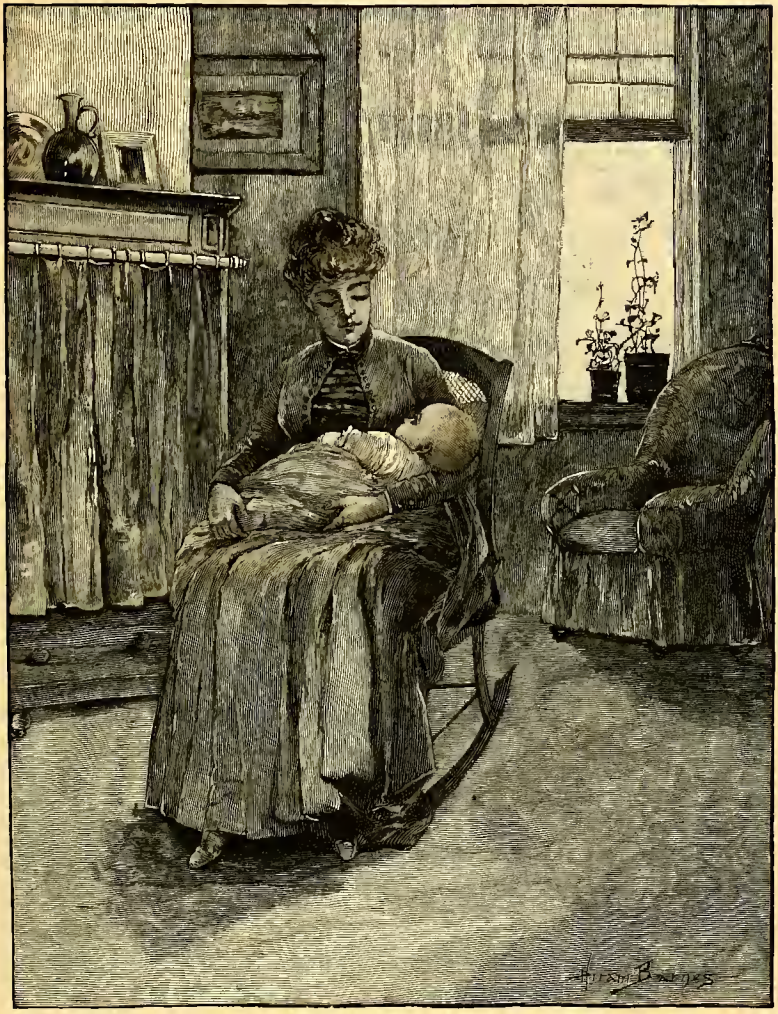
MRS. G. HALL.



HOW TOT WENT TO THE PARK.

The day Tot was three years old one of her presents was a dear baby brother. She loved him very much, but wondered what he found to cry about so often, when her mamma was so good to him. One day Mary was away; mamma had to do everything herself, and look after Tot and baby beside. She brought Tot downstairs to dress her. Before she could do so baby screamed, and she ran upstairs again, telling Tot to stay in the room until she returned. Tot thought she was a long time, and began looking around for something to amuse herself. She saw her papa's boots in the corner. The next minute she had them on her feet. Then she went into the hall, and with a cane reached his hat, and put that on. She tried to open the front door. That being locked, she trotted out to the kitchen. The milk-boy had left the back door ajar, as he usually did, and she was soon in the street.

The house stood on a corner, and Tot hesitated a moment as to which street to take. At last she thought of the Park. She had been there the day before with Mary, and saw lots of bright dandelions. Now she would go and gather some for baby. So off she went, though she made slow progress with such large boots, and her hat fell off two or three times.

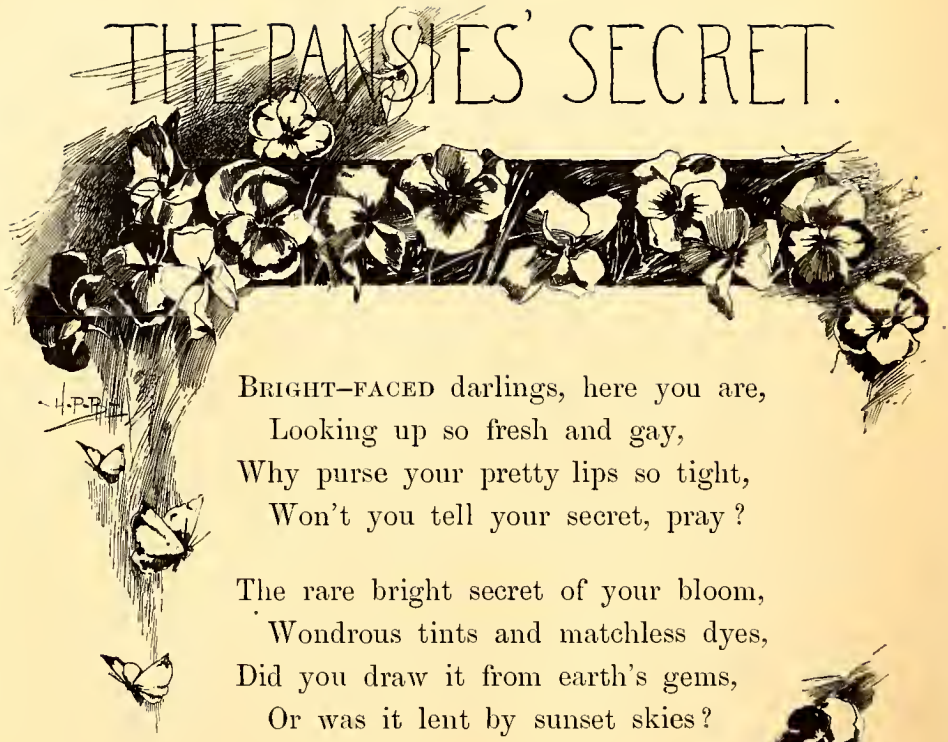


She had just reached the spot where the dandelions were the thickest, when papa, hurrying home to breakfast, came upon the odd-looking little figure.

He took her up in his arms, with the boots in his hand, and hastened home as fast as he could. Then Tot wondered why papa and mamma laughed so heartily.

LIZZIE MAY SHERWOOD.

THE PANSIES' SECRET.



BRIGHT-FACED darlings, here you are,
Looking up so fresh and gay,
Why purse your pretty lips so tight,
Won't you tell your secret, pray?

The rare bright secret of your bloom,
Wondrous tints and matchless dyes,
Did you draw it from earth's gems,
Or was it lent by sunset skies?

Nod your heads together close,
Whisper fast as e'er you please,
Well you know I can't translate,
Naughty, mocking, gay heart's-ease!

Little blue-eyed summer maid,
Standing straight upon your stem,
You look gentle, shy, and sweet,
I'll ask you instead of them.

Whisper, darling, do not fear;
Oh! indeed I'll never tell.
Can it be you, too, refuse?
How hard-hearted! Fare you well!

JENNIE S. JUDSON.

TENTING OUT.

School was done, and Bob and Dick went to their grandma's in the country.

The very first night they teased grandma to let them sleep out in a tent. She basted two sheets together and stretched them over the low limb of the early sweet-apple tree in the field. She



fastened the ends down to the ground with twine and wooden pins.

Bob and Dick thought it just lovely! But somehow they could not go to sleep. The house seemed such a great way off! And it was so dark! And the crickets chirped so loudly!

But they were very tired boys, and after a while their eyes would not stay open.

In the night Bob awoke. There was some creature running

about the tent! Oh, dear! Was it a bear? Bears were fond of sweet apples, he had heard grandpa say. He waked Dick.

Nearer and nearer came the tramping. Crunch! Crunch! as the apples were eaten. Bob and Dick clung to each other in terror, then peeped out from beneath the tent.

There it was — a great black creature — and it snuffled its nose over the ground for more apples.

"Let's run to the house," whispered Bob.

"Oh, he'll chase us! I know he can run the fastest," whimpered Dick, under his breath; "hear his teeth!"

"Let's wait till he gets on the other side of the tent," quaked Bob. "There — come!" and out the boys scrambled on the grass, then up and away across the field, with the black thing racing on behind.

How the boys screamed! Grandpa and grandma came out in their nightcaps, just as black Jerry scooted through the broken fence of his pen and went out of sight.

Yes, it was only the black pig, who had got out of his pen. He was always doing it, and had gone straight to the sweet-apple tree. He knew where it was.

After that Bob and Dick thought the chamber with the sloping roof was good enough for them, if they did bump their heads on the rafters once in a while.

CHRISTINE STEPHENS.





SUMMER DAYS.



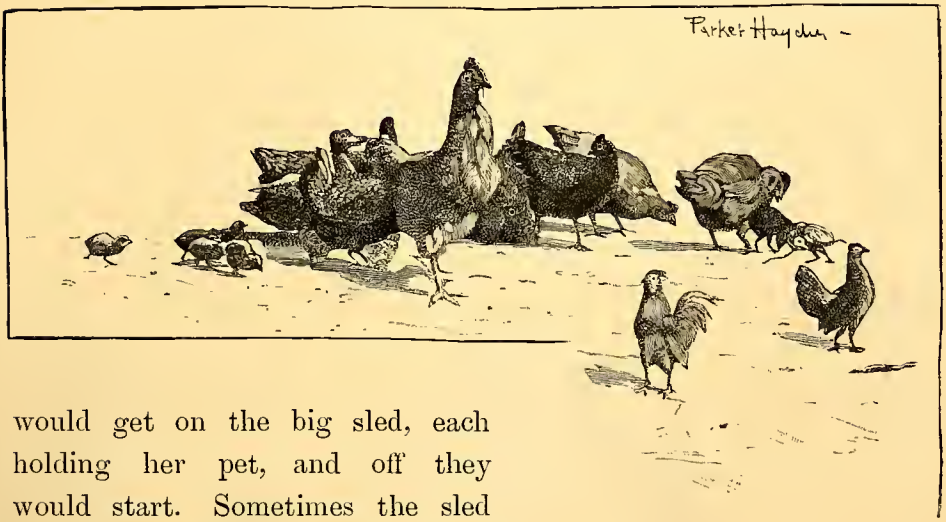
A CHICKEN WITH A WOODEN LEG.

Stella and Laura had some little white bantams, which were very tame, and of which they were very fond. There were two of them, — a rooster and a hen. Neither was larger than good-sized pigeons.



The rooster put on far more airs, and held his head higher, than the great Cochin-China in the barn-yard, and he always managed to be ahead of the latter in getting off the first crow in the morning. In the winter the children were fond of coasting, and they seldom thought of starting out without "Tip" and "Ty," as they had curiously named their feathered friends.

These chickens really seemed to like to ride. The little girls



would get on the big sled, each holding her pet, and off they would start. Sometimes the sled would be sent down, carrying the chickens alone. "Tip" would generally keep his balance, but his mate always became frightened and jumped off when about half-way down.

The children kept these chickens for over three years. One night a weasel got into the hen-house and killed them.

Some time after this, Stella found a little chicken with its leg badly broken. She carried it to Adam, the gardener. The leg was so badly crushed that it could never be of any use, and Adam cut it off. Then he carefully bound up the stump. After a while it healed, and he made as well as he could a wooden leg,

which he bound on to the stump. The chicken thrived, and seemed to take kindly to its wooden leg.

Sometimes it forgot, and tried to scratch with it, but it would not work.

It had a peculiar walk, — a sort of a hop, from which the children christened it "Hoppy." At night they put it up in a box made on purpose for it, fastened up inside of the hen-house. Hoppy lived to a good old age, but never did anything remarkable.

AUNT ESTELLE.



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"After many years' experience with Ayer's Pills as a remedy for the large number of ailments caused by derangements of the liver, peculiar to malarial localities, simple justice prompts me to express to you my high appreciation of the merits of this medicine for the class of disorders I have named."—S. L. Loughridge, Bryan, Texas.

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co. Lowell, Mass.

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There are several infant's food's called "milk foods" which are disasterous failures. Ask for and insist on getting

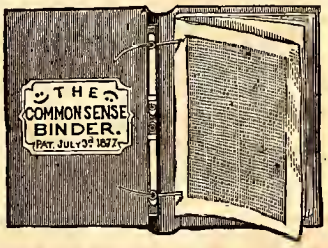
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WE have had inquiries for a Binder for our Magazine, and to enable us to meet the wants of our subscribers, we have had manufactured a supply of the COMMON SENSE BINDER, which, after careful investigation, we find to be the best in use. Those furnished by us are in cloth, with "OUR LITTLE ONES" in gilt, the inside linings being the same as the bound volume. In this Binder the numbers of the Magazine can be placed each month as fast as they are received, thus making a bound book all the year. Having had a large number of these Binders made, we can offer them at one-third less than the regular retail price, and every reader of OUR LITTLE ONES should have one.

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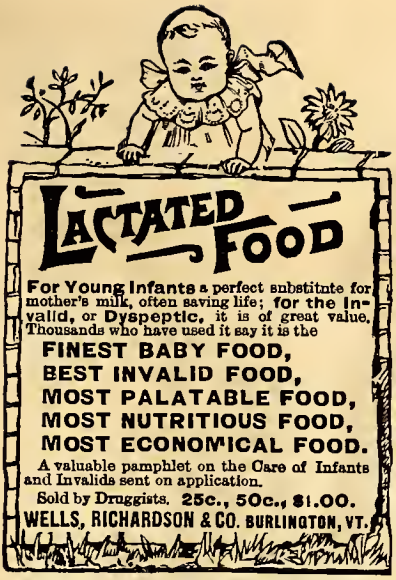
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But was startled to view, on all sides around him,
Other policemen, who seemed to surround him.

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AUGUST
Vol. VIII No. 10
1888.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY



THE RUSSELL PUBLISHING CO.
36 BROMFIELD ST. BOSTON

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CONTENTS.

		PAGE
HAYING TIME (Illustrated by Miss E. S. Tucker.)	L. A. France	291
THE NEW FERRY-BOAT (Illustrated by A. Buhler.)	Lizzie May Sherwood	292
ONLY WITH ME (Illustrated by Jessie C. Shepherd.)	Geo. S. Burleigh	294
THE HOME-MADE HORSE (Illustrated by Minnie L. Kirk.)	M. E. N. Hathaway	299
PIE-TOWN (Illustrated by Maud Humphrey.)	George Cooper	299
FRANKIE'S LETTER No. 10 (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott.)	Frankie	301
THE CHIMNEY SWALLOW (Illustrated by H. P. Barnes.)	Marian Douglas	302
ALL ABOUT A BIG WAVE (Illustrated by J. Steeple Davis.)	Johanna Staats	304
WHO IS HE? (Illustrated by H. P. Barnes.)	C. Bell	306
AUGUST (Illustrated by Lizbeth B. Comins.)	L. B. C.	307
JODIE'S MISTAKE (Illustrated by Parker Hayden.)	Mrs. S. M. H. Gardner	308
WHEN I'M A MAN (Illustrated by Carl Hirschberg.)	A. Giddings Park	310
OUT IN A WIND (Illustrated by C. Meute.)	Christine Stephens	313
MAMMA'S GOOD-NIGHT (Illustrated by Louis Meynelle.)	Eudora G. Bumstead	316
A LAND VOYAGE (Illustrated by L. H. Burr.)	C. Emma Cheney	318
AFTER THE SHOWER (Illustrated by H. P. Barnes.)	George Cooper	320

The Illustrative Department under the direction of Mr. George T. Andrew.

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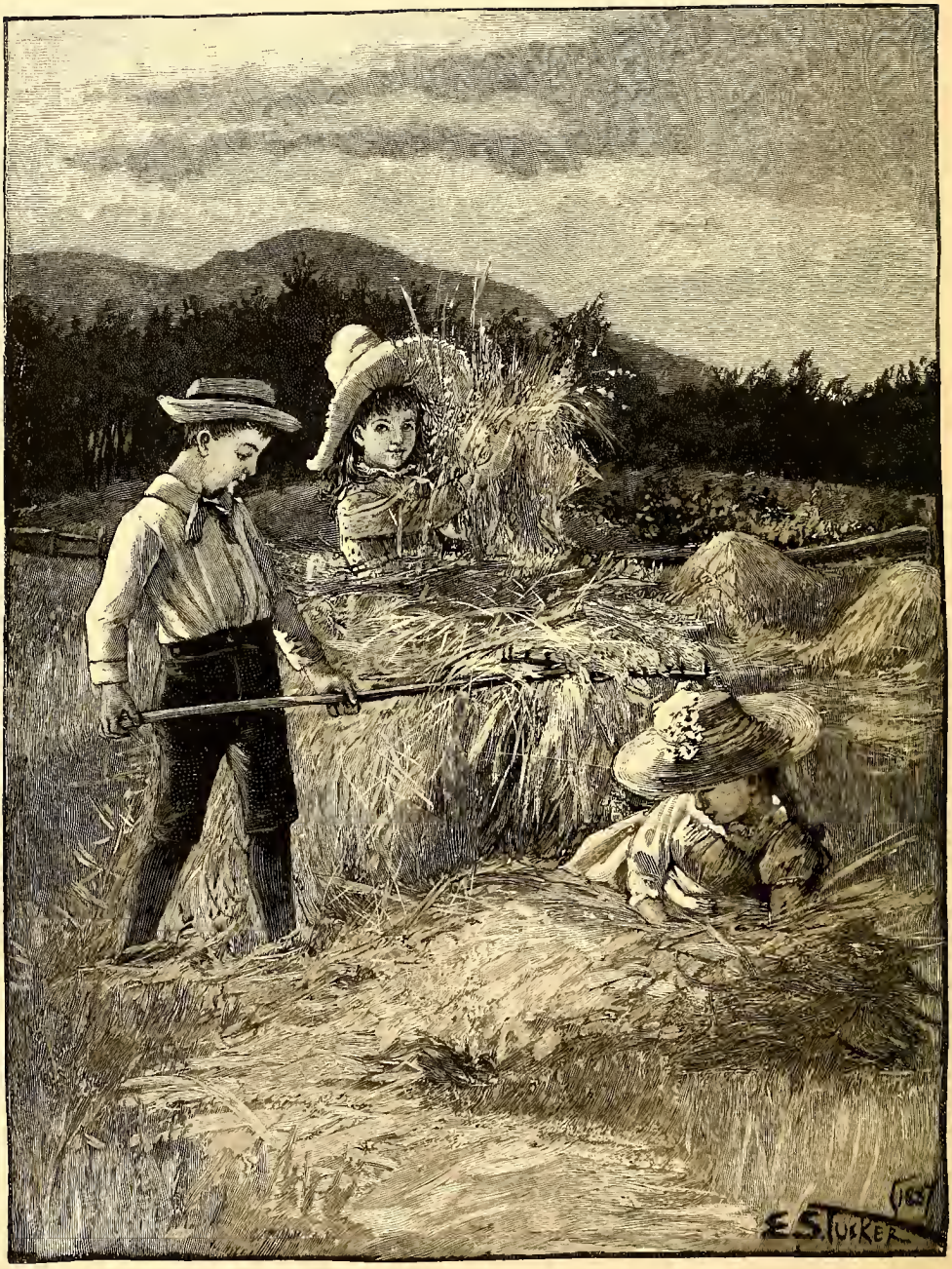
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HAYING TIME.



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HAYING TIME.

THE men were in the meadow,
  Busy making fragrant hay;
And the children went to help them,
  But 'twas in a curious way.

Perhaps they had forgotten
  That to help they first intended;
But no matter how they started,
  In a frolic they soon ended.

There they ran, and raced, and shouted,
  There they tipped and tumbled over,
There they hid themselves down deep in
  The heaps of scented clover.

They are sure that they have never
  Had so nice a place to play,
As they had down in the meadow,
  When the men were making hay.

L. A. FRANCE.



THE NEW FERRY-BOAT.

The new ferry-boat was papa Todd's old skiff. Ross had gained permission to use it because he expected Harley and Alfred to spend the afternoon, and he wished to have some "fun" that was new.

Ross was the captain, Alfred the steam-whistle, while Harley's duty was to ring the bell — mamma's dinner-bell — when the boat was ready to start or stop. When everything was arranged the skiff made two or three trips across the Cove and back again, and was declared ready for work.

Aunt Myra was the first customer. She was carried over safely. Though Ross said he would not be mean enough to ask any fee from his relations, she insisted upon giving each boy a bright new nickel. Wishing that they might earn lots of money during the afternoon. she went on her way.

Bill Smithson came across the bridge just at that moment. Seeing the boys he begged to be allowed to join them. But he was a rough. rude boy, and the captain refused.

Now good old Uncle Simms, with his white hair and gold-headed

cane, came in sight. Of course he would patronize the new ferry-boat, but the boys must sing for him. So, as they rowed, they sang "Three Jolly Fishermen." Uncle Simms gave the captain a dime, and told him to treat his crew.

Next came a little girl, with a basket of eggs in one hand and a pail of blueberries in the other. When she got on board she set the



basket and pail on the bottom of the boat, just behind Alfred, who was to row this time.

The wind blew quite hard, and Alfred had to pull with all his might. Not being a skilful rower, his oars slipped, and over he went backwards, upsetting basket and pail! Broken eggs and blueberries got sadly mixed, and poor Ada began to cry.

The boys gave her the nickels and the dime to pay damages, tied up the ferry-boat, and went home, feeling that "ferrying" was unprofitable business.

LIZZIE MAY SHERWOOD.



ONLY WITH ME.

Under the boughs of the tupelo tree
  She sat alone, on a mossy stone,
And sang: "Who'll come and play with me?
I have read and said my A B C,
  And fed the biddy, and sleepied Fiddie,
And I'm just as lonesome as I can be!"

Up the bark of the tupelo tree
  There crawled, aslant, a big black ant,
With a big white egg as large as he,
And hid it away where none could see;
  Then, down and back on the selfsame track,
A hundred times went, "busy's a bee."

High in a hole of the tupelo tree,
  At the top of the trunk, a merry chipmunk.
With a cheek full of nuts and a heart full of glee,
Came hiding her treasure, and sang "Ker-chee!"
  As she ran for more to heap in her store, —
There were twenty loads if there were three!

Close down at the root of the tupelo tree,
  Rolling a ball, not dainty at all,
Was a tumbling, gold-winged scarabee;
And the ball went back with a sudden gee,
  A score and a score of times, and more;
It was work to do, but fun to see!

"Under the boughs of the tupelo tree,
On a mossy stone, what do you, alone,
My bonny Bess?" — "Alone?" said she,
"Oh, no, dear mamma; — such company!
We were all so busy it
made me dizzy, —
I just forgot I was only
with me!"

GEO. S. BURLEIGH.





THE HOME-MADE HORSE.

When Harry was a little boy his mamma was very ill and could not take care of him. His grandma carried him to her home and kept him through the summer. He missed his toys, as his grandma had not thought to put any of them into her trunk. She had to search all her drawers and the upper shelves in her closets to find things for him to play with. She brought out a great many articles

that he could make useful, and he soon had a wonderful house fitted up in one corner of the sitting-room. He was quite happy then, and said, "I'm having a good time now, grandma; but I wish you would look around again and see if you can't find a horse for me."



Grandma went into the big garret and found a chair that had been broken in such a way there was nothing left of it but the frame of the seat and the rockers. She took this and fastened a piece of board across the frame for the body of the horse. At one end of the board she nailed a block for the head. Then she laid some stuffing on, and wound cloth over it, making the body soft and round.

Harry stood close by watching every part of the work. When grandma tacked on a pair of leather ears, and a long tail made of a

skein of faded black yarn, he shouted with delight, eager for his first ride.

"Wait a minute; he's not quite ready," said grandma. She searched once more, and found some straps and buckles, and put them together to make a bridle.

"Now, come," she said. "One, two, three! up and away!"

Then Harry sprang upon the horse's back, and tried him to see how he would go.

"O Grandma!" he exclaimed. "This is the way I shall make him trot; then I shall make him go faster and gallop. He's good enough for anybody, and I'm going to have him named Dandy Jim, like Uncle Frank's pony."

Harry was now perfectly contented from morning to night with the pleasures and playthings that grandma had provided for him. During his summer visit he spent many happy hours riding on the queer old home-made horse.

M. E. N. HATHEWAY.





PIE–TOWN.

How is it built? Of dainty crust;
You can't starve there, for eat you must.
High on the trees, all in a row.
Peach, pumpkin, mince, and plum pies grow.

Who is the king? Jack Horner, — he
Who is well known in history.
His throne of pastry fine is reared;
By all his people he's revered.

What do they do? Why, eat all day,
And not one penny have to pay:
Pull out the plums, and munch and munch;
Hot pies for breakfast, dinner, lunch.



Where do they walk? Through streets of spice,
Loaf-sugar, citron, — all things nice;
Or, if a sail they choose to take,
There is a pretty custard lake.

Which is the road? By way of Sleep,
Beyond Nap-Hill straight on you keep,
Up Nightmare Lane a mile or so, —
How do you think you'd like to go?

GEORGE COOPER.

Frankie's Letter N°10



The Little Boy telling the Story.

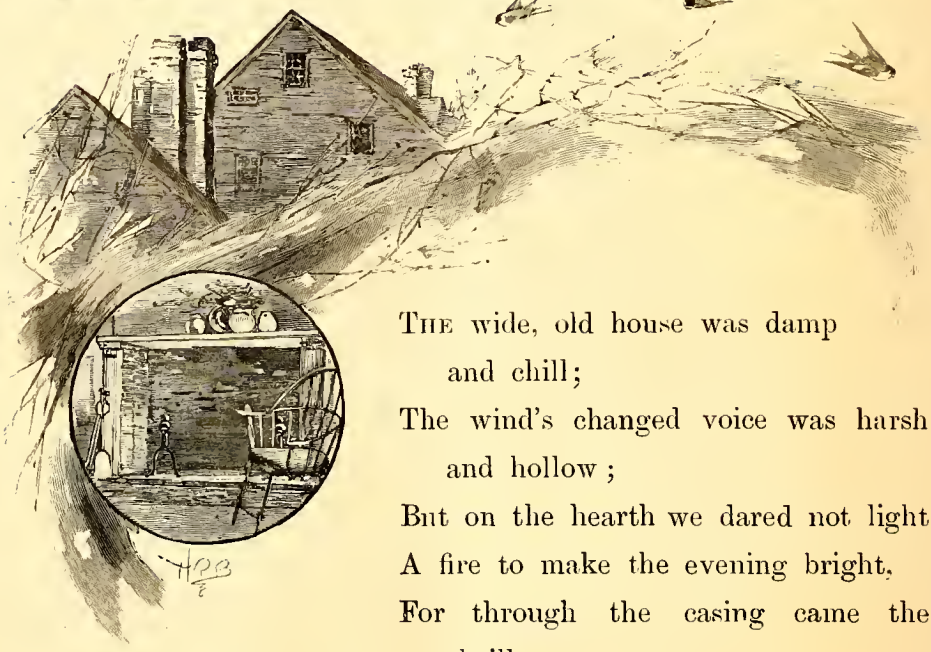
LIONG BRANCH AUGUST, 1888

DEAR "LITTLE ONES"

YESTERDAY WAS MY BIRTHDAY AND IN THE EVENING MY MAMMA GAVE ME A LITTLE PARTY. WE PLAYED GAMES AND DANCED AND WE HAD ICE-CREAM AND CAKE FOR SUPPER. THREE CHILDREN CAME TO MY PARTY, PET AND A LITTLE BOY AND GIRL WHO LIVE IN THE COTTAGE NEXT TO OURS. I LIKE THEM VERY MUCH. THE LITTLE GIRL IS SO PRETTY AND HER BROTHER TELLS SUCH NICE STORIES. LAST NIGHT WHEN WE WERE TIRED OF PLAYING HE TOLD US A SPLENDID ONE. IT WAS ABOUT A MAN WHO WENT TO LIVE IN A PLACE WHERE ALL THE PEOPLE WERE GIANTS. EVEN THE CHILDREN WERE SO BIG THAT THEY COULD PICK THE MAN UP IN THEIR HANDS AND PLAY WITH HIM JUST AS I WOULD TAKE UP ONE OF PET'S LITTLE CHINA DOLLS. HE HAD TO BE VERY CAREFUL NOT TO GET TRODDEN ON OR SWEPT OUT WITH THE DUST WHEN THE MAID WAS HOUSE CLEANING. I LIKED THE STORY SO MUCH THAT I TALKED ABOUT IT ALL NIGHT IN MY SLEEP. MAMMA SAID I HAD HAD TOO MUCH ICE CREAM AND SHE TOLD ANNIE NOT TO GIVE ME ANY DESERT AT DINNER TO DAY. I AM SIX YEARS OLD NOW AND NEXT MONTH I AM GOING TO SCHOOL I WILL WRITE TO YOU ABOUT IT WHEN I GET BACK TO WASHINTON.

YOUR FRIEND FRANKIE.

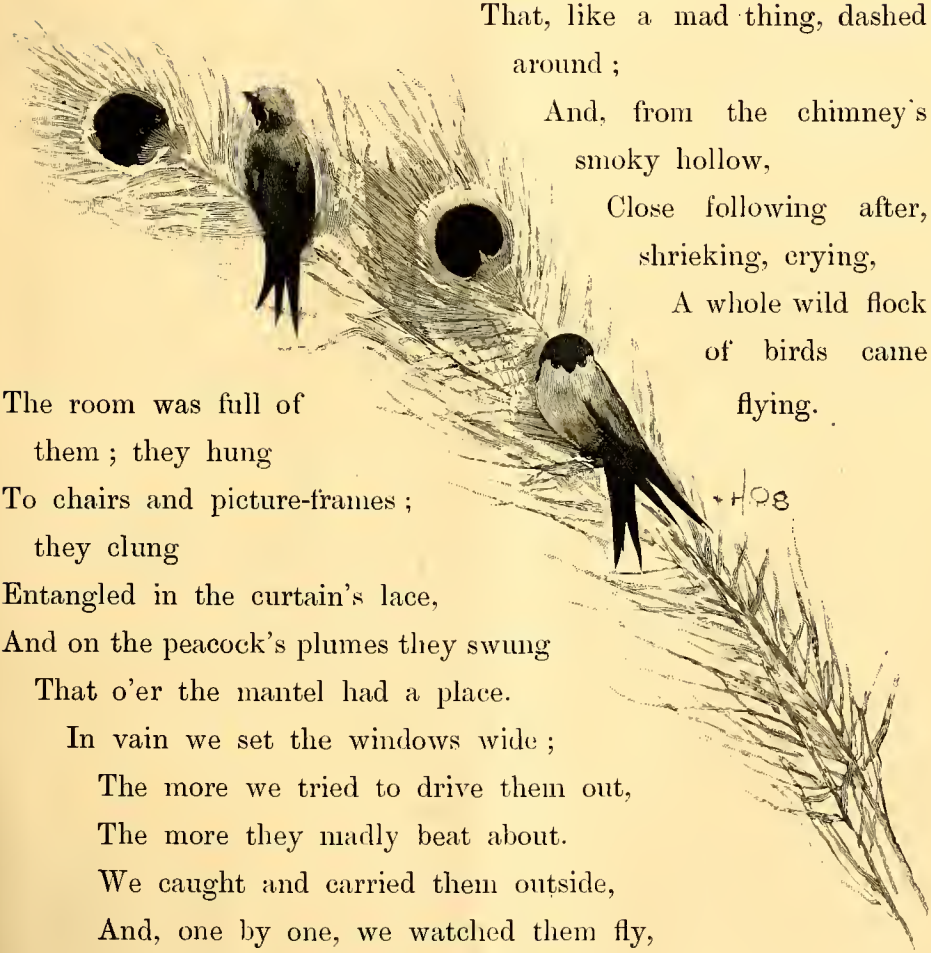
The Chimney Swallow.



The wide, old house was damp
and chill;
The wind's changed voice was harsh
and hollow;
But on the hearth we dared not light
A fire to make the evening bright,
For through the casing came the
shrill,
Loud chatter of a chimney-swallow.
"Oh, let him stay, the dark-winged
guest,"
I said, "and build with us his nest."

He came. A social soul was he;
His kinsfolk, to his farthest cousins,
He wanted close to him to be.
They built by his their nests by dozens.
We soon could hear, loud overhead,
The young ones crying to be fed;
The clamor of each little brood,
When back the old birds came with food.

As if with wings the days flew by;
'Twas time the birds their wings should try.
One August morn we heard a sound;—
From out the fireplace flew a swallow,
That, like a mad thing, dashed around;
And, from the chimney's smoky hollow,
Close following after, shrieking, crying,
A whole wild flock of birds came flying.



The room was full of them; they hung
To chairs and picture-frames; they clung
Entangled in the curtain's lace,
And on the peacock's plumes they swung
That o'er the mantel had a place.
In vain we set the windows wide;
The more we tried to drive them out,
The more they madly beat about.
We caught and carried them outside,
And, one by one, we watched them fly,
Till, when the last was free, we cried,
"Now, Sooty-wings, good-by! good-by!
Go where you will, the wide world o'er,
But to our chimney come no more!"

MARIAN DOUGLAS.



ALL ABOUT A BIG WAVE.

A BLUE sky overhead was like a vast umbrella. Miles of soft white sand, and the great Atlantic was laughing and dimpling in the hot rays of the morning sun.

The night before there had been a storm. Even now, once in a while, a great wave came racing in from out at sea and rolled far up on the damp sand.

It was the bathing hour. Many people were ducking up and down amid the breakers, laughing merrily when those large waves filled their mouths full of the bad-tasting salt water.

Harold, whom somebody calls "Golden hair," and Marjorie were playing horse, and great fun they were having. They would race up and down the sands until Marjorie, who was driving, was tired. Then she would tie her pony to one of the awning stakes, and lie on the rug under the awning until rested.

A number of people were sitting under these gay-colored awnings, or tents, watching the antics of the bathers. Sometimes when the great rollers, as the very large waves are called, came in, they were obliged to crawl out in a very funny manner at the back of these little tents.

If they did not do so they would get very wet. That is not nice at all unless one has a bathing-dress on, and some do not like it even then.

Now, dear little Marjorie, with a great deal of puffing, had just managed to tie the reins in a very tight knot, with her fat little fingers, when one of these great waves came rolling in to play too. Marjorie saw it coming, gave a little gasp, and ran as fast as her chubby legs would take her.

There was Harold tied to the stake, and there was the big wave



coming nearer, nearer. With a splash it went all over him, wetting his dainty frock and taking his breath quite away.

When the wave went back once more, thanks to Marjorie's hard knot, it did not take any little boy with it. But it left a very dismal one for somebody to untie and soothe.

The summer is over now, and the children are in their city homes once more. When Nurse Gretchen takes Harold to see his little friend Marjorie, the first thing she asks is, "O Harold! do you remember that big wave?"

JOHANNA STAATS.





WHO IS HE?

Who is that man in the field? How still he is! What is he pointing at? Does he see us?

"Good-morning, sir!"

He does not move. Perhaps he did not hear us.

Oh, look! A robin is perched on his hat. I do not believe it is a man at all. Let us go up to him.

No, it is not a man. "How do you do, Mr. Stick-dressed-up? Your hat has a great hole in it, sir. And you have a bird's nest in your pocket. Did you know it?"

There are three little birds in it. How sweetly they chirp!

If you do your duty, Mr. Stick, and scare the crows away, I hope the little birds will sing to you some day.

The crows pull up the farmer's young corn, but the little birds will catch insects for him.

Good-by, Mr. Stick! You are not handsome, but I hope you will be useful.

C. BELL.



AUGUST



Oh
Mischievous
August,
forbear!
I pray.
'Tis a very
poor kind
of joking
To draw the
fierce rays of
the burning
Sun,
And heat the
poor earth till
it's smoking.

You
are very much
like that
little girl
Who wore just
one curl on her
forehead.
For when you
are good
you are very
good.
And when you
are bad
you are horrid.

L.B.C.

Lizbeth B Comins

JODIE'S MISTAKE.

Master Jodie, six years old, was spending the summer with his mother among the Rocky mountains. Very recently he met with a comical adventure.

He had walked with his mamma down a beautiful cañon for a great distance to see a fine waterfall. Here they rested for some time, but the little boy was impatient to go further. He walked alone to the front of a toll-house near by. Just as he stepped beneath the upraised gate a sharp voice shouted, "Pay your toll!"



Jodie stopped and looked about, but saw no person and began to move on. "Out with it, scalliwag! Lay down your fifty cents," the mysterious voice cried.

The little boy was frightened. He remembered to have heard that the toll on mountain roads was very high, and that rough people sometimes refused to pay and were severely punished. He turned to go back, but the same fierce demand was made: "Stand still! Fifty cents!"



At last, in despair, he grew very calm, and, taking off his cap, stood looking eagerly about while he said, "I am sorry, sir, that I do not know where you are, but I guess you will understand me from here. I have not got any money with me. If you will let me go back as far as the waterfall, I will find my mother, and I guess she will give it to me. Please, sir, do not be cross!"

Just as he had finished his little, polite speech, he heard a merry laugh. His mamma was standing beside him, pointing to a cage in the shed, where a great magpie was perched.

"There, Jodie, is the voice that troubled you." It was hard work for him to believe that such a creature could have deceived him. "If it had been a parrot I should have suspected him," the little boy said, "but I never thought of that bird talking."

MRS. S. M. H. GARDNER.



WHEN I'M A MAN.

"When I'm a man," said little Carle,
"A President I'll be,
And live in the White House, and have
Great crowds to call on me!

"I'll have a golden chariot,
And lots of horses fine;
Have bon-bons nice for every meal,
And ask the kings to dine;

"I'll have a toy and candy shop,
With splendid sleds and kites;
I'll never get up mornings, and
I'll sit up all the nights;

"I'll have a pretty barber's pole,
With stripes of blue and red,
Beside my door, and on the lawn
I'll have my pet calf fed.



"When I'm a grown-up man I'll wear
My best clothes every day,
I'll play ball in the parlor, and
I'll always have my way!

"I'll make each day a holiday,
With Christmas all the year,
And every night with toys and things,
Old Santa Claus — Oh — dear —



"I guess — I'm — tired!" The blue eyes close,
While nods the curly head,
And mamma's would-be President
Is kissed and put to bed.

A. GIDDINGS PARK.

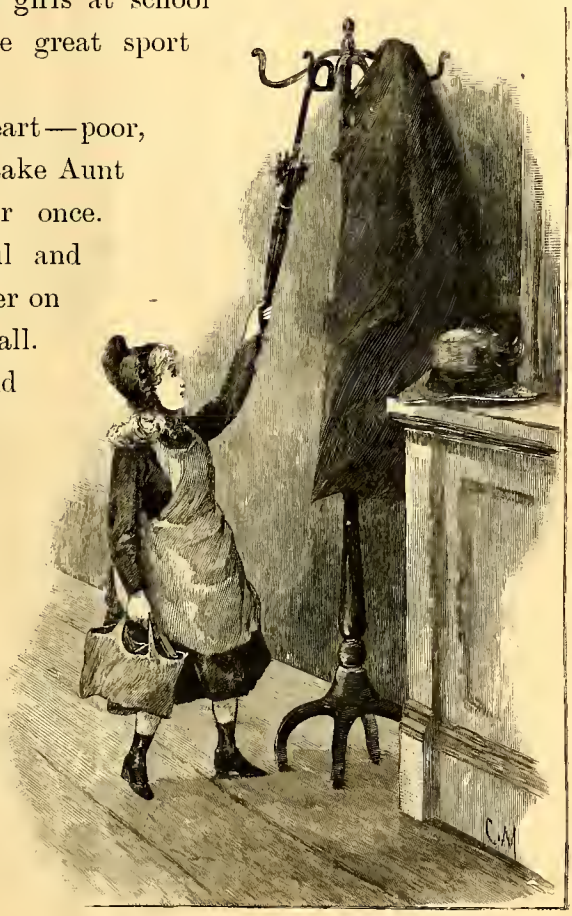
OUT IN A WIND.

Aunt Kitty had come to make little Polly's mother a visit. She brought with her a red silk parasol, with a fine black lace border and an amber handle. It was very beautiful.

Now, little Polly had only a poor old gingham one, with a broken handle. It would now and then shut right down over her head when she didn't expect it, which was very provoking. The boys and girls at school always laughed and made great sport of it.

One day it entered her heart — poor, proud, little Polly! — to take Aunt Kitty's parasol — just for once. She would be very careful and not let any one lay a finger on it. She went into the hall. There it hung, bright and shining, on the hat-tree.

Without stopping to think twice she quickly caught it down, and with her book-bag in the other hand ran out to school. It was in June, and there was a high wind; but Polly put up the parasol and trudged on.





OUT IN A WIND.

How the wind blew! It tossed the parasol about, almost taking Polly off her feet. But she hung on bravely. By and by she turned a corner, and the strong wind beat into her face.

Quick as a wink up went the parasol. It pulled like a cart-horse — almost.

Billy Piper shouted, "Let go! Let go, Polly!"

But Polly would not let go. She was afraid that the wind would take it right up in the sky.

Then something happened, and Billy cried, "I told you so!"

Polly still hung to the parasol; but what a queer-looking thing! Instead of the beautiful silk, the frame-work was on the outside, and the handle was right on the top.

It was all topsy-turvy. Polly gazed a moment in terror, then fled towards home as fast as she could, with the odd thing sailing out behind.

Aunt Kitty soon righted it, and poor, little, frightened Polly was comforted; but she did not soon forget that it was best not to meddle with things which did not belong to her.

CHRISTINE STEPHENS.





MAMMA'S GOOD–NIGHT.

Mamma loosens the baby's frock,
And takes off each little shoe and sock;
She softly brushes the golden hair,
And pats the shoulders, dimpled and bare;
She puts on the night-gown, white and long,
Humming the while an evening song:

"Daytime is over;
Play-time is closing;
Even the clover
Is nodding and dozing.

Baby's bed shall be soft and white.
Dear little boy, good-night! good-night!"



Mamma kisses the little pink feet,
And the tiny hands so dimpled and sweet,
The rosy cheeks, and the forehead white.
And the lips that prattle from morn till night;
With a last fond kiss for the golden crown
Gently and softly she lays him down,
And in the hush that the twilight brings
She stands by her darling's bed and sings:

"Over the billow
Soft winds are sighing;
Round baby's pillow
Bright dreams are flying.

Here comes a pretty one, sure to alight!
Dear little boy, good-night! good-night!"

EUDORA G. BUMSTEAD.





A LAND VOYAGE.

Some children playing on the sea-shore one day found an empty barrel. After rolling it around a little while, Robert thought of a use for it.

"O sister!" he cried, "I mean to go down the bluff in this, like the man who went over Niagara Falls in a barrel."

The children clapped their hands. Fanny looked sober. Her brother's "'speriments" sometimes failed.

Then a dozen little brown hands began to push the barrel up the steep bank above the beach. Robert was such a daring fellow that everybody liked to help him.

Once at the top, he explained his plan. It sounded so well that Fanny believed Robert could do it, but she wished in her heart that he would give it up.

When all was ready he took off his shoes, hat, and neck-tie. He made a low bow to the little company, kissed his sister, and crept into the barrel. Fanny tried not to cry, but her heart beat fast.

The signal was given and off went the barrel. Crashing through brush and over stones, it flew down, down, down. Then it shot across a strip of smooth beach, out into the sea.

The tide was going out, and soon barrel, Robert, and all were lightly floating on the waves. This was more than he had thought of. He had been ashamed to scream on his rough passage down the hill. The touch of cold water loosened his tongue. His cries were of little use, however. There was nobody to hear him; besides, the barrel, which was now pretty full of water, was fast sinking.

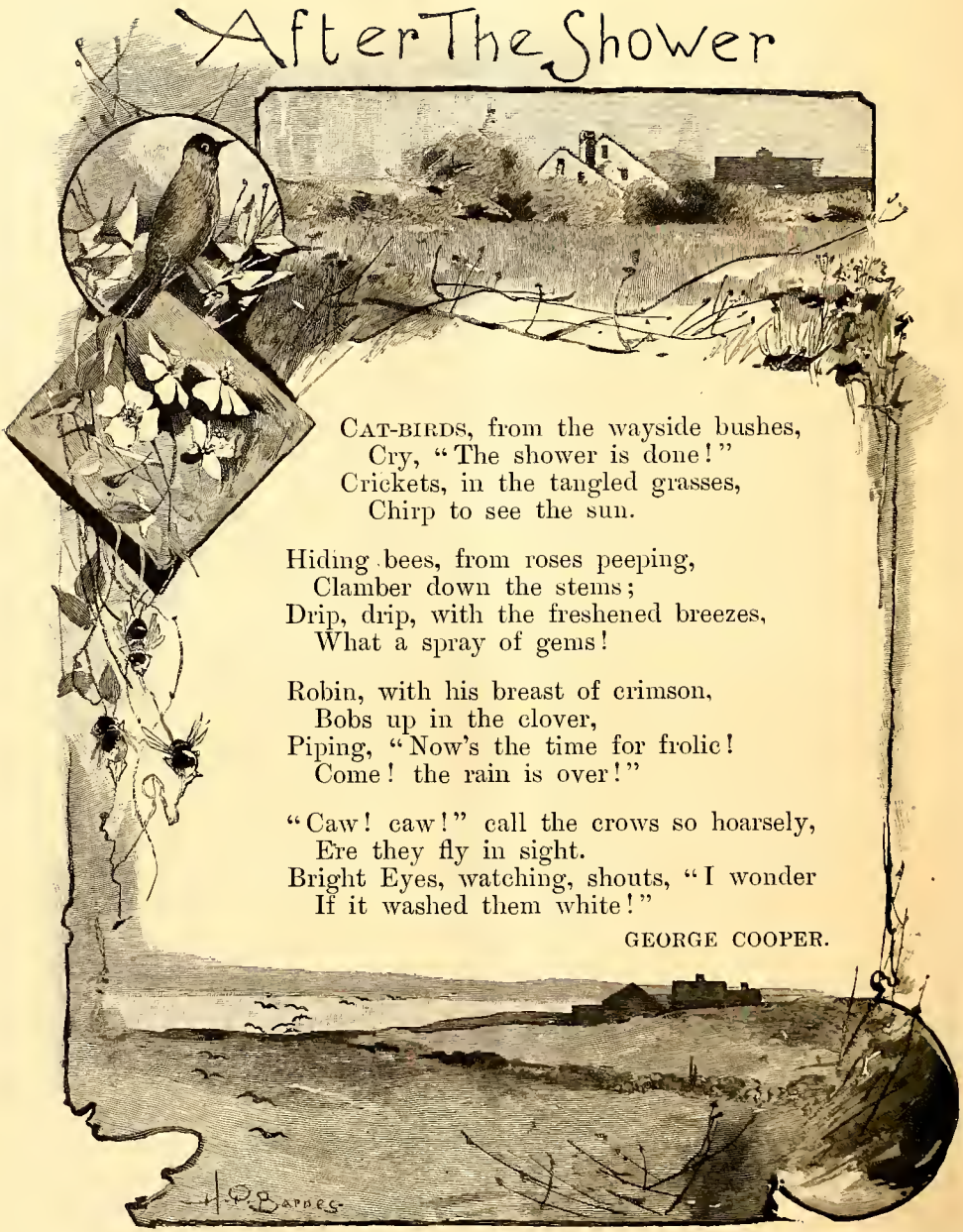


Of course the watching children called loudly for help, but people thought them only playing, as usual. At last a bather heard their cries and hurried to the spot. It was not a minute too soon. The barrel, with its precious load, was fast going down.

Robert was taken home and put in his bed. The sobbing children who followed him thought he would die. He soon began to get well, however; but he was quite ready to give up trying dangerous "'speriments."

C. EMMA CHENEY.

After The Shower



CAT-BIRDS, from the wayside bushes,
Cry, "The shower is done!"
Crickets, in the tangled grasses,
Chirp to see the sun.

Hiding bees, from roses peeping,
Clamber down the stems;
Drip, drip, with the freshened breezes,
What a spray of gems!

Robin, with his breast of crimson,
Bobs up in the clover,
Piping, "Now's the time for frolic!
Come! the rain is over!"

"Caw! caw!" call the crows so hoarsely,
Ere they fly in sight.
Bright Eyes, watching, shouts, "I wonder
If it washed them white!"

GEORGE COOPER.

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CONTENTS.

		PAGE
ISADORE'S GOAT (Illustrated by Carl Hirschberg.)	Ellen L. Knox	323
THE SINGING MICE (Illustrated by F. S. Church.)	Elizabeth A. Davis	326
THE CROW THIEF (Illustrated by A. Buhler.)	Katie Kyle	328
SEPTEMBER (Illustrated by Lizbeth B. Comins.)	L. B. C.	331
THE HELPFUL BOY (Illustrated by L. D. Norton.)	F. P. Chaplin	332
THE CHICK AND THE DUCK (Illustrated by Carl Hirschberg.)	Clara G. Dolliver	334
FRANKIE'S LETTER No. II (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott.)	Frankie	337
NISSIE AT THE LAKE (Illustrated by A. Buhler.)	S. A. E. Crowe	338
WIND SONGS (Illustrated by H. P. Barnes.)	Geo. S. Burleigh	340
EVER SO MANY HATS (Illustrated by H. M. Beal.)	Alice D. Churchill	342
SEPTEMBER (Illustrated by Minnie L. Kirk.)	Full-Page Illustration	345
FRISKY (Illustrated by Carl Hirschberg.)	Katie Kyle	346
WHAT I WOULD DO (Illustrated by Louis Meynelle.)	Annie Douglass Bell	348
THE YOKED KITTENS (Illustrated by F. T. Merrill.)	Helen C. Larned	351

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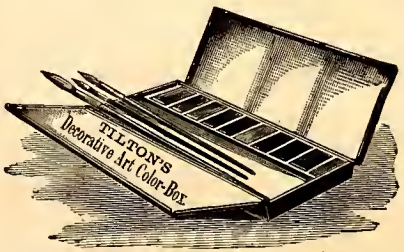


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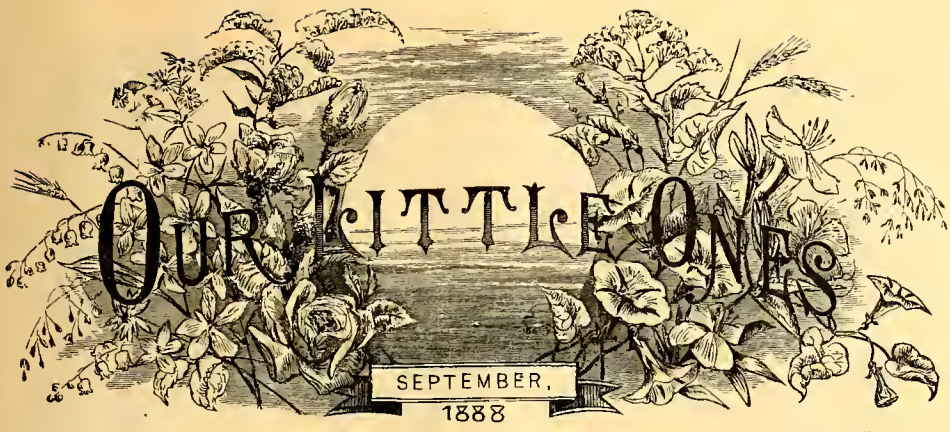
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ISADORE'S GOAT.



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ISADORE'S GOAT.

A FRIEND sent my little neighbor, Isadore, a beautiful white kid for a playmate.

It was so gentle and frolicsome that it soon became a great pet, and was named Darling.

By the time Isadore was five years old, Darling had grown to be such a big, awkward fellow that Isadore could no longer play with him.

Two short, strong horns had appeared on his forehead, which were enough to frighten any one. Darling was always good-natured, and used them only in fun.

He would chase the little Jersey cow all around the lot, and drive the old house-dog into his kennel.

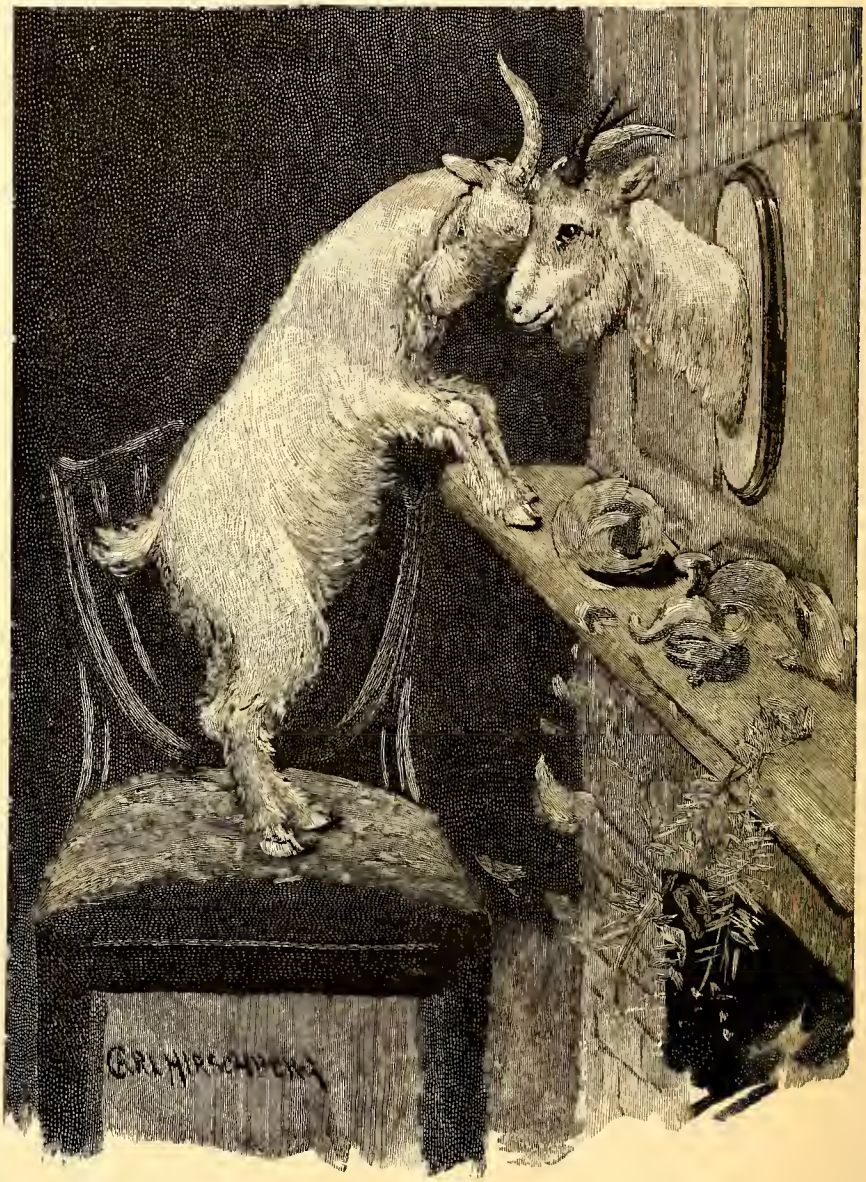
People forgot he was named Darling, and began to call him Jumbo.

Isadore's papa bought a little carriage and harness, and tried to teach Jumbo to take the little boy riding; but the goat was so full of pranks it had to be given up.

When the goat was small he was allowed to go into the house with his little master, and he never forgot those days.

Frequently he alarmed visitors by dashing through the house, knocking down everything he came near.

He could run up-stairs as quickly and easily as he could clamber up a hill-side.



A number of times he was found sleeping on the best bed.

At last, Isadore's mamma became so provoked, she said he must be got rid of.

Before he was sold a large package came to Isadore's mamma.

all the way from Dakota. When opened it was found to be the head of a mountain goat, prepared for an ornament.

It was placed over the mantel in the hall, above the shelves and cabinets full of china and bric-à-brac.

Soon after it was put in place the family sat down to dinner.

While they were dining they were startled by a great noise in the hall, and the sound of broken glass.

"Jumbo!" cried mamma.

"That confounded goat!" exclaimed papa.

Knives and forks were dropped, and every one ran to see what was the matter.

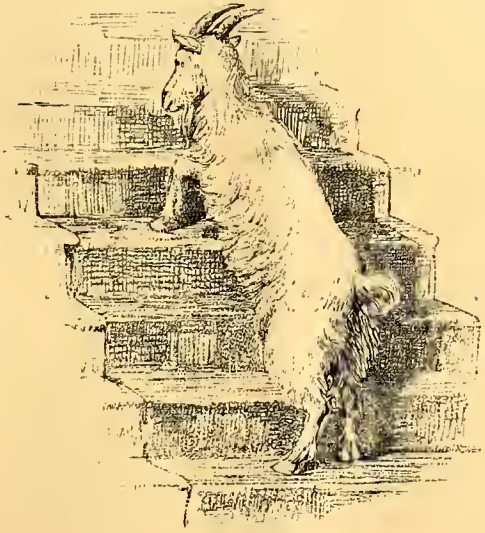
It was Jumbo.

With broken crockery about the floor, he stood with his fore-feet firmly planted on the mantel-shelf. His horns were tightly twisted in those of the mountain goat, and he was in a fight with that poor, stuffed head, the first of his own kind he had ever seen.

Jumbo was on board the train that very afternoon, on his way to the farm from which he had come.

He had been so very naughty that nobody was sorry to lose him.

ELLEN L. KNOX.





THE SINGING MICE.

A LITTLE family of mice
Lived in a hole as snug and nice
As ever mice could wish to live.
They'd plenty, and a grain to give
To any poorer little mouse
That chanced to come about the house.
But one day — 'twas the strangest thing —
They fancied they must learn to sing;
Then such a racket as begun!
From early morn till set of sun
The mother mouse grew wild with dread;
She said such actions turned her head,
That mice were never made to sing,
And surely 'twould a trouble bring.
At this the mousies only laughed,
They thought their mother merely chaffed;
But still they sung, and sung, and sung,
Till every beam and rafter rung,
And good old farmer Brown declared
He'd have to have his house repaired:
"It's old and shaky, and the wind
Comes searching every crack to find."

"Not so," then Mistress Brown replied;
"It's rats and mice that sneak and hide,
And keep up such a frightful din
You'd think the house had tumbled in;
But I've a remedy for that, —
I'll get a good and faithful cat."
Next morning came, and Mistress Brown
An early journey took to town,

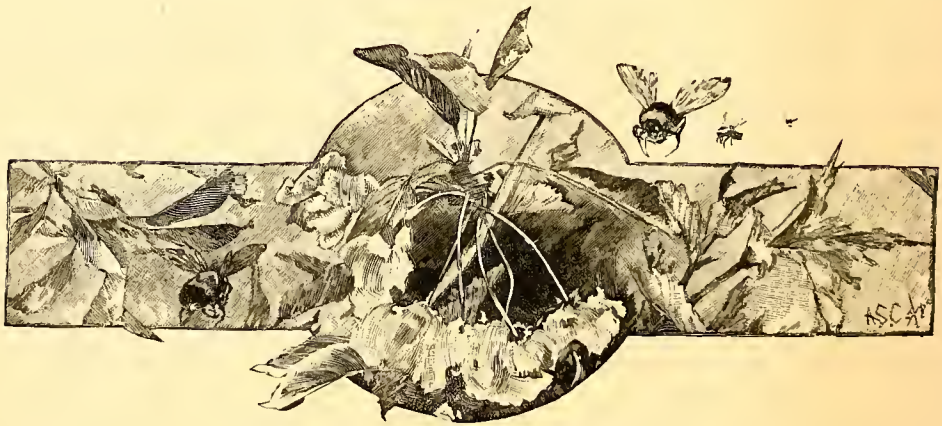


Returning with her friend, the cat,
An animal so sleek and fat
She looked as though she'd fed on mice,
Or something else as sweet and nice,
Her whole life long. And, oh! her eyes
So green, so sleepy, and so wise!
She crept along the kitchen floor,
And sniffed at every closet door,
Across the hall, and through the house, —
'Twas evident she smelt a mouse;

At length she disappeared from view —
What follows now is strictly true —
Beneath the crazy garret floor
She found the mice — they numbered four —
All in their hole, and quite content,
Unthinking of the punishment
Their mother said would find them out
When they began to sing and shout.

So, little children, give an ear
When wise ones counsel danger near.

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS



THE CROW THIEF.

Charley Martin had a pet crow, which he called Jet, because he was so black.

Jet was very fond of Charley, and would follow him every chance he had.

Often he would light on Charley's shoulder and go to school with him.

Sometimes, when Charley did not want Jet to go with him, he

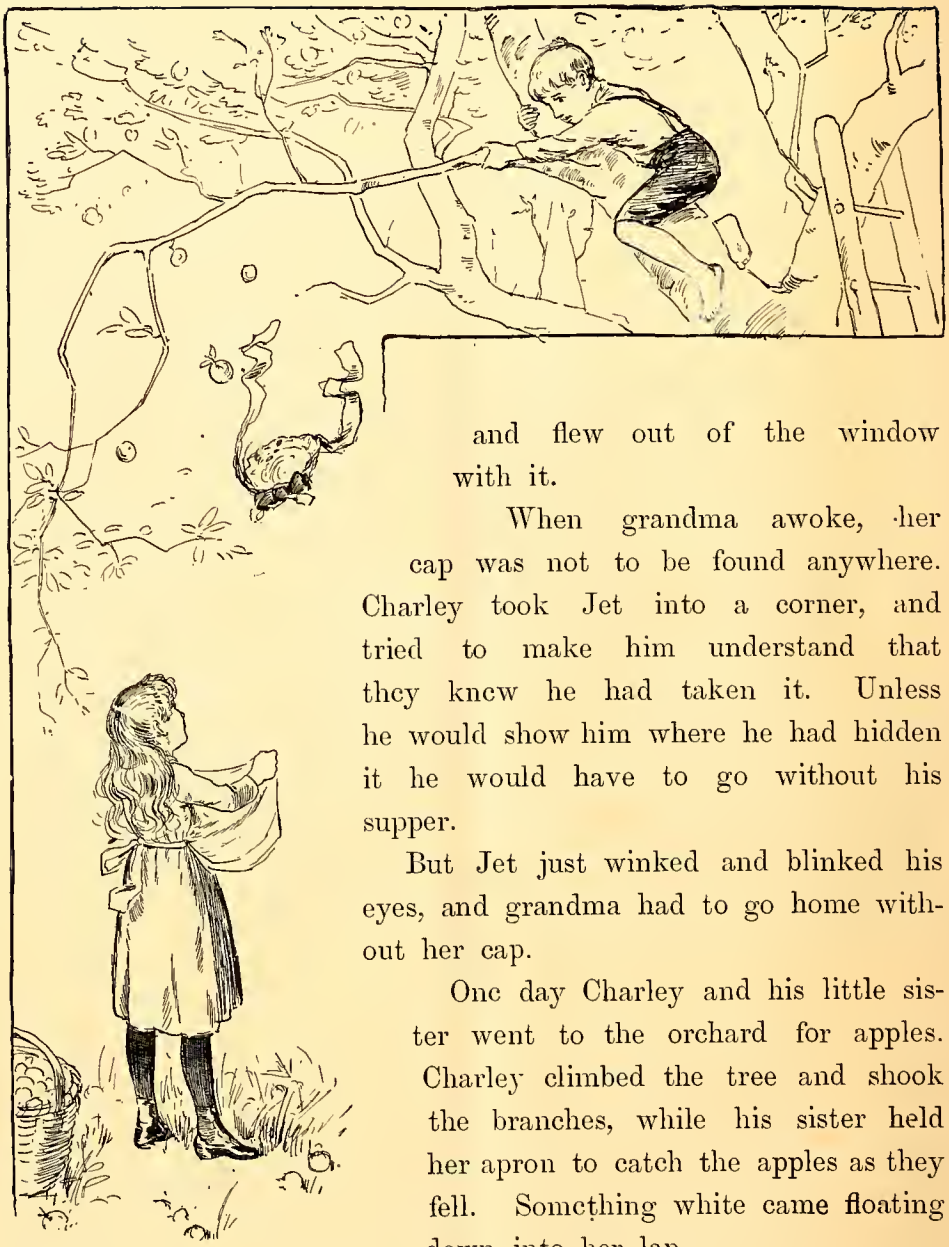
shut him up. Jet didn't like to be shut up and would make an awful cry.

The crow had one very bad trick, — he would steal, and hide the things in the strangest places. This gave Charley, his mother and sister, a great deal of trouble hunting for them.



One day Charley's grandma came to visit his mother. After dinner she thought she would have a nap, so she took off her cap and laid it upon the table.

Jet had perched himself in an open window, and was watching grandma's cap very closely. He had never seen one before, and new things had a great attraction for him. Jet watched till he was alone, and then he flew to the table, caught the cap by one of the strings,



and flew out of the window with it.

When grandma awoke, her cap was not to be found anywhere. Charley took Jet into a corner, and tried to make him understand that they knew he had taken it. Unless he would show him where he had hidden it he would have to go without his supper.

But Jet just winked and blinked his eyes, and grandma had to go home without her cap.

One day Charley and his little sister went to the orchard for apples. Charley climbed the tree and shook the branches, while his sister held her apron to catch the apples as they fell. Something white came floating down into her lap.

What do you think it was? Grandma's cap! Jet had hung it on the apple-tree.

KATIE KYLE.

September



September's a jolly good fellow
His great horn of plenty he'll fill.
And pour on the earth all it's treasures
With generous hearty good-will

Pears, apples and plums, mellow peaches
And grapes of both purple and white
Fall round us in brilliant showers
That fill every heart with delight

No wonder we welcome September,
We wish that he longer would stay.
And not hurry off on his journey,
But linger for many a day

LBL

Lizbeth B Comins

THE HELPFUL BOY.

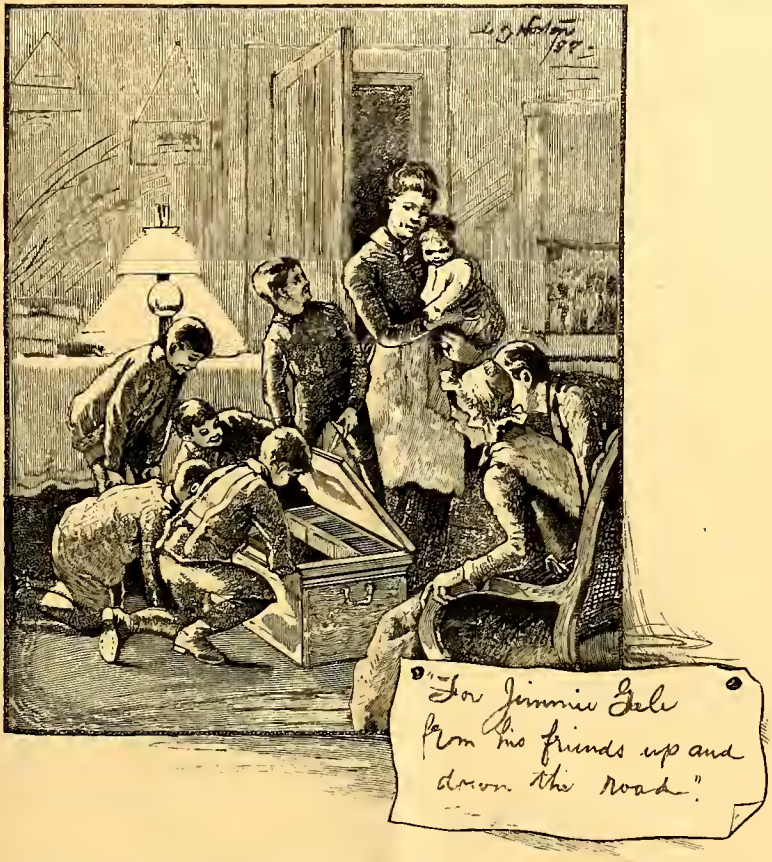
JIMMIE GALE'S father was a carpenter. One winter, when the little boy could not go to school, he was much of the time in his father's shop, and learned how to use many tools. He made a spool-box for his mother, a cradle for his sister's doll, and a footstool for lame Mrs. Priggins.



In the spring his father made him a little, low wagon. It had four wheels and a crank. By turning the crank Jimmie could go fast or slow.

"I feel foolish just to ride all day," he said; "can't I help somebody?"

"To be sure," answered his wise mother. "To-morrow go and visit grandma. See if her door-latches are all in order; and, if she



needs it, set a pane of glass. You know how, and your father will lend you the tools."

Jimmie came home singing. He had really helped somebody! Hardly a day went by that he did not do some kind act with his tools. Many thanks he had from neighbors up and down the road, and baskets of fruit for his mother.

Jimmie's birthday came round in nutting-time. His mother had

roast chicken and his favorite rice-pudding with raisins. Dear grandma and Hetty and baby Nell were all there to enjoy it.

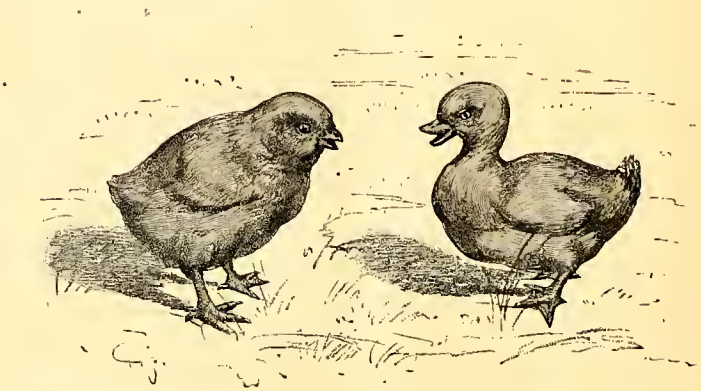
Jimmie's school-mates came in the evening. All of a sudden there was a loud rap at the door. Nobody was in sight, but on the broad step was a box : —

"Tools for boys." was printed on it.

On a card was written, —

"For Jimmie Gale, from his friends up and down the road."

F. P. CHAPLIN.



THE CHICK AND THE DUCK.

Said a downy young duck
To a fluffy young chick,
"Come down to the water and swim!
By a fine bit of luck,
The right path I can pick,
And the horse-trough is full to the brim."

"I really don't dare!"
Was the prudent reply;
"I have often been cautioned, you know,
With the greatest of care,
To walk where it was dry,
And with giddy young ducks never go."

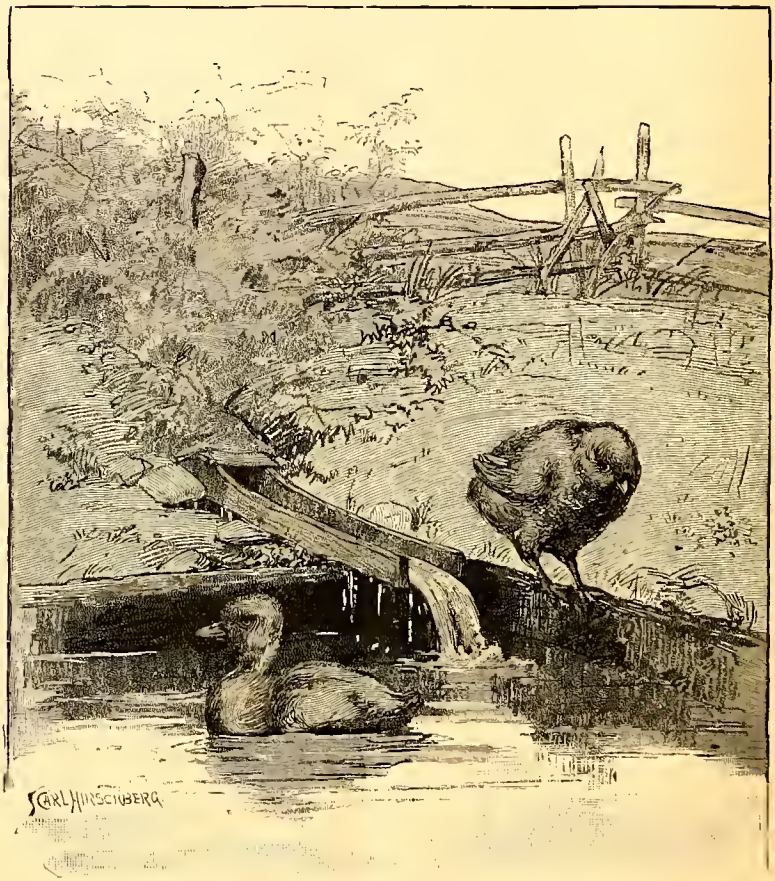
She replied with a sneer,
"To me it is clear,
To your mother's tail-feathers you're tied;
You run at her cluck!"
Said this naughty young duck,
"I don't think you have very much pride."



The chick hung his head,
While with blushes he said,
"I never have learned how to swim,—
You see that by my toe;
But I would like to go,—
I suppose I can walk on the rim."

With his thin yellow legs,
Like long scaly pegs,

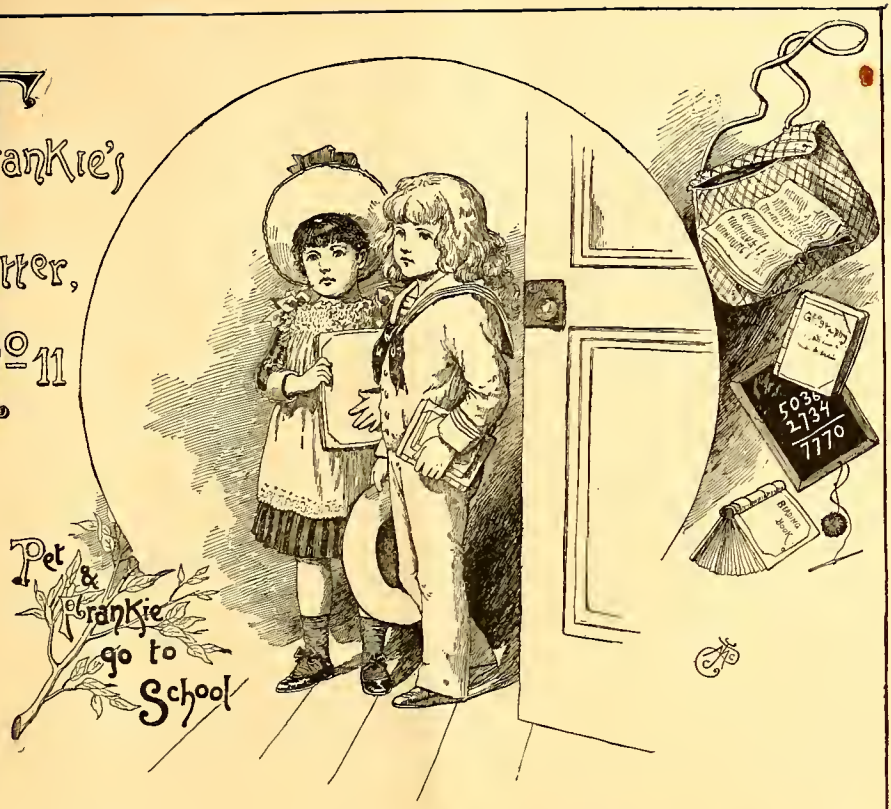
He walked on the perilous rim;
He watched his friend dive,
And come up still alive,
Though she paid no attention to *him*.



His mother, the hen,
Called again and again,
But her darling child never replied.
With a motion too quick,
He had slipped, — the poor chick, —
And he fell in the water, and died.

CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

Frankie's Letter, No 11



Pet & Frankie go to School

Washington D C. September, 1888

Dear "Little Ones" I am going to school now and I have a spelling book and a geography and a big slate and pencil and a reading book. I carry them all in a bag every morning to school. Pet goes too but she cant spell such long words as I do yet and she doesn't know how to read as well. We have a nice lady to teach us and we sing songs and play all kinds of games with long wands and wooden rings. It is fun. Annie comes for us at twelve o'clock and takes us home. Pet doesn't like to study her lessons and she says she is sorry she has grown old enough to go to school. I'm not. I want to be twelve years old. Then I can have a real bicycle and then I can strap my books on behind and ride to school on it every morning. Pet says she is going to have a bicycle too but girls dont ride on bicycles. Now we walk to school with Annie every day. There are three other little boys and five little girls in my class and I am next to the head in reading and there are three above me in spelling. I am going to be at the head of the class one of these days. Pet is at the foot of her spelling class. Mamma is going to show me how to bound Massachusetts which is my geography lesson for tomorrow so I must stop now and go to her. Goodbye till next month. Your little friend,

Frankie.

NISSIE AT THE LAKE.

It was one day in the early summer that Nissie began to have a queer little cough. At first her mamma thought it was only a cold her baby had taken. She gave her a few doses of medicine, hoping that her little one would be well in a day or two. The remedy did not prove to be what Nissie needed, and her mamma decided it was best to see the doctor. He said the little girl was taking that dreaded disease so many other little ones had in the same city, — whooping-cough. He declared that a change of air was



the very best thing for the little invalid, and her mamma took her to the lake one day.

It was ever so nice, Nissie thought, to run along in the white sand, throw stones, and watch the water dash up and see the bubbles disappear.

All at once one of the largest waves came rolling in so fast that Nissie did not see it. Away slipped the smooth sand from under her little feet. When her mamma looked around, the child was sitting down in the water, dripping wet.

Now, what was to be done with a sick baby, ever so many miles from home, in wet clothes? At last her little coat was thought of.

The wet garments were removed, the little girl was wrapped in the coat, and put down on the warm, dry sand. Here she had a nice

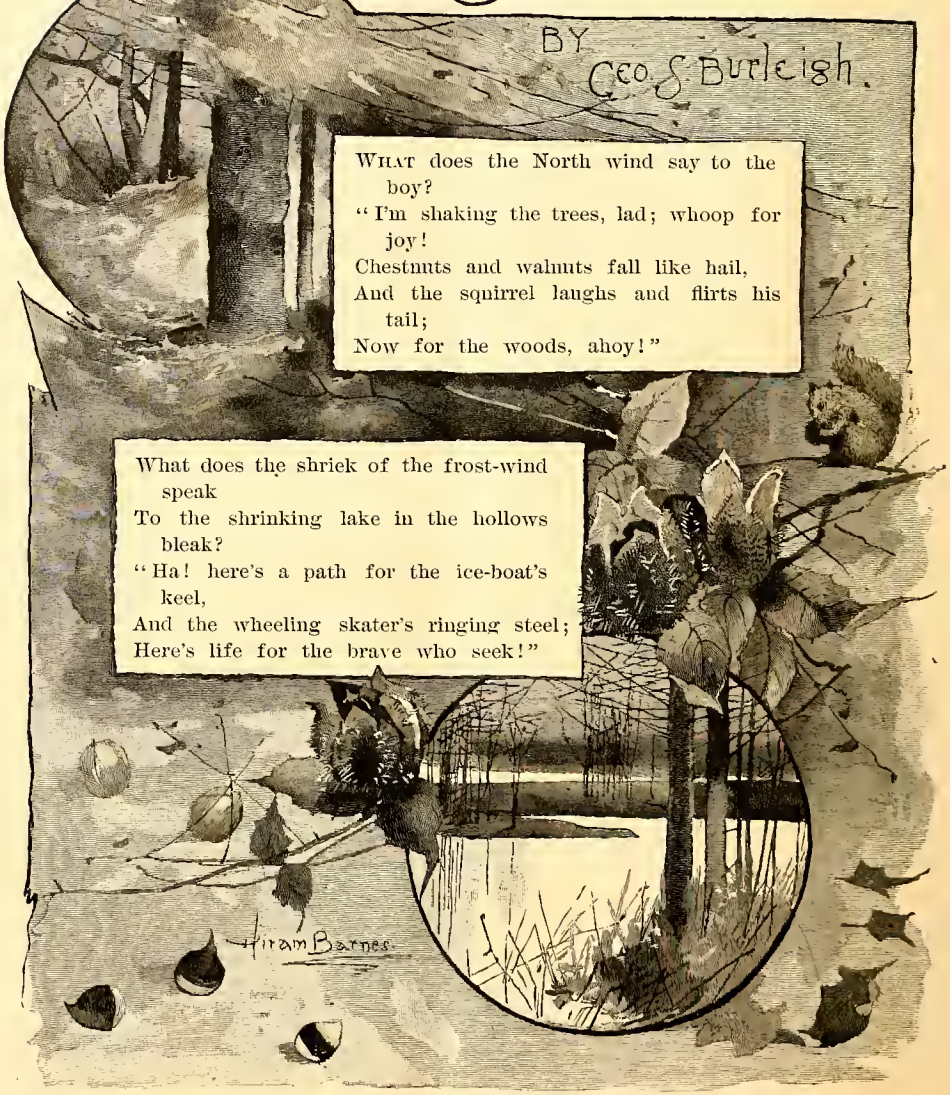


time digging wells and building forts, till the warm sun dried her clothes. Then she was dressed again, and after watching the children for a while flying past in the merry-go-round she went home all the better for her wetting in the lake.

S. A. E. CROWE.

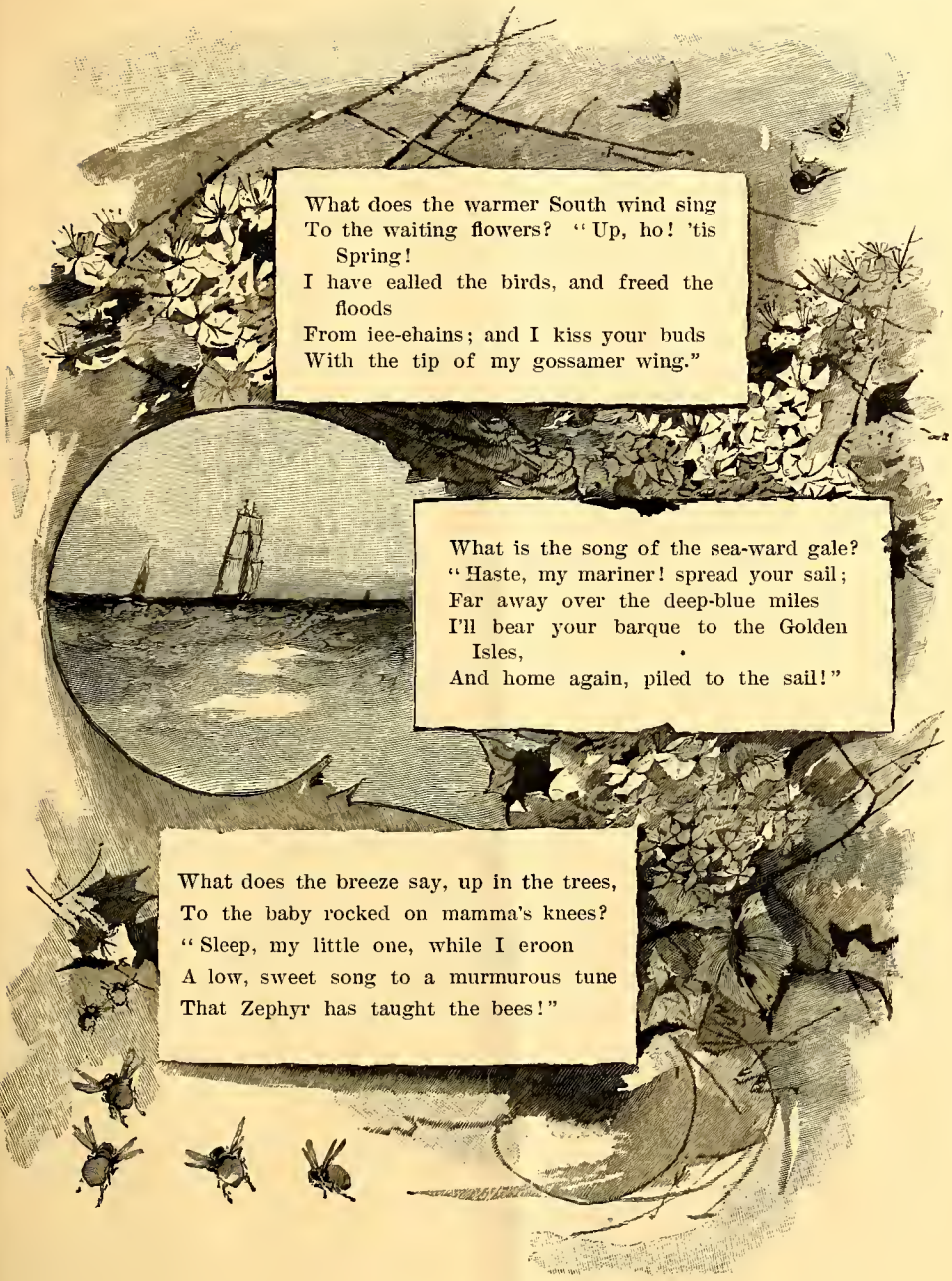
WIND SONGS

BY
Geo. S. Burleigh.



What does the North wind say to the boy?
"I'm shaking the trees, lad; whoop for joy!
Chestnuts and walnuts fall like hail,
And the squirrel laughs and flirts his tail;
Now for the woods, ahoy!"

What does the shriek of the frost-wind speak
To the shrinking lake in the hollows bleak?
"Ha! here's a path for the ice-boat's keel,
And the wheeling skater's ringing steel;
Here's life for the brave who seek!"



What does the warmer South wind sing
To the waiting flowers? "Up, ho! 'tis Spring!
I have called the birds, and freed the floods
From iee-chains; and I kiss your buds
With the tip of my gossamer wing."

What is the song of the sea-ward gale?
"Haste, my mariner! spread your sail;
Far away over the deep-blue miles
I'll bear your barque to the Golden Isles,
And home again, piled to the sail!"

What does the breeze say, up in the trees,
To the baby rocked on mamma's knees?
"Sleep, my little one, while I croon
A low, sweet song to a murmurous tune
That Zephyr has taught the bees!"



Poor Robbie! he could not go out with mamma because that horrid dog, Don, had chewed up his hat! To be sure, he had thought it great fun yesterday, when Don had it between his teeth, and had even helped him to spoil the hat. Then he had been very happy this morning when he heard mamma tell papa to get him a new one. Now, when she had gone out with Auntie May, and left him at home, it did not seem either funny or nice. Mamma felt sorry to leave her little boy behind, but, still, she thought it would teach him to be more careful in the future.

Mamma and auntie went first to papa's office, but found he had been suddenly called out of town for the day. Mamma, thinking he would forget about the hat, went to a store (after Auntie May had started for home), and bought Robbie a pretty new one.

On her way home, however, Auntie May, thinking of Robbie's disappointment, for a surprise bought him a hat, which she ordered to be sent immediately.

In the meantime, grandpa, from the next room, heard Robbie crying, and came in to see what was the matter, and Robbie

told him the whole story. Grandpa was very sorry for him. Telling him not to cry, for he should have a hat, he went to buy him one. On his way to the store, meeting Uncle Ed, he told him about it; and he, also, bought Robbie a hat.



At noon, when mamma came home with her new hat, thinking how pleased Robbie would be, she saw him playing in the yard, with one on his head; so she called him, and asked if papa had come home and bought the hat. He told her no; that Uncle Ed had given it to him, and there were two more in the house from Auntie May and grandpa.

"And I have brought you one, too!" said mamma. "I think, now, you will have enough."

She put them all away except one, and when papa came home



started to tell him the story. He interrupted her by bringing in the hat which she told him to get.

So Robbie had five hats instead of one; and, as Don was never allowed to touch any of them, they lasted a long time.

ALICE D. CHURCHILL.



SEPTEMBER.

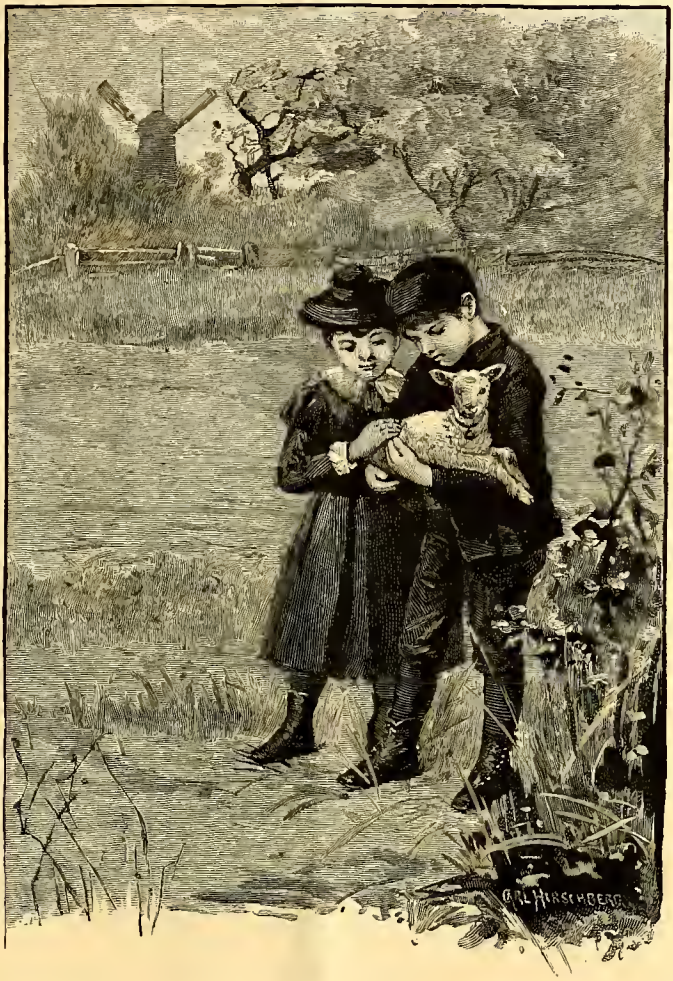
FRISKY.

KATIE lived in the country. She had a great many pets that she wouldn't have had, had she lived in the city. The one she loved best was a little lamb her papa gave her for her very own. She named him Frisky, because he was so playful, and would skip and jump all day long. Katie tied a yellow ribbon around his neck with a pretty bow on top. The yellow was very bright and pretty in the green field.



Once a week Katie would give Frisky a bath in a tub, and scrub him with soap and a brush. This kept his wool very white and soft and curly.

One day Katie had some little friends to see her. She took them in the field to play with Frisky, but when they went back to the



house Katie forgot to put up the bars again. Frisky wandered out of the field and got lost.

Katie did not miss Frisky till after her little friends had gone, when she went to the field to give Frisky his supper. Then she found the bars down and no Frisky in the field. How badly she felt! She began to call loudly, "Frisky!" "Frisky!" but Frisky was far

away and didn't hear her. Then she ran to the house and found her brother Harry, and they both went in search of Frisky. They walked till they were both tired. It was getting dark, and Harry said they must turn back homeward. But Katie coaxed, "O Harry, let's go just a wee bit farther ; I think we shall find him." They hadn't gone far when they heard a familiar little bleat. Katie bounded ahead, and found Frisky lying by the roadside. She was so glad to see him she cried for joy. Poor Frisky was so weak after his long walk that Harry had to carry him home.

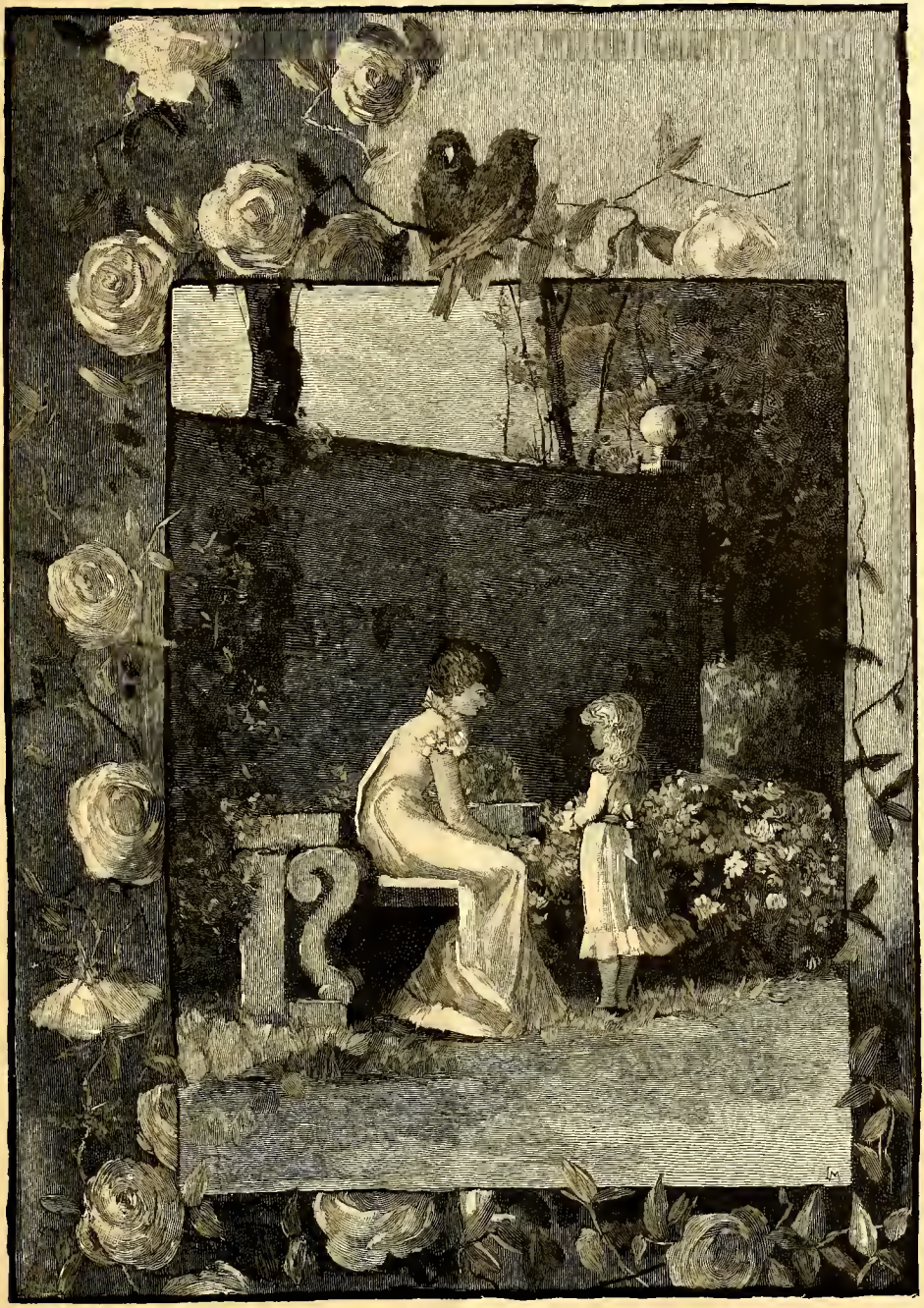
Katie never forgot to put back the bars again. She used to laugh and say, "Frisky won't let me forget, for he always runs after me, saying, 'Bar!' 'bar!' though he spells it Baa."

KATIE KYLE.



WHAT I WOULD DO.

If I were a rose
On the garden wall,
I'd look so fair,
And grow so tall;
I'd scatter perfume far and wide,
Of all the flowers be the pride.
That's what I'd do
If I were you,
O little rose!



WHAT I WOULD DO.

If I were a bird,
With a nest in a tree,
I would sing a song
So glad and free,
That birds in gilded cages near
Would pause my wild, sweet notes to hear.
That's what I'd do
If I were you,
O gay wild bird!

Fair little maid,
If I were you,
I should always try
To be good and true;
I'd be the merriest, sweetest child
On whom the sunshine ever smiled.
That's what I'd do
If I were you,
Dear little maid!

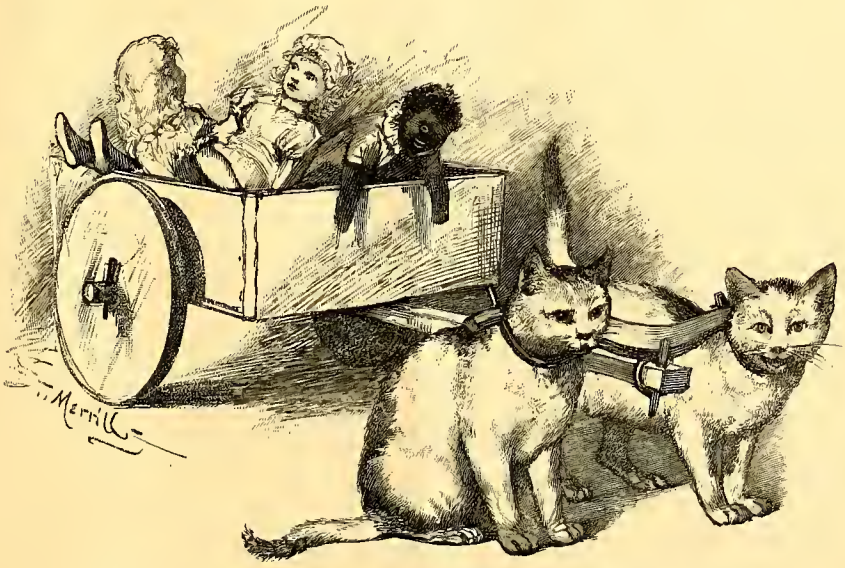
ANNIE DOUGLAS BELL.



THE YOKED KITTENS.

I SUPPOSE there never was a little girl who had such an odd doll's carriage, or such a queer pair of ponies to drag it, as Flossie had. Her brother Tom had made a little yoke, all by himself, just like the big yokes they use to work oxen.

When it was finished he put it on the two little black and white kittens, who were so much alike you could scarcely tell one from the

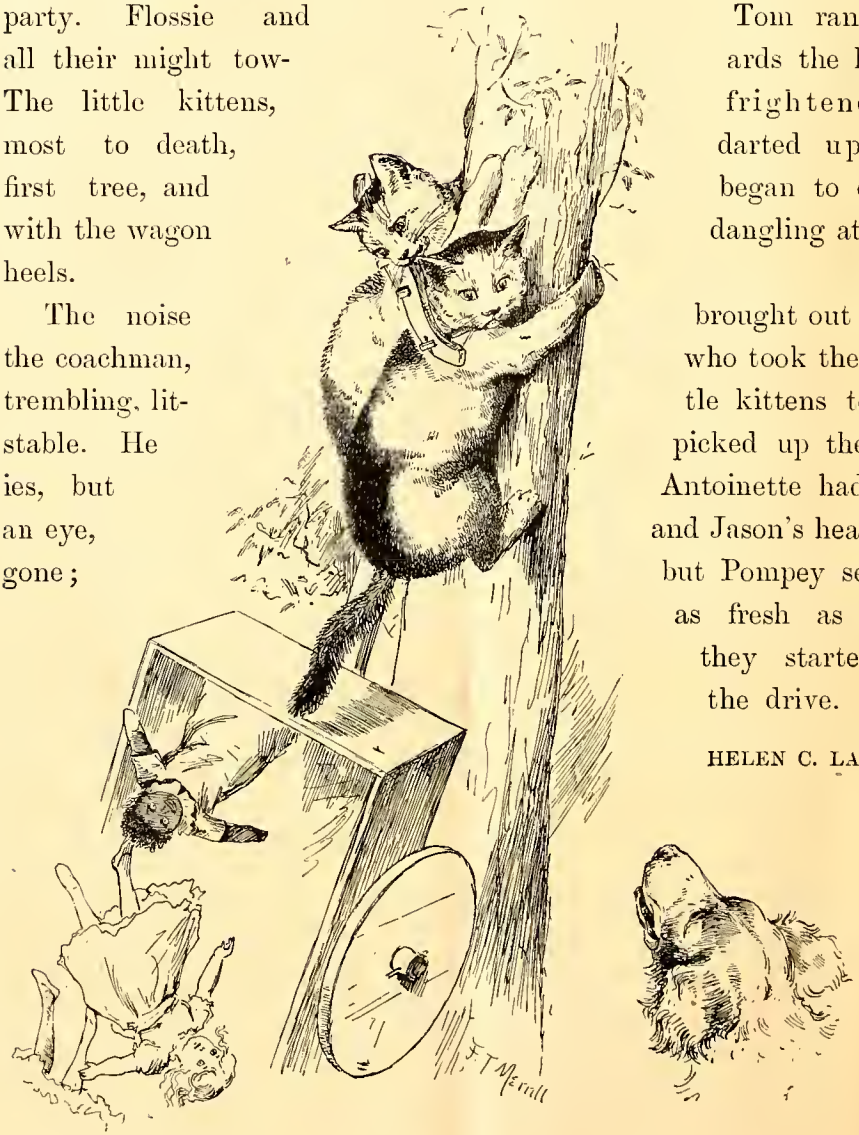


other. After training them every day for a week, so they would pull together, and not try to get their heads out of the yoke, he hitched them into a small ox-cart John, the coachman, had made for him.

Then Flossie lent him her black doll, Pompey, to stand up in front and drive. Of course Tom really drove them himself, and walked beside them to see that they kept in the path.

As an ox-cart has no seats, the dolls were placed side by side in the bottom. Fixed in this way, one pleasant day, Antoinette, the French doll, and Jason, with large blue eyes and long golden hair, started out for a drive.

When they started, a big black dog bounded through the gate, straight towards the happy little party. Flossie and Tom ran with all their might towards the house. The little kittens, frightened almost to death, darted up the first tree, and began to climb, with the wagon dangling at their heels.



The noise brought out John, the coachman, who took the poor, trembling, little kittens to the stable. He picked up the dollies, but Antoinette had lost an eye, and Jason's head was gone; but Pompey seemed as fresh as when they started on the drive.

HELEN C. LARNED.

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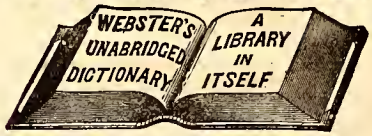
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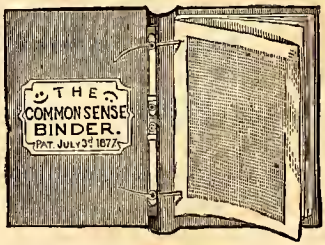
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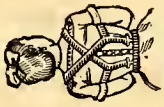
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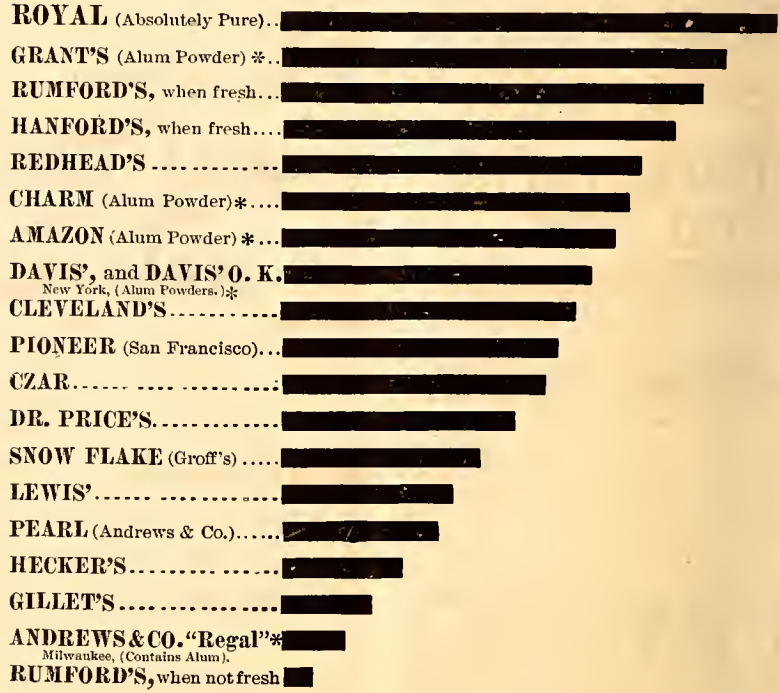
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* While the diagram shows some of the alum powders to be of a comparatively high degree of strength, it is not to be taken as indieating that they have any value. All alum powders, no matter how high their strength, are to be avoided as dangerous

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Bright clear complexion
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OCTOBER
Vol. VIII No. 12
1888.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY



THE RUSSELL PUBLISHING CO.
36 BROMFIELD ST. BOSTON

THOS. NELSON AND SONS, LONDON.

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CONTENTS.

		PAGE
MISS FLIPPETTY FLOPPET (Illustrated by Carl Hirschberg.)	Emma L. Cass	355
A CURIOUS TRAVELLER (Illustrated by A. Buhler.)	Julia P. Ballard	356
A PIECE OF SPONGE (Illustrated by A. Buhler.)	Mrs. G. Hall	358
BUILDING A ROCKERY (Illustrated by Miss E. S. Tucker.)	R. W. Lowrie	360
THE BASKET BOY (Illustrated by H. W. Tucker.)	Pink Hunter	362
ROBBY IN THE TUNNEL (Illustrated by H. M. Beal.)	Ellen L. Knox	364
ONLY A CRICKET CHIRPING AWAY (Illustrated by Parker Hayden.)	Elizabeth A. Davis	367
FRANKIE'S LETTER No. 12 (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott.)	Frankie	369
MRS. BUSSFUSS'S PARTY (Illustrated by Carl Hirschberg.)	Louise Thrush	370
OCTOBER (Illustrated by Lizbeth B. Comins.)	L. B. C.	373
HOW GEORGE RAN AWAY (Illustrated by L. H. Burr.)	C. Emma Cheney	374
PATTY AND THE BUTTERFLY (Illustrated by H. P. Barnes.)	Aunt Olive	377
BESS (Illustrated by Louis Meynelle.)	Robert Ogden Fowler	378
WHAT INSECTS ARE GOOD FOR (Illustrated by Parker Hayden.)	Mrs. G. Hall	380
BUMBLE-BEES (Illustrated by H. P. Barnes.)	Marion Douglas	382
AUTUMN (Illustrated by Miss E. S. Tucker.)	Full-Page Illustration	384

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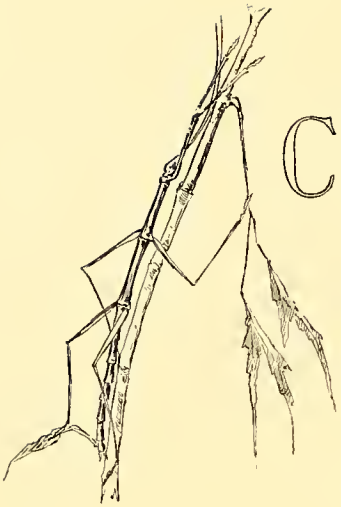
MISS FLIPPETTY FLOPPET.

Miss Flippetty Floppet, a maiden of five,
As playful as any young monkey alive,
I'm just going to tell you about what she did:
She spied grandma's band-box, — she took off the lid,
And what should she see but a new Sunday bonnet;
'Twas quite to her taste, so she thought she would don it.

She prinked it up high, then she smoothed it down flat,
'Twas a shocking bad fit, but she didn't mind that;
"And now I must get me a tall, growed-up dwess,
Aunt Belle's is as pretty as any, I guess."
And so on it went — it was glossy and fine,
Oh! with such a long train, and as red as red wine!

"Now, with grandpapa's speckles, and grandma's mankilla,
I'll make two free calls with my dolly, Priscilla."
Just then grandmamma came to look for her pet,
And the sight that she saw, she will not soon forget;
No wonder, — just fancy this mite of a maid,
In spectacles, bonnet, and long gown arrayed!

EMMA M. CASS.



Curious Traveler.

"I THINK your grasses are almost prettier than your flowers," said little Flora, as she watched her sister arranging her "wood treasures" after a drive to the South woods. "You always find so many odd things, too."

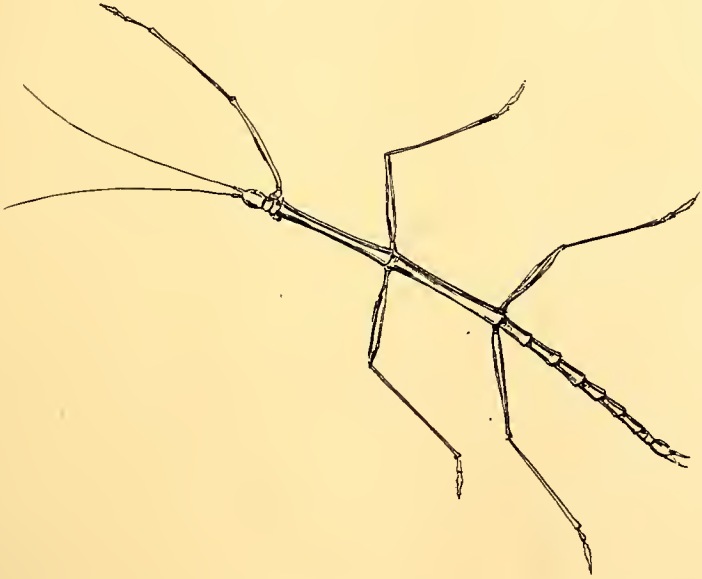
"Like these brown balls," said Helen, smiling, as she held up some curious oak-balls; "these have little insects shut up in them, that will come walking out some bright day."

"Oh!" exclaimed Flora, suddenly, "your grasses aren't waiting for some fine day. See! One of them is walking off, truly and really!"



Sure enough, there it went, a "walking-stick" in earnest. But the "stick" had life of a different kind from the rest of the sticks, and Flora and Helen both laughed as they watched the curious walker, lifting one little stem and then another, and putting them down slowly as it stepped along on the table among the grasses and golden-rod.

"Oh, one little branch is broken off!" said Flora. And she was right. One of the six "little branches" was missing. One straight stem, five branches, and two very delicate long twigs were all this "Walking-stick" could boast. So this is the way he looked.



Helen looked at him very carefully with her microscope. "The joints look just like the joints of rushes," she said. "There is the head and then twelve more parts in all, to the body. The lower half of the long legs has four or five little joints, counting from the foot. The eyes are the funniest things about it. You can only see a round rim, just like a knob on the grasses. If there is a bright eye, that sees, it is so far in that I can't find it with my microscope."

"It would not be easy to find these walkers," said Flora.

"No," said Helen, "I do not believe you could by hunting for them. We should not have seen this if it had kept still. There are a good many insects that are protected, by looking almost exactly like the bush or tree on which they live, and this is surely one."

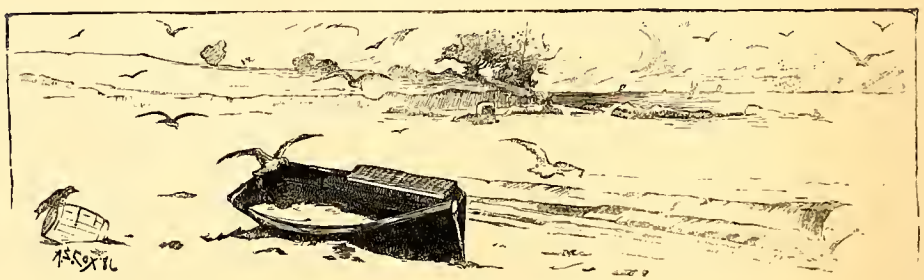
"I'm sorry if we knocked off that one branch," said Flora; "but he seems to get on pretty well without it."

"He shall have an airing in my fernery," said Helen, as she lifted off the glass shade and with a stick carefully lifted the five-branched walker on to some tiny plants and mosses.

"Only see a stick eat!" said Flora, as they both watched the curious mouth open and shut, sucking the juices from a slice of ripe pear.

And if you could peep into Helen's fernery you might see him now, taking a nap after his dinner from the pulp of a Concord grape.

JULIA P. BALLARD.

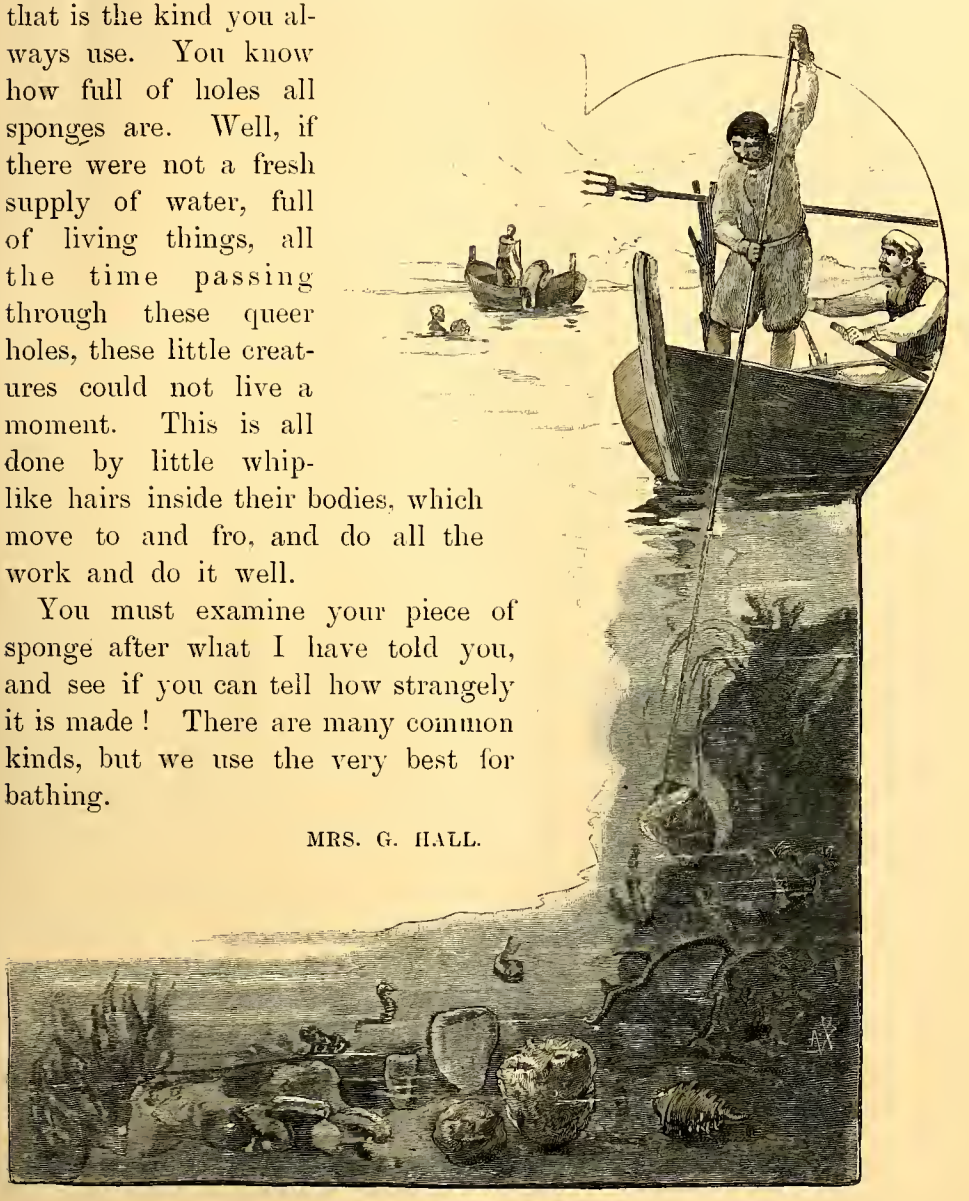


A PIECE OF SPONGE.

Did you ever look at a piece of sponge and see what a curious thing it is? Do you know by whom it was made? One of Nature's smallest children did it. It was once alive and growing on the rocks in some of the far-away seas. It lived, breathed, and grew just as you do.

Some sponges are like round cups. Some are like branches of trees. Others are thin, and spread out like a fan. They are of almost every color, from orange to a dingy brown. When they are on the beautiful floor of the ocean, with seaweed and fish all about, they are very pretty.

As long as the sponges are alive it is not easy to catch them. They can only be torn from the rocks by men called "divers," who, for the sake of getting the little skeleton, destroy the creature itself. All sponge animals cannot build a "toilet sponge," for that is the kind you always use. You know how full of holes all sponges are. Well, if there were not a fresh supply of water, full of living things, all the time passing through these queer holes, these little creatures could not live a moment. This is all done by little whip-like hairs inside their bodies, which move to and fro, and do all the work and do it well.



You must examine your piece of sponge after what I have told you, and see if you can tell how strangely it is made! There are many common kinds, but we use the very best for bathing.

MRS. G. HALL.



BUILDING A ROCKERY.

We're building a rockery, Susie and I,
Of pebble, of moss, and of shell;
We've chosen a place quite under the shade,
And close by the old-fashioned well.

We plan it, we build it, we tear it all down;
As busy as beavers or bees;
We're brown as the berries, and hearty and hale,
And happy as sailors on seas.

And the days are as short as the days well can be;
And Susie is lovely and dear;
I wish every day and I wish every hour,
'Twere summer the whole of the year.

For we're building a rockery, Susie and I,
Of pebble, of moss, and of shell;
And the loveliest of ferns, and grasses, and vines
Shall grow by the old-fashioned well.

R. W. LOWRIE.



Building Blocks for Cookery



THE BASKET BOY.

Frank Smith is a little boy, so lame from rheumatism that he cannot walk without crutches. He makes baskets with strips of white oak, and sells them to his neighbors.

When he has made a great many, his father lends him his buggy and horse to take his baskets around, and so he is called the "basket boy."

One day he met a woman driving a pig home, and with her apron full of apples. She held a long string in one hand, the end being fastened around the pig's neck, but he ran from one side of the road to the other, and gave her much trouble. Frank felt sorry for her, and handed her one of his baskets.

"Take this," he said, "and put the apples into it. Then you can carry them on your arm, and manage the pig better."



The woman thanked him a thousand times, and Frank was as much pleased as if he had sold his basket.

Some days afterwards the same woman brought him a dozen fresh eggs and as many large red apples.

PINK HUNTER.

Robby in the Tunnel.



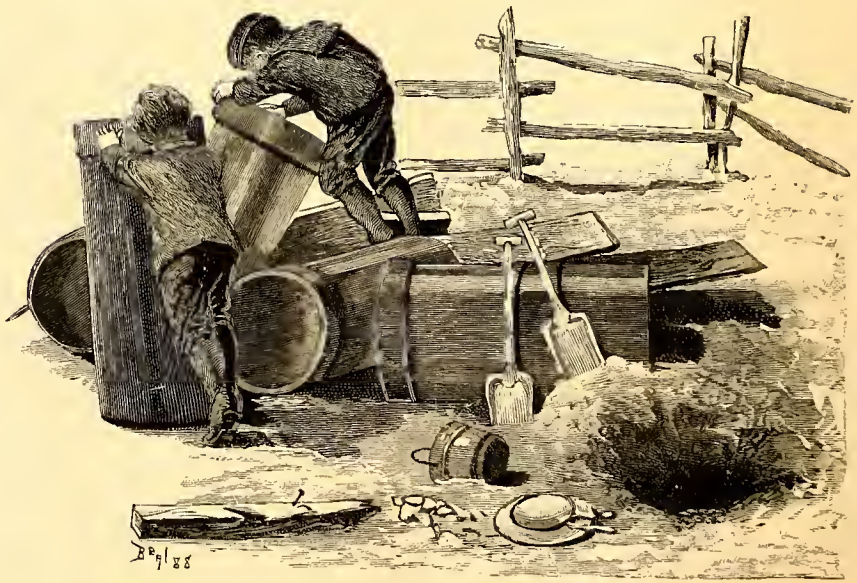
One day the Horticultural Society met at our house.

Robby came; he was just as big as I, only fatter, and I was four and a half.

Robby's papa made a speech; it was not a nice story at all, so Robby and I went out to dig a well. The ground was so hard we could not dig a very deep well. We rolled some big sewerpipes down that were just as tall as I was, and awful big around.

Robby said, "Come on, Oscar, let's put them in a line and play tunnel!"

There were six of them. I went into the tunnel first; but it was not so much fun as I thought. I tried to back out, but I couldn't. Somehow, when I drew my elbows up to push, I was too big.



It was awful dark in there, and I cried; but I could not wipe my eyes, 'cause there wasn't room.

I believed I'd never get out, it was so long, and so dark, and so tight. I yelled, too; but I guess nobody heard me. When I got out I hollowed, I tell you.

And then I looked for Robby. He was not getting along very fast. He was in the very first piece of the tunnel, and could not get out. He was too fat.



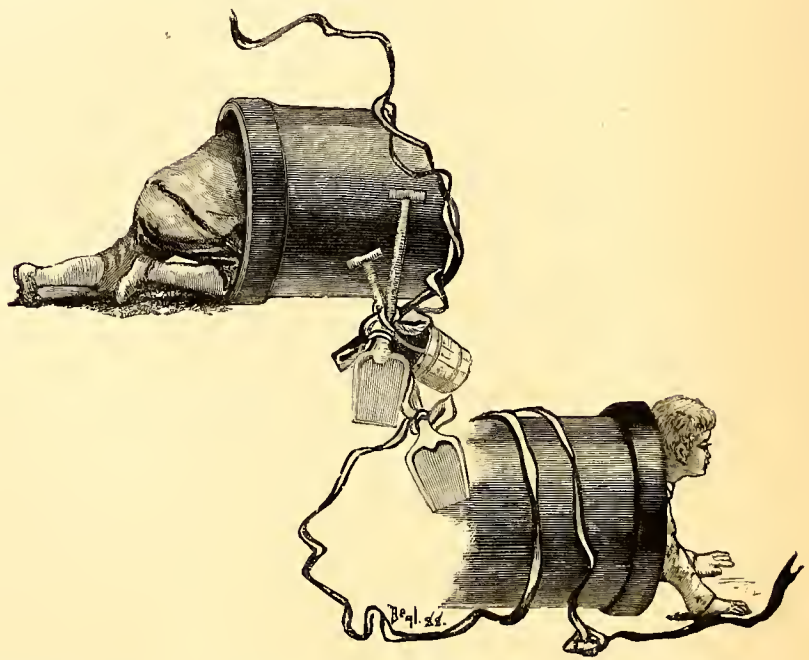
I rolled the next piece of the tunnel away, and scratched Robby's face, for he had just got his head into it. When I asked him why he didn't come out, he screamed out that "he was stuck."

When I took hold of his feet and pulled, he hollowed so I got scared, and ran in to call his mother.

Robby's papa was still reading, but I did not care. I just called as loud as I could: "Come out here, Robby's stuck in the tunnel!"

Robby's mother just gave one scream and ran out. My mamma ran, too.

When we got out there Robby was still yelling. He looked just like a turtle, with his face all red, and black, and spotty, sticking out at one end, and his muddy feet, kicking as much as they could at the other.



His mother just cried; but my ma got down and pulled off his dirty boots. My! what faces she made!

And then he slid through just as easy!

He was so dirty he had to have on one of my suits; and it was so tight for him I thought the buttons would burst off. His face kept getting redder all the time.

I wanted to take him to my play-room to play blocks and things, but they made us sit in the parlor till the folks went home. It was so hot there that I fell asleep, and that is all I can remember.

ELLEN L. KNOX.



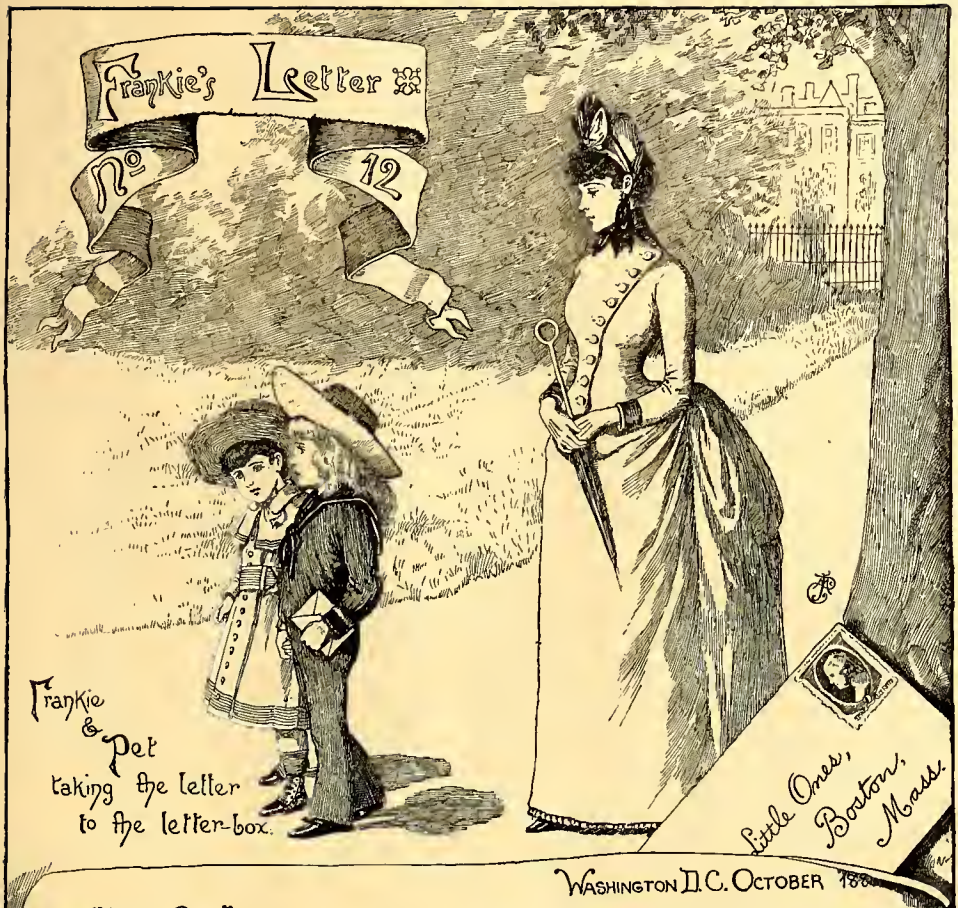
ONLY A CRICKET CHIRPING AWAY.

I'm only a cricket chirping away,
In the fading light of an autumn day.
When the flowers are dead, and the grasses dry,
And the shrill, bleak winds go whistling by, —
Then I sing my song with a louder cheer,
For I know old Winter's hovering near.



I sing of the fireside's calm delight,
When friends draw near with the lamps alight;
And I tell my tales in the humblest eot,
And sing of the joys that are half forgot.
For though only a erieket chirping away,
In the fading light of an autumn day.
I eome and go with my song of eheer.
To hush the ery of the dying year.

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.



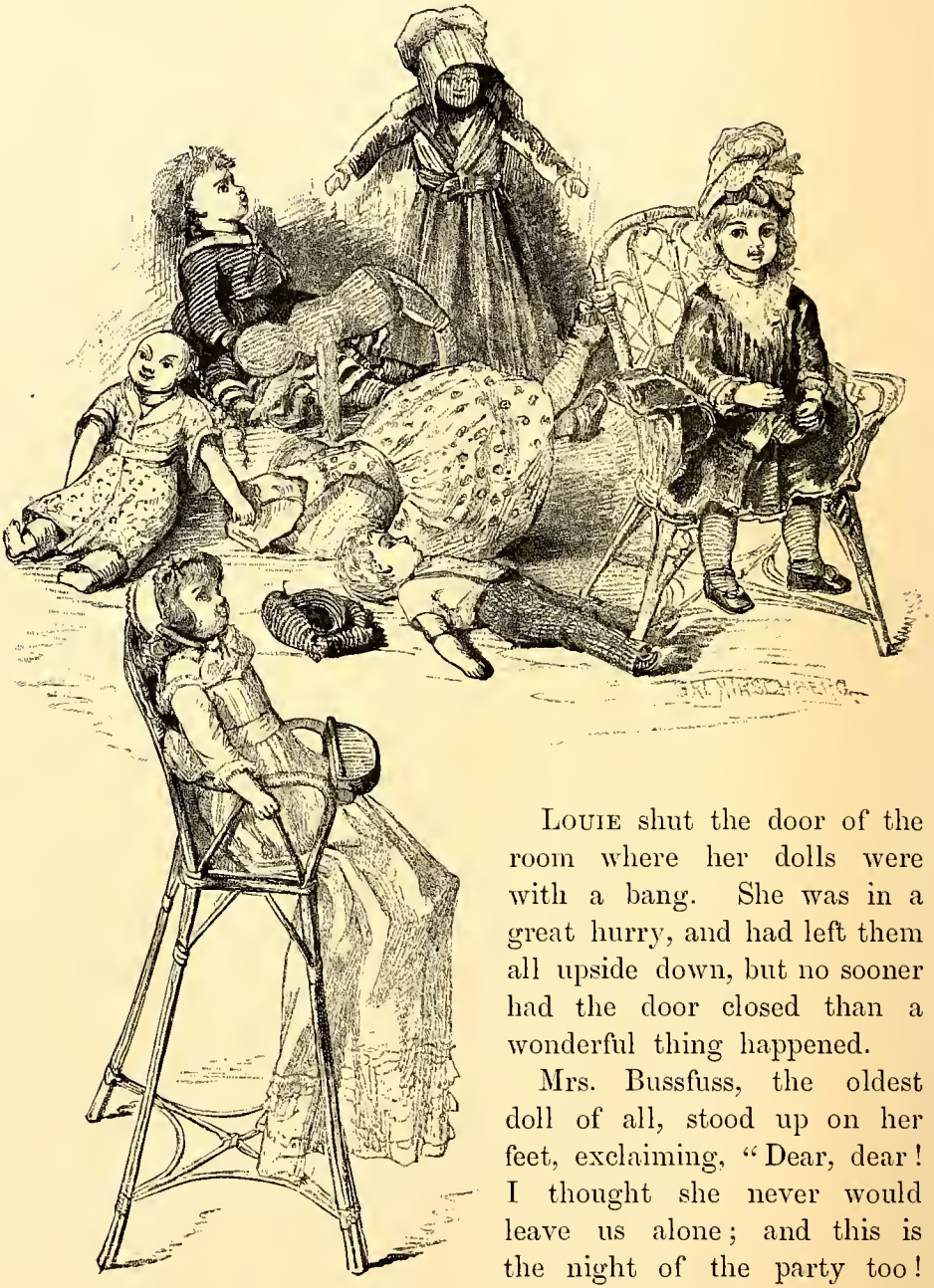
WASHINGTON D.C. OCTOBER 188

DEAR "LITTLE ONES," AS SOON AS I HAVE FINISHED THIS LETTER MAMMA IS GOING TO TAKE PET AND ME OUT WALKING, AND ON THE WAY WE WILL DROP THE LETTER IN A LETTER-BOX. I WROTE THE ADDRESS ON THE ENVELOPE MYSELF. I CAN MAKE TRULY WRITING LETTERS NOW INSTEAD OF PRINTING BUT PRINTING IS EASIER WHEN YOU HAVE A GOOD DEAL TO SAY. PET AND I LIKE TO GO OUT WITH MAMMA. SHE ALWAYS GETS US SOMETHING NICE — ICE-CREAM SODA WATER MAYBE OR PERHAPS SOME BUTTERCUP CANDIES AT HUYLER'S STORE. SHE LETS US LOOK IN THE WINDOWS OF STORES AND TELLS US ABOUT THE PICTURES WE SEE IN THEM. ONE DAY SHE LET ME CHOOSE A SILVER THIMBLE FOR A BIRTHDAY PRESENT FOR ANNIE. THERE WAS A WHOLE BLACK VELVET TRAY FULL OF THEM AND IT WAS HARD TO KNOW WHICH YOU WANTED BUT AT LAST I CHOSE ONE WITH A DOG ENGRAVED ON ONE SIDE AND A CAT ON THE OTHER AND A PLACE FOR ANNIE'S NAME ANNIE SAID IT WAS BEAUTIFUL AND SHE USES IT ALL THE TIME. THIS IS THE LAST LETTER I SHALL WRITE TO YOU AND I AM VERY SORRY TO SAY GOODBYE. MAYBE WHEN I AM A BIGGER BOY I WILL WRITE TO YOU AGAIN AND PET SAYS THAT PERHAPS WE SHALL MEET SOME OF YOU ONE OF THESE DAYS. I HOPE SO, AND TILL THEN PET AND I SEND YOU OUR BEST LOVE.

YOUR LITTLE FRIEND,

FRANKIE.

MRS. BUSSFUSS'S PARTY.



LOUIE shut the door of the room where her dolls were with a bang. She was in a great hurry, and had left them all upside down, but no sooner had the door closed than a wonderful thing happened.

Mrs. Bussfuss, the oldest doll of all, stood up on her feet, exclaiming, "Dear, dear! I thought she never would leave us alone; and this is the night of the party too!

Mr. Bussfuss, my dear, get up, or you won't be ready;" and she helped him to stand alone and pulled on his coat, for Louie had dropped him where he lay, half-dressed.

Then she bustled around, seeing that each dolly had her best gown on, and telling them where to sit or stand; for the party



was to be a fine affair, and they must not forget the good manners Louie had so carefully taught them.

As soon as all the people were in bed and the house quiet, the fun for the dolls began.

Did any one ever see such a noisy set? Mr. Bussfuss danced up and down the room with the rag baby, that had lost all of its hair.

Mrs. Bussfuss tip-toed wildly back and forth with the Chinese boy Louie's Uncle Tom had brought her from China. The long

braid of hair on the Chinaman's head hit the furniture, as he went around and around; while all the little Bussfusses whirled and bumped into each other, to the great disgust of Louie's Paris doll, who sat on a chair in a beautiful silk dress. She told, in a loud voice, what she did when she lived at home. No one took any notice of her, for all were having too good a time.



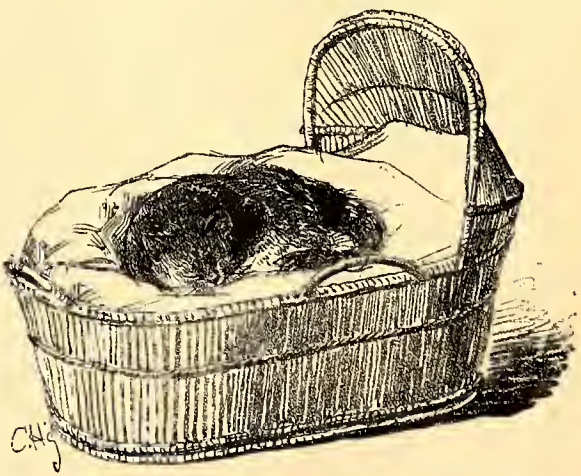
Just in the midst of the fun a strange noise was heard, and two great fiery eyes looked into the doll-house.

It was Louie's kitten, who had been left in the room over night; but how could the dolls know that? They were sure it was some wild animal.

The kitten walked into the house and curled itself up in Mrs. Bussfuss's bed, and that was the end of the party.

When Louie came in the morning she wondered who had mussed up her dolls' house. But the dolls all looked so solemn that she never suspected they had had a party, and they have never told to this day.

LOUISE THRUSH.



OCTOBER

Come, come my little blossoms
You should be in your beds
I mean to tie your night-caps
Upon your sleepy heads.



'Tis no use to resist me,
For go to bed you must
As in your eyes the "Sand-man"
Begins to throw his dust.

So saying, young October,
The flowers we love best
Has soon tied up in night caps
For their long winters rest.

L.B.C.

Lizbeth B. Comins



HOW GEORGE RAN AWAY.

The story that Aliee was reading was "Whittington and his Cat." George thought it rather hard when his mamma asked him to put it by to do something for her. I am afraid he was naughty; for all the time he kept thinking how niee it would be to do just as he pleased. After a while he said:—

"Mamma, I think I'll run away."

"I do not understand you, dear," she answered.

"Well, I don't like to be bothered," he said, "and I want to be like Whittington."

"Very well, you may go if you are not happy in your home," replied the mother. "I will help you to get ready. You need not run away."

Then she tied some of his elothes in a large handkerehief, and put the bundle on a stiek, over his shoulder, like the pieture of Whittington. She kissed him good-by when she opened the street door for him. George looked pretty solemn as he went down the steps. In a minute he went back and rang the bell. Mary let him in, and he ran to his mamma's room.

"May I sleep on the back porch to-night?" he asked. His lips trembled a little.



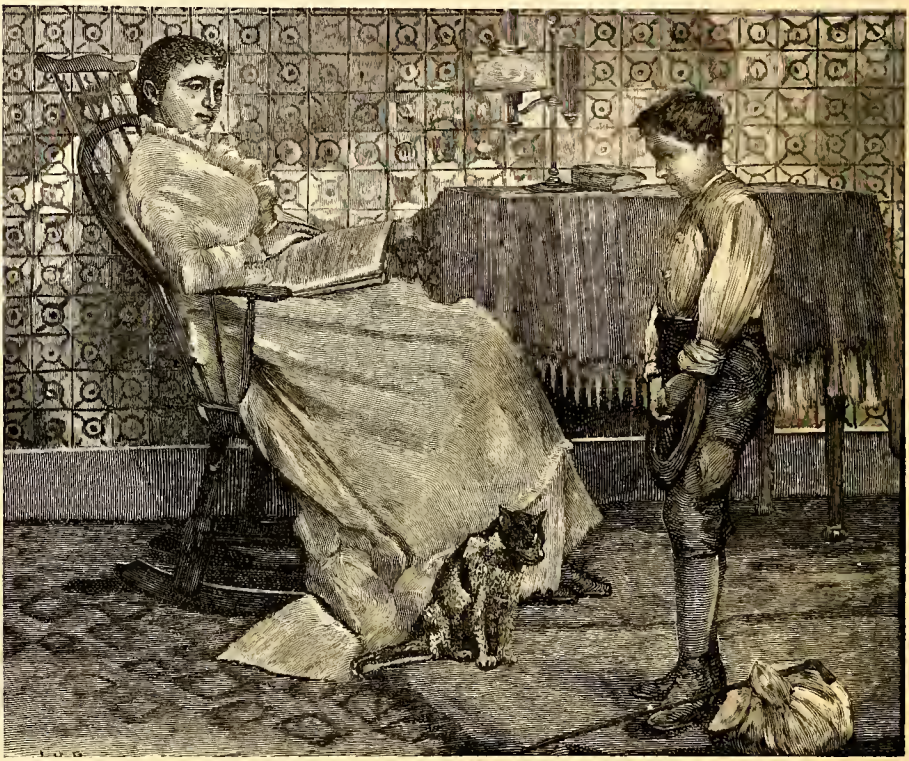
"No, dear, your papa doesn't like to have tramps sleeping on the porch," she replied.

"Then can I stay in the stable with John?"

"Oh, no! You had better run away at once, a long way off, where you can do as you please."

Poor George was in tears now.

"O mamma, mamma!" he cried, throwing himself in her arms,

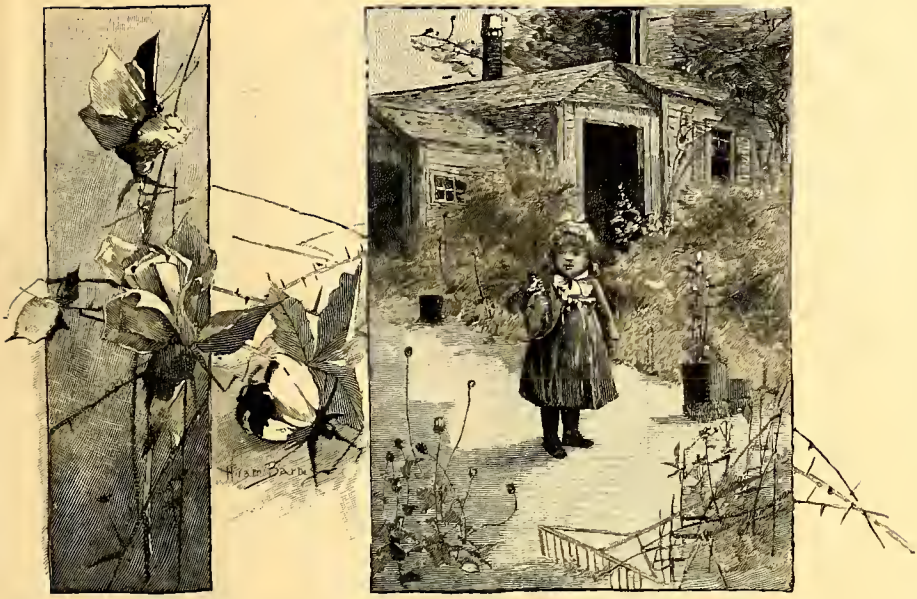


"I do love you so, and I don't want to run away. I hate to do as I please. May I come home again to live?"

"Dear little boy! Mamma is glad you have learned your lesson with so little heart-ache," answered the mother, as she took her sobbing boy in her loving arms.

George never wanted to run away again.

C. EMMA CHENEY.



PATTY AND THE BUTTERFLY.

Patty is three years old. Her mamma was very busy one day, and so let her go into the garden to pick some flowers.

Patty had gathered some pinks and rosebuds, when her mamma heard her sobbing and crying.

"What is the matter, Patty?" asked mamma, in alarm.

"See," said Patty, "my prettiest flower has got some wings, and has flown away!"

Then mamma smiled and took Patty in her arms and kissed her. She told her that in the garden to-morrow she might see the same beautiful butterfly on another flower.

That is how Patty mistook the butterfly for a flower.

She knows now that butterflies have wings, but flowers do not.

AUNT OLIVE.



BESS.

Bess plucked me a rose
  From her own little garden;
Oh, my failing she knows!
Bess plucked me a rose
As white as blown snows
  When they glitter and harden;
Bess plucked me a rose
  From her own little garden.

Bess's face is so white,
  Like a blossom in Maytime;
Though her cheeks are pink quite,
Bess's face is so white,
And her eyes are as bright
  As the dawn or the daytime;
Bess's face is so white,
  Like a blossom in Maytime.

Bess is a sweet little miss,
  Eight years old last October;
When I call her it is
To beg for a kiss;
She grows bashful at this,



And looks downward quite sober;
Bess is a sweet little miss,
Eight years old last October.

ROBERT OGDEN FOWLER.



WHAT INSECTS ARE GOOD FOR.

How would you like to have insects for food? In Africa people eat ants well stewed in butter. In Sweden they put them with rye, to give a flavor like brandy. Pressed ants' eggs make a mixture very much like chocolate paste with milk. They taste like caramels, that you buy so often at the candy store. Think of that!

The large white ants, or termites, are roasted, too, in iron pots, by the African children. They are eaten by handsful just like sugar-plums, and they are said to taste like sweet almond paste.

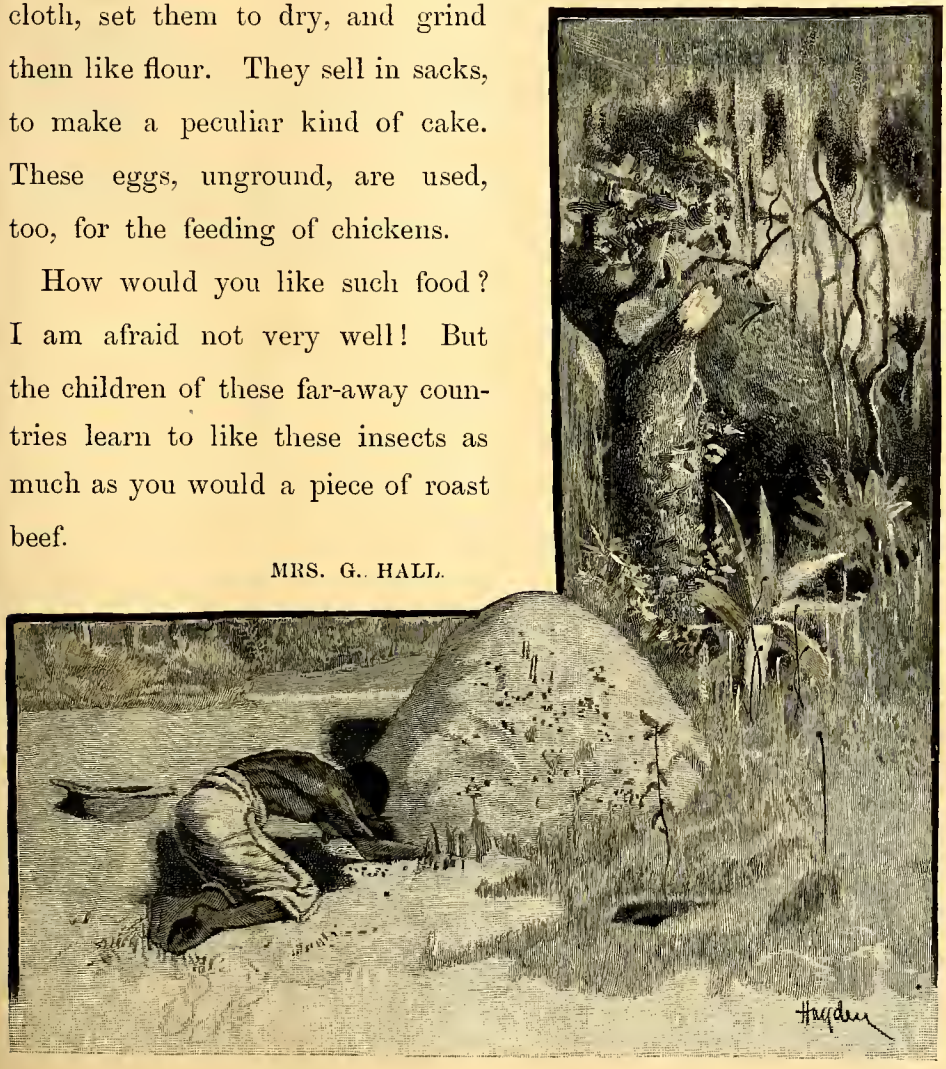
As for the locusts that we should run away from, they think it is just so much bread and butter. They smoke and boil, or salt and

stew them. Sometimes they grind them into a sort of meal, and get fat in eating the bread made out of it.

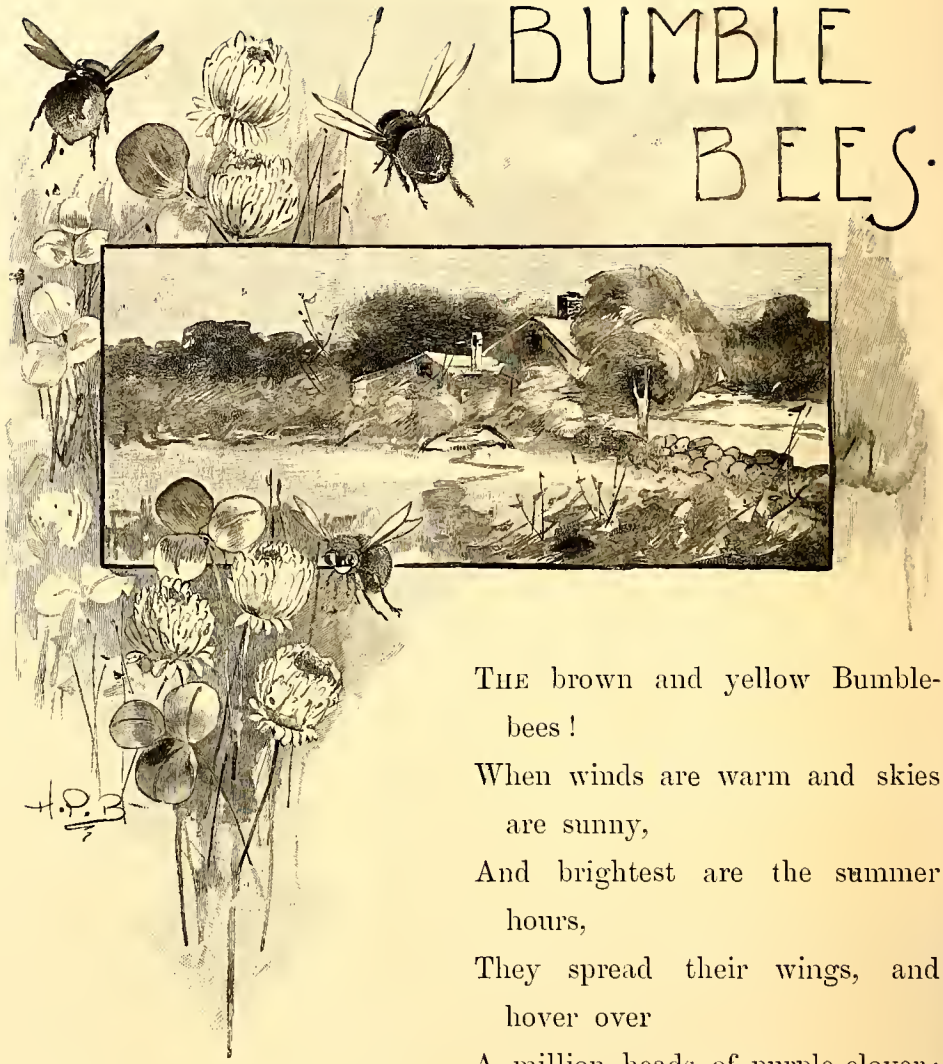
In New California there is a spider nearly an inch long, that is roasted over the fire as a very choice bit. The eggs of a sort of boat-fly the Mexicans shake in a kind of cloth, set them to dry, and grind them like flour. They sell in sacks, to make a peculiar kind of cake. These eggs, unground, are used, too, for the feeding of chickens.

How would you like such food? I am afraid not very well! But the children of these far-away countries learn to like these insects as much as you would a piece of roast beef.

MRS. G. HALL.



BUMBLE BEES.



THE brown and yellow Bumble-bees!
When winds are warm and skies are sunny,
And brightest are the summer hours,
They spread their wings, and hover over
A million heads of purple clover;
And each head has a hundred flowers;
And each flower has its hoard of honey,
That just too deep within it lies
For common bees and butterflies;
But is all waiting kept for these
Big, jolly, feasting Bumble-bees!

The brown and yellow Bumble-bees!
When winds are warm and skies are sunny,
They make of waxen cells a store
To fill with purple-clover honey.
Their houses in the grass are hid,
The thick, warm, sheltering moss amid.
And if of one of them the door,
By chance, a footstep comes too near,
"Buzz! Buzz!" a war-cry straight you hear;
A crowd rush out with whirring wings:
"Stand back, or you will feel our stings!
This little homestead is our own;
We're peaceful if we're let alone;
But, if upon our rights you seize,
You'll find how brave are Bumble-bees!"

MARIAN DOUGLAS.





AUTUMN.

OUR LITTLE ONES

AND

THE NURSERY:

ILLUSTRATED STORIES AND POEMS

FOR

LITTLE PEOPLE.

WILLIAM T. ADAMS
(OLIVER OPTIC),
Editor.

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CONTENTS.

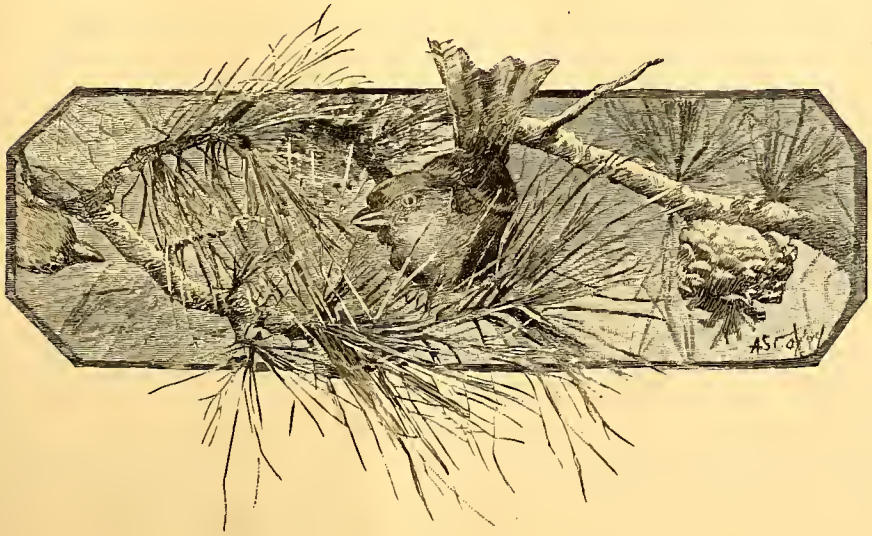
Subjects.	Authors.	Page.
A Paper House	*Nina Stevens Shaw*	15
A Small Guide	*Clara G. Dolliver*	17
A Queer Birthday-Present	*V. S. B.*	28
A Gossip with the Moon	*R. W. Lowrie*	32
A Funny Dinner	*Otto Brey*	64
A Message from Santa Claus	*Egbert G. Bangs*	79
A Christmas Ride Fifty Years ago	*F. P. Chaplin*	82
A Christmas Hymn	*V. Stuart Mosby*	84
A Riding Bear	*Jennie S. Judson*	125
A Turtle Ship	*Kham*	164
April	*L. B. C.*	167
A New Use for Clothes-pins	*Mrs. M. N. Sanford*	178
A New Cure	*Mrs. Frances Smith*	184
A Small Philosopher	*Lucy Willing*	220
A Race and who won it	*Louise R. Baker*	221
A Fairy Cradle	*Mrs. Mary Johnson*	228
A Chicken with a Wooden Leg	*Aunt Estelle*	286
All about a Big Wave	*Joanna Staats*	304
August	*L. B. C.*	307
A Land Voyage	*C. Emma Cheney*	318
After the Shower	*George Cooper*	320
A Curious Traveller	*Julia P. Ballard*	356
A Piece of Sponge	*Mrs. G. Hall*	358
Autumn	*An Illustration*	384
Betsy Jane	*F. P. Chaplin*	30
Bears at School	*Lucy R. Fleming*	48
Bubbles	*E. S. T.*	96
Betty's Playthings	*Virginia C. Hollis*	251

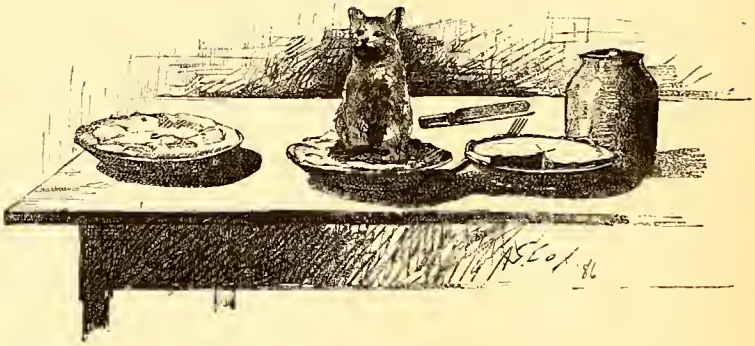
Subjects.	Authors.	Page.
Building the Nest	*Elizabeth A. Davis*	252
Building a Rockery	*R. W. Lowrie*	360
Bess	*Robert Ogden Fowler*	378
Bumble-bees	*Marian Douglas*	382
Caught in their own Trap	*M. C. W. B.*	140
December	*L. B. C.*	43
Eddie to the Moon	*Nellie M. Garabrant*	56
Ernestine's Tooth	*Anna M. Pratt*	92
Edgar's Soldier Lesson	*C. Bell*	122
Ever so many Hats	*Alice D. Churchill*	342
Frankie's Letter, No. 1	*Frankie*	7
Fishing for Birds	*Mrs. Frances Smith*	54
Frankie's Letter, No. 2	*Frankie*	57
" " " 3	"	91
Five Cents for Candy	*Blanche Douglass*	115
Frankie's Letter, No. 4	*Frankie*	113
February	*L. B. C.*	121
Freddie's Valentine	*M. D. H.*	127
Frankie's Letter, No. 5	*Frankie*	139
Flowers that love the Sun	*Mrs. G. Hall*	170
Frankie's Letter, No. 6	*Frankie*	180
Flowers that hide from the Sun	*Mrs. G. Hall*	210
Frankie's Letter, No. 7	*Frankie*	211
Fred's Stolen Ride	*Florence B. Hallowell*	218
Frankie's Letter, No. 8	*Frankie*	238
Freshening Fish	*Florence B. Hallowell*	260
Four Little Bobolinks	*Amanda M. Douglas*	274
Frankie's Letter, No. 9	*Frankie*	278
" " " 10	"	301
" " " 11	"	337
Frisky	*Katie Kyle*	346
Frankie's Letter, No. 12	*Frankie*	369
Guinea Eggs	*Pink Hunter*	8
Grandma's Surprise	*Mrs. D. P. Sanford*	35
Grandma's Christmas Gifts	*Christine Stephens*	73
Grandmother's Story	*J. D. E.*	144
How Doll got through the Snow	*Kham*	76
How Nan earned Christmas Money	*Christine Stephens*	86
Helen's Birthday	*Anna M. Pratt*	106
How Grandpa kindled the Fire	*Kate True*	118
How the Babies rode	*Emma C. Dowd*	147
How we Girls helped	*A. M.*	158

Subjects.	Authors.	Page.
How Noah's Ark went to School	*J. K. Ludlum*	204
How Tom took Care of Dot	*Katie Kyle*	212
Hawks and Hollyhocks	*Lavinia S. Goodwin*	214
How Tot went to the Park	*Lizzie May Sherwood*	280
Haying Time	*L. A. France*	291
How George ran away	*C. Emma Cheney*	374
I wonder if Baby ever thinks	*R. W. L.*	137
Isadore's Goat	*Ellen L. Knox*	323
January, 1888	*L. B. C.*	75
Jessie and the Goat	*Mrs. C. O. Harrington*	196
June	*L. B. C.*	237
July	*L. B. C.*	268
Jodie's Mistake	*Mrs. S. M. H. Gardner*	308
Little Christmas Carollers	*L. A. France*	67
Little May's Jewels	*George S. Burleigh*	195
Lucy's New Shoes	*Katy Kyle*	269
Motherless Dollies	*H. G. L.*	37
Mother's Story of Christmas	*Katharine Hull*	88
My Valentine	*Mary McGuire*	99
March	*Sydney Dayre*	131
Mollie and her Kid	*Anna M. Pratt*	152
March	*L. B. C.*	157
Mistress Kitty	*Emma C. Dowd*	177
May	*L. B. C.*	217
Mamma's Good-Night	*Eudora G. Bumstead*	316
Miss Flippety Floppet	*Emma L. Cass*	355
Mrs. Bussfuss's Party	*Louise Thrush*	370
Nannie's Gift	*C. G. D.*	22
November	*L. B. C.*	27
Not at Home	*Kham*	40
Nell's Idea of the Stars	*May M. Anderson*	50
Night-Flowers	*Mrs. G. Hall*	192
Nissie at the Lake	*S. A. E. Crowe*	338
Our Pet Goat	*E. L. F. P.*	58
One Christmas Night	*Katharine Hull*	68
Our Baby Year	*Emma C. Dowd*	72
Our Brigand	" "	163
On the Race-Course	*Francis Coe*	171
Only with Me	*Geo. S. Burleigh*	294
Out in the Wind	*Christine Stephens*	313
Only a Cricket chirping away	*Elizabeth A. Davis*	367
October	*L. B. C.*	373

Subjects.	Authors.	Page.
Pictures of Baby Lou	*Virginia C. Hollis*	3
Playing Mother	*George Cooper*	5
Peter the Cobbler	*E. M. Chapman*	53
Prince Charles's Lesson	*Kham*	102
Polly's Pupil	*Sydney Dayre*	147
Playing Noah's Ark	*Uncle Felix*	174
Prompt Payment	*Catharine S. Holmes*	187
Pretty Polly	*S. Fanny Gerry Wilder*	200
Playing Station	*Florence B. Hallowell*	241
Pie-Town	*George Cooper*	299
Patty and the Butterfly	*Aunt Olive*	377
Robby in the Tunnel	*Ellen S. Knox*	364
Sing Fan	*Clara G. Dolliver*	13
Seven Little Pigeons	*Gussie P. DuBois*	114
Sue's Dandelion Greens	*Mary A. Sawyer*	206
Spring	*Emma C. Dowd*	231
Sammy's Boat	*Pink Hunter*	235
Sugaring Off	*Clara Doty Bates*	244
Sensitive Plants	*Mrs. G. Hall*	247
Shep's Celebration	*E. L. V.*	271
Summer Days	*An Illustration*	285
September	*L. B. C.*	331
September	*An Illustration*	345
The Silhouette Party	*Mrs. O. Howard*	10
The Wild Geese	*Marian Douglas*	20
The Turkey Buzzard	*Mrs. O. Howard*	24
Tommy's Cart-load of Biscuits	*Tommy's Mamma*	44
The Milkman's Horse	*A. M.*	100
The Scissors-Grinder	*L. A. France*	104
The Snow Castle	*Kham*	110
The Pop Family	*Penn Andinck*	134
Three Little Maids from Canada	*An Illustration*	151
The Creepmouse	*Anna M. Pratt*	142
The Story of the Gander	*E. M. A.*	154
The First Snow-Storm	*Mrs. Annie D. Bell*	168
Tobogganning	*Laura Bell*	181
The Shipwreck of November	*G. E. W.*	188
The Funny Man from Funny-Land	*Marion Manville*	190
The Bird's Baby-Show	*George Cooper*	202
Teddy and Joe	*Agnes G. Gray*	209
The Sea's Harvest	*Lavinia S. Goodwin*	227
The Red Dragon	*Clara G. Dolliver*	232
The Three Little Goosey Goslings	*E. Annette Hills*	239
The Little Dairy Maid	*Robert Ogden Fowler*	248
The Dodder Whip	*Julia P. Ballard*	254
The Fourth of July	*A. S. Cox*	259

Subjects.	Authors.	Page.
To be Sunny	*A. B.*	263
The Fire-Cracker	*M. A. Haley*	265
The Flamingo	*Mrs. G. Hall*	277
The Cricket and the Worms	" "	279
The Pansie's Secret	*Jennie S. Judson*	282
Tenting Out	*Christine Stephens*	283
The New Ferry-Boat	*Lizzie May Sherwood*	292
The Home-made Horse	*M. E. N. Hatheway*	296
The Chimney Swallow	*Marian Douglas*	302
The Singing Miee	*Elizabeth A. Davis*	326
The Crow Thief	*Katie Kyle*	328
The Helpful Boy	*F. P. Chaplin*	332
The Chick and the Duck	*Clara G. Dolliver*	334
The Yoked Kittens	*Helen C. Larned*	351
The Basket Boy	*Pink Hunter*	362
What the Snow did	*George Cooper*	46
What Roots are for	*Mrs. G. Hall*	63
What happened to Lloyd's Toad	*Emma C. Dowd*	132
What the Blue Eyed Grass saw	*Annie E. Jerome*	234
What Lady is She	*George Cooper*	264
Who is He	*C. Bell*	306
When I'm a Man	*A. Giddings Park*	310
Wind Songs	*Geo. S. Burleigh*	340
What I would do	*Annie Douglas Bell*	348
What Insects are good for	*Mrs. G. Hall*	380





LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Illustrative Department under the direction of Mr. GEORGE T. ANDREW.

No.	Subjects.	Artists.	Page.
1.	Pictures of Baby Lou (full page).	*H. Winthrop Peirce*	2
2.	"What a pretty picture"	" "	3
3.	"What a sad picture"	" "	4
4.	"The picture of peace now"	" "	4
5.	"Out on the porch"	*Maud Humphrey*	5
6.	"I'll be the mother"	" "	6
7.	"Write a letter to you every month"	*Jessie McDermott*	7
8.	"Saw her take an iron spoon"	*W. L. Sheppard*	8
9.	"A nest hidden under some bushes"	" "	9
10.	"A bright flame covered the mass"	*W. St. J. Harper*	10
11.	"A little bent figure came"	" "	11
12.	"The old woman that swept"	" "	11
13.	"Jack and Jill"	" "	11
14.	"Little Bo-peep"	" "	11
15.	"Little Miss Muffet"	" "	12
16.	"His name is Sing Fan"	*J. H. Snow*	13
17.	"One summer in my porch"	*Parker Hayden*	15
18.	"When we hear the wasps humming"	" "	16
19.	"A bright, black-eyed little boy"	*H. Winthrop Peirce*	17
20.	"A number of naughty boys came up"	" "	18
21.	"The wild geese going by" (full page)	*Irene E. Jerome*	21
22.	"She passed a candy store every day"	*Minnie L. Kirk*	22
23.	"Nannie's eyes opened wide"	" "	23
24.	"The buzzard is a kind of vulture"	*J. Oliver Nugent*	25
25.	"Sitting with their wings half open"	" "	25
26.	"Picketed the bird near his door"	" "	26
27.	November (full page)	*Lizbeth B. Comins*	27

No.	Subjects.	Artists.	Page.
28.	"Here in these Florida woods"	*Parker Hayden*	28
29.	"It was a land-turtle"	" "	28
30.	"When I found him in the pit"	" "	29
31.	"Her home was a large wire cage"	*C. Hirschberg*	30
32.	"In a pier-glass she could arrange her feathers"	" "	31
33.	"I met the moon the other night"	*H. P. Barnes*	32
34.	"Lilla put the doll's wig on his head"	*H. Winthrop Peirce*	34
35.	"Their mothers are not here"	*Maud Humphrey*	37
36.	"Cried until their eyes were red"	" "	38
37.	"You have torn your new dress"	*C. Hirschberg*	40
38.	"Ben played camel for the dolls"	" "	41
39.	"Your laughing face"	*Lizbeth B. Comins*	43
40.	"Dear St. Nick is nigh"	" "	43
41.	"He has a little red cart"	*F. T. Merrill*	44
42.	"No one came but a little dog"	" "	45
43.	"Mother's boy, and her rosy joy"	*H. P. Barnes*	47
44.	"You have changed him so"	" "	47
45.	Bears at School (title)	*H. M. Beal*	48
46.	"All the boys and girls ran"	" "	48
47.	"Where the dinner pails and baskets were kept"	" "	49
48.	"Held bottles of milk in their paws"	" "	49
49.	"With grandma knitting"	*Minnie L. Kirk*	51
50.	"Why, that is old Peter" (full page)	*C. Hirschberg*	53
51.	"We could draw her on board"	*W. L. Sheppard*	54
52.	"Just like a sickle thin"	*Maud Humphrey*	56
53.	"I fell flat on my face"	*Jessie McDermott*	57
54.	"And stand by the stove"	*C. Hirschberg*	58
55.	"Walk up to a passing baby carriage"	" "	59
56.	"In front of the long mirror"	" "	60
57.	"A gig in which Eddie could ride"	" "	61
58.	What Roots are for (full page)	*Parker Hayden*	62
59.	"All roots have little mouths"	" "	63
60.	"Is bird's nest soup"	*W. L. Sheppard*	64
61.	Little Christmas Carollers (full page)	*Maud Humphrey*	66
62.	"One Christmas night"	*W. St. J. Harper*	68
63.	"A small child erouching"	*W. St. J. Harper*	68
64.	"Around a beautiful green tree"	" "	69
65.	"She was growing very, very sleepy"	" "	70
66.	"Together they flew up to the shining stars"	" "	71
67.	"Welcome, sweet Baby Year"	*Maud Humphrey*	72
68.	"To see them skim over the hard crust"	*E. W. McDowell*	73
69.	January. 1888 (full page)	*Lizbeth B. Comins*	75
70.	How Doll got through (title)	*H. M. Beal*	76
71.	"She could walk upon the snow"	" "	77
72.	"A pony on snow shoes"	" "	78
73.	A Message to Santa Claus (full page)	*Edith F. Foster*	79
74.	"October saw the red leaves fall"	" "	80
75.	"In leaden-skied December"	" "	81

No.	Subjects.	Artists.	Page.
76.	"They travelled in a sleigh"	*J. Steeple Davis*	82
77.	"Sang together the song of the long ago"	*Jessie C. Shepherd*	85
78.	"The little girl hard at work"	*F. T. Merrill*	86
79.	"Took them down to the hotel"	" "	87
80.	"Such a baby as this"	*J. H. Hatfield*	88
81.	"One winter's night"	" "	89
82.	"Telling a beautiful story"	" "	89
83.	"Jesus was once a baby, too"	" "	89
84.	"I had to stay in bed all day"	*Jessie McDermott*	91
85.	"I'm so mis'able"	*Maud Humphrey*	92
86.	"Her mother felt the tooth"	" "	93
87.	"It wasn't so bad, after all"	" "	94
88.	"Bubbles is a boy"	*Miss E. S. Tucker*	96
89.	"Shows him pictures new"	" "	96
90.	My Valentine (full page)	*Maud Humphrey*	98
91.	The Milkman's Horse (title)	*H. M. Beal*	100
92.	"A man went into the road to stop him"	" "	100
93.	"When he came near the trough"	" "	101
94.	"Prince seized the broomstick"	*W. L. Sheppard*	102
95.	The Scissors-Grinder (full page)	*J. H. Snow*	105
96.	"Admit one to the barn"	*Maud Humphrey*	106
97.	"Out came Mother Goose"	" "	107
98.	"She sat down on a tuffet"	" "	108
99.	"Bo-Peep looking for her sheep"	" "	109
100.	"It snowed all one day"	*H. P. Barnes*	110
101.	"What a splendid house it will make"	" "	111
102.	"Elephants, lions, and camels"	*Jessie McDermott*	113
103.	"The elephant in his letter"	" "	113
104.	Seven Little Pigeons (title)	*H. P. Barnes*	114
105.	"To the golden West"	" "	114
106.	"Two flew South"	" "	114
107.	"Two flew North"	" "	115
108.	"One left alone"	" "	115
109.	"Handed her five bright pennies"	*Minnie L. Kirk*	116
110.	"I don't want the candy now"	" "	117
111.	How Grandpa kindled the Fire (title)	*H. M. Beal*	118
112.	"Big, deep fireplaces" (initial)	" "	118
113.	"A good many years ago"	" "	118
114.	"Packed into ox-wagons"	" "	119
115.	"Fired right into the middle of it"	" "	120
116.	February (full page)	*Lizbeth B. Comins*	121
117.	"Carried him gently to his chamber"	*Julia Robinson*	122
118.	"Where he could see them"	" "	124
119.	"To draw a small wagon"	*Carl Hirschberg*	125
120.	"On the back of a monster bear"	" "	125
121.	"And sometimes playful"	" "	126
122.	"He would go into the water"	" "	126
123.	"He was dressed in his new suit"	*F. T. Merrill*	127

No.	Subjects.	Artists.	Page.
124.	"There he was, pants and all"	*F. T. Merrill*	128
125.	March (full page)	*Louis Meynelle*	130
126.	"Pulling his skin up over his head"	*W. L. Sheppard*	133
127.	"They were carried into the kitchen"	*Maud Humphrey*	134
128.	"Swept out of doors" (full page)	" "	135
129.	"I wonder if baby ever thinks"	*Jessie C. Shepherd*	137
130.	"I wonder if baby ever laughs"	" "	136
131.	"The time to wake and rub her eyes"	" "	136
132.	"We met a little boy"	*Jessie McDermott*	139
133.	"Let's make a fire and roast 'em out	*F. T. Merrill*	140
134.	"How those boys did sweat"	" "	141
135.	"When baby in the morning"	*Miss E. S. Tucker*	142
136.	"Creep-mouse, creep"	" "	142
137.	"Our farm"	*H. M. Beal*	144
138.	Grandmother's Story (title)	" "	144
139.	"And milk my pail full"	" "	145
140.	"A black snake!"	" "	146
141.	"And how did they ride?"	*F. T. Merrill*	147
142.	"A perverse little lassie"	*Julia Robinson*	149
143.	"Now play I was Polly"	" "	150
144.	Three Little Maids from Canada	*Miss E. S. Tucker*	151
145.	"Nannie in a crotch" (full page)	*Carl Hirschberg*	153
146.	"So tight she could not move"	" "	154
147.	"Came a gander" (initial)	*F. W. Freer*	154
148.	"After Amy is tucked into her little bed"	" "	155
149.	"He caught up a stick"	" "	156
150.	March (full page)	*Lizbeth B. Comins*	157
151.	How we Girls Helped (title)	*J. H. Hatfield and Alfred Matthews*	158
152.	"As a wandering Italian family"	*J. H. Hatfield and Alfred Matthews*	158
153.	"Maggie at the hospital"	*J. H. Hatfield and Alfred Matthews*	159
154.	"This answer for an organ"	*J. H. Hatfield and Alfred Matthews*	159
155.	"Every one laughed to see us"	*J. H. Hatfield and Alfred Matthews*	160
156.	Our Brigand (full page)	*J. Steeple Davis*	162
157.	A Turtle Ship (title)	*H. M. Beal*	164
158.	"You could not fly like a crane"	" "	164
159.	"He tumbled over and over"	" "	165
160.	"On the turtle's back stood a crane"	" "	166
161.	April (full page)	*Lizbeth B. Comins*	167
162.	"Many wonderful plants grew wild"	*Louis Maynelle*	168
163.	"He was very generous with his sleigh"	" "	169
164.	"Some flowers love the sunlight"	*Mrs. G. Hall*	170
165.	"His steed a rocking pacer"	*F. T. Merrill*	171
166.	"Kitty is postilion"	" "	172

No.	Subjects.	Artists.	Page.
167.	"All driven à-la-tandem"	*F. T. Merrill*	173
168.	Playing Noah's Ark (full page)	*H. Winthrop Peirce*	175
169.	"Mistress Kitty, dainty and pretty"	*Julia Robinson*	177
170.	"With thirteen dollies"	" "	177
171.	"Two talking pollies"	" "	177
172.	"And pussy-cats all in a row"	" "	177
173.	A New Use for Clothespins (title)	*Edith F. Foster*	178
174.	"Held up one of the clothes-pins"	" "	178
175.	"Pinched by a clothes-pin"	" "	179
176.	"Mrs. President knelt down"	*Jessie McDermott*	180
177.	"Rockets are flashing"	*J. H. Hatfield*	181
178.	"Bonfires are glowing"	" "	181
179.	"Down the steep snow-slide"	" "	181
180.	"And wondrous starlight"	" "	182
181.	"Light from a realm of dreams"	" "	183
182.	"A very bad habit of crying"	*Maud Humphrey*	185
183.	"Sew on your hair!"	" "	186
184.	"If I pay you in kisses"	" "	187
185.	The Shipwreck of November (title)	*H. M. Beal*	188
186.	"Sailing it on the river"	" "	188
187.	"As fast as he could fly over the bridge"	" "	189
188.	"He tells of 'Goo, ah Goo'"	*F. T. Merrill*	190
189.	The Funny Man from Funny-Land (title)	" "	190
190.	"Flowers that never see the sun"	*H. P. Barnes*	192
191.	Little May's jewels (full page)	*Miss E. S. Tucker*	194
192.	"Mr. Rawson's goat was pastured there"	" "	196
193.	"Climbing upon the fence"	*Carl Hirschberg*	197
194.	"Lying buried in the deep grass"	" "	198
195.	"She was completely hidden"	" "	199
196.	"When the family were eating"	*Miss V. D. Prentiss*	200
197.	"Climbed up on the bed"	" "	201
198.	The Bird's Baby-Show (full page)	*Irene E. Jerome*	203
199.	"She picked him up in her arms"	*H. P. Barnes*	204
200.	Sue's Dandelion Greens (title)	*J. H. Snow*	206
201.	"Sue opened the gate"	" "	207
202.	"Sue and the boy worked"	" "	208
203.	"Joe the professor and Teddy the boy"	*F. T. Merrill*	209
204.	"How fond some flowers are of the sunlight"	*Louis Meynelle*	210
205.	"He is a Chinese nobleman"	*Jessie McDermott*	211
206.	How Tom took care of Dot (title)	*L. D. Norton*	212
207.	"He began to rock the boat"	" "	212
208.	"Safe in their arms again"	" "	213
209.	"That large one watching for a chance"	*Edith F. Foster*	214
210.	"Standing soberly among the hollyhocks"	" "	215
211.	"Hollyhocks and chickens"	" "	216
212.	May (full page)	*Lizbeth B. Comins*	217
213.	"Fred sat down on the front steps"	*J. H. Hatfield*	218
214.	"A woman he had never seen before"	" "	219

No.	Subjects.	Artists.	Page.
215.	"Teddy's blue eyes sparkled"	*Maud Humphrey*	220
216.	A Race and who won it (title)	*H. M. Beal*	221
217.	"And away they ran"	" "	222
218.	"Tossed the boy over his head"	" "	223
219.	"Jack the donkey whinnied"	" "	224
220.	The Sea's Harvest (full page)	*Edmund H. Garrett*	226
221.	"Robbie found some queer things"	*Miss E. S. Tucker*	229
222.	"And carried him the flowers"	" "	230
223.	Spring (full page)	*Edith F. Foster*	231
224.	The Red Dragon (title)	*F. T. Merrill*	232
225.	"Looked up at the dragon"	" "	233
226.	What the Blue-eyed Grass saw (title)	*Irene E. Jerome*	234
227.	"Dame Nature holds the bell"	" "	234
228.	Sammy's Boat (title)	*L. D. Norton*	235
229.	"Sitting as usual on the shore"	" "	236
230.	"A fishing-boat came up"	" "	236
231.	June (full page)	*Lizbeth B. Comins*	237
232.	"Pet and I have got the measles"	*Jessie McDermott*	238
233.	"I look just like this"	" "	238
234.	"'Come with me,' said the gray goose"	*Parker Hayden*	239
235.	"The old goose flapped her wings"	" "	240
236.	"Nurse put him in the hammock"	*J. H. Hatfield*	242
237.	"The two little boys began to laugh"	" "	243
238.	"A tree was bored with an auger"	" "	245
239.	"Nobody else but Connie"	" "	245
240.	"Over the kitchen fire"	" "	245
241.	"Some plants do not like to be touched"	*H. P. Barnes*	246
242.	The Little Dairy Maid (full page)	*Alice Hirschberg*	249
243.	Betty's Playthings (initial)	*F. W. Freer*	250
244.	"I like my doll and carriage"	" "	250
245.	"In which she had a little pig"	" "	251
246.	Building the Nest (full page)	*Louis Meynelle*	253
247.	The Dodder Whip (title)	*Miss E. S. Tucker*	254
248.	"Frank lay on the wolf-rug"	" "	255
249.	The Fourth of July (full page)	*A. S. Cox*	258
250.	Freshening Fish (title)	*L. D. Norton*	260
251.	"You needn't buy any meat, mamma"	" "	261
252.	"Oh, papa, they're gone"	" "	262
253.	To be Sunny (full page)	*A. Brennan*	263
254.	"All the day she haunts the garden"	*H. P. Barnes*	264
255.	The Fire-Cracker (full page)	*H. Winthrop Peirce*	266
256.	July (full page)	*Lizbeth B. Comins*	268
257.	"A beautiful pair of new shoes"	*Miss V. D. Prentiss*	269
258.	"She was very proud of them"	" "	270
259.	"Shep's master kept a livery stable"	*H. M. Beal*	271
260.	"He would go quite up to the cannon"	" "	272
261.	"There he staid for a number of days"	" "	273
262.	"In a cradle dainty and fine"	*Parker Hayden*	274

No.	Subjects.	Artists.	Page.
263.	"Rob goes by with a whistle gay"	*Parker Hayden*	274
264.	"No match for mother-eare"	" "	275
265.	"What a beautiful bird"	*Carl Hirschberg*	277
266.	"Catch all the worms and small frogs"	" "	277
267.	"I play all day on the beach"	*Jessie McDermott*	278
268.	"On the bough of a small mulberry"	*H. P. Barnes*	279
269.	"And look after Tot and baby besides"	" "	281
270.	The Pansies' Secret	" "	282
271.	"To let them sleep out in a tent"	*H. W. Tucker*	283
272.	"It was only the great black pig"	" "	284
273.	Summer Days (full page)	*Miss C. A. Northam*	285
274.	"Adam made a wooden leg"	*Parker Hayden*	286
275.	"The rooster put on far more airs"	" "	287
276.	Haying Time (full page)	*Miss E. S. Tucker*	290
277.	"The new ferry-boat was an old skiff"	*A. Buhler*	292
278.	"Over he went backwards"	" "	293
279.	"She sat alone on a mossy stone"	*Jessie C. Shepherd*	295
280.	"A merry chipmunk"	" "	295
281.	"She had to search all her drawers"	*Minnie L. Kirk*	296
282.	"Harry sprang upon the horse's back"	" "	297
283.	"Who is the king?"	*Maud Humphrey*	299
284.	"Where do they walk?"	" "	300
285.	"Three children came to my party"	*Jessie McDermott*	301
286.	"The wide old house was damp and chill"	*H. P. Barnes*	302
287.	"On the hearth we dared not light a fire"	" "	302
288.	"On the peacock's plumes they swung"	" "	303
289.	"Harold and Marjorie were playing horse"	*J. Steeple Davis*	304
290.	"With a splash it went all over him"	" "	305
291.	"Who is that man?"	*H. P. Barnes*	306
292.	August (full page)	*Lizbeth B. Comins*	307
293.	"Down a beautiful cañon"	*Parker Hayden*	308
294.	"His mamma was standing beside him"	" "	309
295.	"When I'm a grown-up man"	*Carl Hirschberg*	311
296.	"Is kissed and put to bed"	" "	312
297.	"She caught it down"	*C. Meute*	313
298.	"Up went the parasol"	" "	314
299.	"Baby's bed shall be soft and white"	*Louis Meynelle*	316
300.	"Some children found an empty barrel"	*L. H. Burr*	318
301.	"Lightly floating on the waves"	" "	319
302.	After the shower	*H. P. Barnes*	320
303.	"Cat-birds from the bushes cry"	" "	320
304.	"Come! the rain is over"	" "	320
305.	Isadore's Goat (full page)	*Carl Hirschberg*	322
306.	"He was in a fight with that stuffed head"	" "	324
307.	"He could run up stairs"	" "	325
308.	"Any poor little mouse"	*F. S. Church*	326
309.	"They fancied they must learn to sing"	" "	327
310.	"Thought she would have a nap"	*A. Buhler*	329

No.	Subjects.	Artists.	Page.
311.	"Had hung it on the apple-tree"	*A. Buhler*	330
312.	September (full page)	*Lizbeth B. Comins*	331
313.	The Helpful Boy (title)	*L. D. Norton*	332
314.	"Learned how to use many tools"	" "	332
315.	"For Jimmy Gale"	" "	333
316.	"With giddy young ducks"	*Carl Hirschberg*	334
317.	"I never have learned to swim"	" "	335
318.	"He walked on the perilous rim"	" "	336
319.	"I am going to school now"	*Jessie McDermott*	337
320.	"The child was sitting down in the water"	*A. Buhler*	338
321.	"She had a nice time digging wells"	" "	339
322.	Wind Songs (title)	*H. P. Barnes*	340
323.	"I'm shaking the trees, lad"	" "	340
324.	"And the squirrel laughs"	" "	340
325.	"Up, ho! 'tis spring!"	" "	341
326.	"Haste, my mariner!"	" "	341
327.	"That Zephyr has taught the bees"	" "	341
328.	Ever so many Hats (title)	*H. M. Beal*	342
329.	"Don had chewed up his hat"	" "	343
330.	"So Robby had five hats"	" "	344
331.	September (full page)	*Lizbeth B. Comins*	345
332.	"Give Frisky a bath in a tub"	*Carl Hirschberg*	346
333.	"Harry had to carry him home"	" "	347
334.	What I would do (full page)	*Louis Meynelle*	349
335.	"Hitched them into a small ox-cart"	*F. T. Merrill*	351
336.	"The little kittens darted up the first tree"	" "	352
337.	Miss Flippetty Floppet (full page)	*Carl Hirschberg*	354
338.	A Curious Traveller (title)	*A. Buhler*	356
339.	"Prettier than your flowers"	" "	356
340.	"One straight stem, five branches"	" "	357
341.	"Some of the far-away seas"	" "	358
342.	"It is not easy to catch them"	" "	359
343.	Building a Rockery (full page)	*Elizabeth S. Tucker*	361
344.	"He made baskets"	*H. W. Tucker*	362
345.	"And put the apples into it"	" "	363
346.	Robby in the Tunnel (title)	*H. M. Beal*	364
347.	"We rolled some big sewer-pipes"	" "	364
348.	"When we got out there"	" "	365
349.	"He looked just like a turtle"	" "	366
350.	"In the fading light of autumn day"	*Parker Hayden*	367
351.	"And the grasses dry"	" "	368
352.	"We will drop the letter"	*Jessie McDermott*	369
353.	"This is the night of the party"	*Carl Hirschberg*	370
354.	"The fun for the dolls began"	" "	371
355.	"Two great fiery eyes"	" "	372
356.	"The kitten curled itself up"	" "	372
357.	October (full page)	*Lizbeth B. Comins*	373
358.	"As he went down the steps"	*L. H. Burr*	375

No.	Subjects.	Artists.	Page
359.	"I don't want to run away"	*L. H. Burr*	376
360.	"Into the garden to pick some flowers"	*H. P. Barnes*	377
361.	"My prettiest flower has got wings"	" "	377
362.	"Bess is a sweet little miss"	*Louis Meynelle*	378
363.	"Bess plucked me a rose"	" "	379
364.	"In Africa people eat ants"	*Parker Hayden*	380
365.	"The large white ants, or termites"	" "	381
366.	Bumble-Bees (title)	*H. P. Barnes*	382
367.	"And brightest are the summer hours"	" "	383
368.	Autumn (full page)	*Elizabeth S. Tucker*	384



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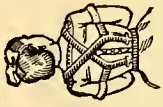
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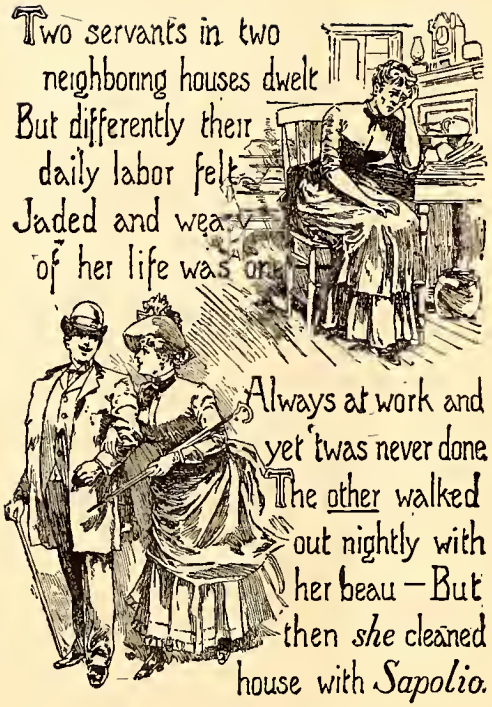
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CONTENTS.

		PAGE
A GREAT DAY IN PARIS (Illustrated by Edmund H. Garrett.)	OLIVER OPTIC	3
WONDERLAND (Illustrated by Parker Hayden.)	ANNIE DOUGLAS BELL	5
PET IN THE COUNTRY—I (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott.)	J. McD	7
WHERE THE CANDLES GO (Illustrated by Louis Meynelle.)	MATTIE B. BANKS	9
THE LITTLE ACTORS (Illustrated by A. S. Cox.)	A. S. C	10
A GOOD GIANT (Illustrated by H. P. Barnes.)	GEORGE COOPER	14
EVA'S DANCING LESSON (Illustrated by Louis Meynelle.)	PENN ANDINCK	16
THE LADY OF THE TRICYCLE (Illustrated by Carl Hirschberg.)	LAVINIA S. GOODWIN	18
BETSY'S DOOR PLATE (Illustrated by Miss V. D. Prentiss.)	M. A. HALEY	20
ROVER'S STORY (Illustrated by Carl Hirschberg.)	AUNTIE MAY	22
THE CHAMOIS MOTHER (Illustrated by Carl Hirschberg.)	MRS. MARY JOHNSON	24
JACK AND THE PARASOL (Illustrated by L. D. Norton.)	AUNT IDA	26
SEE-SAW (Illustrated by Minnie L. Kirk.)	AMANDA M. DOUGLAS	28
LITTLE JOE'S TEMPTATION (Illustrated by H. W. Tucker.)	CHRISTINE STEPHENS	30

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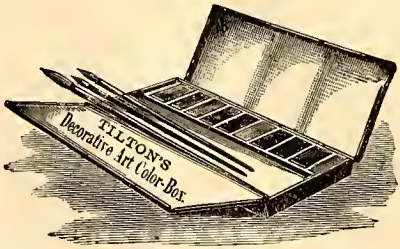


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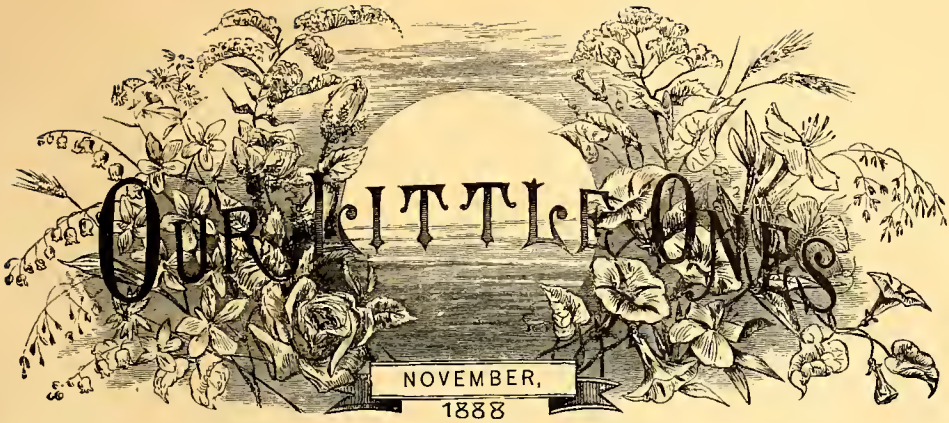
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JARDIN D'ACCLIMATATION



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A GREAT DAY IN PARIS.

FRED BARNES and his sister Ella were living with their father and mother at the Hôtel du Mont Blanc, in Paris.

"Where is Fred?" asked Mr. Barnes.

"Here I am!" shouted that young gentleman, coming out of the dining-room, holding a paper bag, which Maria, the waitress, had filled with pieces of bread.

A carriage was engaged, and Mr. Barnes, who spoke French, told the coachman to drive on.

"This is the Fourteenth of July, which is the Fourth of July of France. Ninety-nine years ago to-day the people of Paris captured the Bastile, — a great prison where men who were against the rulers were kept. This was the beginning of the French Revolution. The people have celebrated the event to this day."

"Is it Independence Day?" asked Ella.

"It is called the Fête Nationale."

"We are in the Champs Elysée now. On the other side of the river is the Champ de Mars, where about thirty thousand soldiers will be reviewed this afternoon," continued Mr. Barnes.

When the carriage came to the Arc de Triomphe it turned to the left, and soon passed into the Bois de Boulogne, which is the great park of Paris.

It is a very beautiful place, and for an hour the family rode through its grand avenues, looked at the two lakes, with bridges and boats, saw the waterfall, and ate ice-cream in the Swiss cottage.

At last they came to the Jardin d'Acclimatation. This is a big word, and the children did not understand it.

"The name in English would be the Garden of Acclimation," said Mr. Barnes.

"I don't know what that means any better," pouted Fred.

"Acclimate means to get used to the climate, as you would have to do if we moved to Cuba. They bring plants and animals here from all parts of the world, and get them used to the climate of Paris, if they can."

They left the carriage, and took a queer horse-car to the middle of the garden. Here they were much pleased.

Mr. Barnes took Ella, and Mrs. Barnes, Fred. It required several hours to see all the strange creatures, and to visit the stables where the finest cows are kept, the milk from which is sold in the city.

There was an elephant with a houdah, or car, on his back, in which were six children. The funniest turnout was a buggy drawn by an ostrich, with two ladies and two children in it.

Patient camels, with little boys and girls on their backs, amused Fred. He and his sister rode on the elephant, in the ostrich buggy, and after a team of deer.

At one of the ponds they fed the swans with the bread Maria had given them. Though they were very tired by this time, it was hard work for papa and mamma to get them into the carriage.

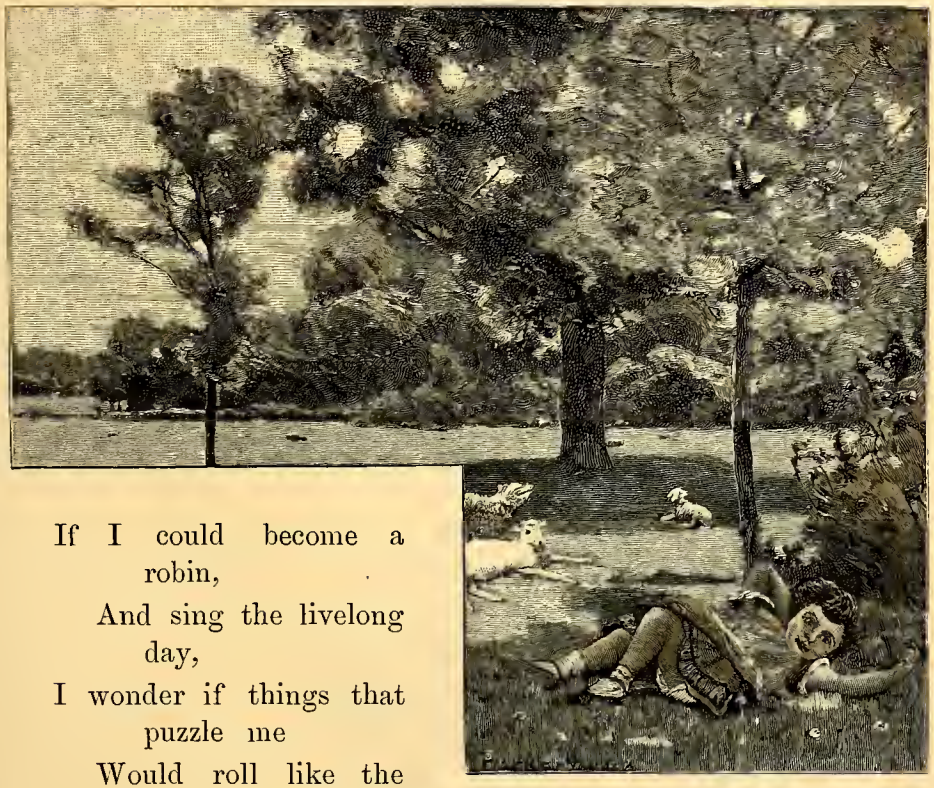
They rested till nine o'clock, when papa took them to see the dancing in the Rue de Buci. The music was very lively, and a gentleman asked any lady he saw to dance with him on the pavement.

In the Boulevard St. Michael they saw all the trees hung with paper lanterns, of a red and yellow color, so that they looked like big oranges. By this time they were tired enough to go to bed.

OLIVER OPTIC.

WONDERLAND.

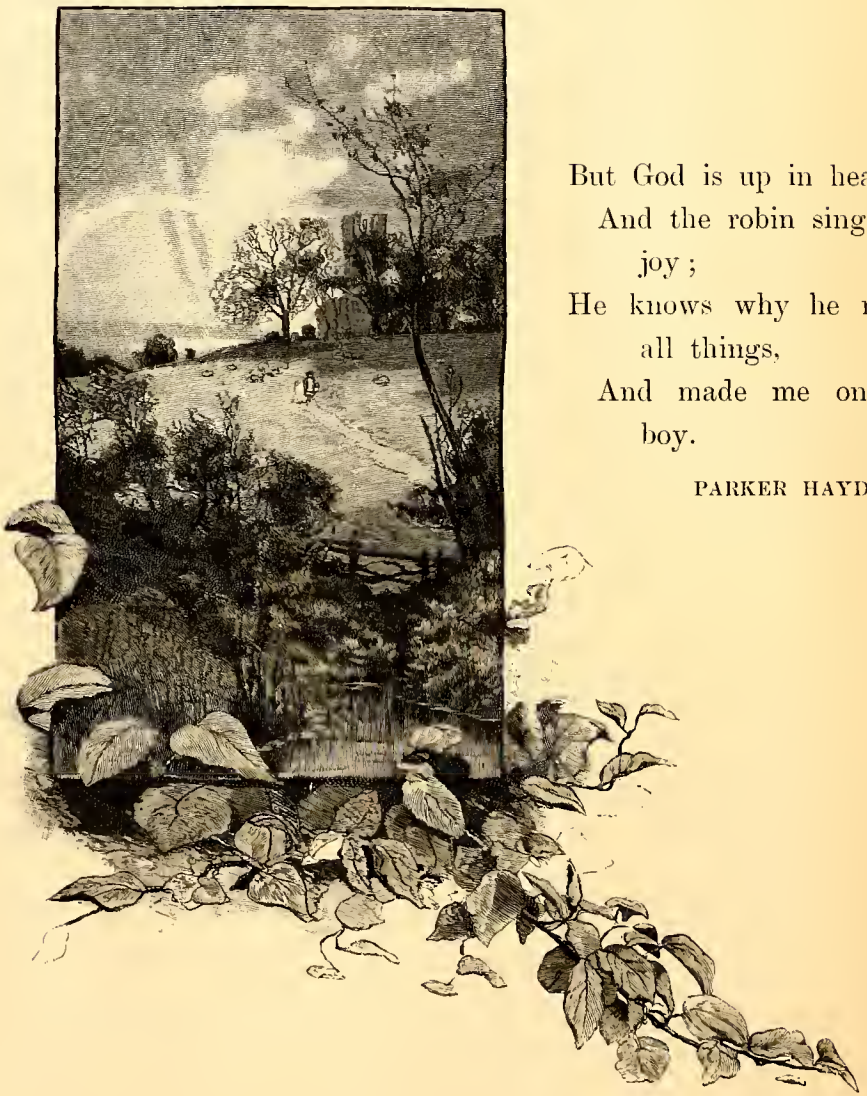
Above in the tree sings a robin,
I lie here on the ground;
I wonder how he learned that song,
And where his wings he found.



If I could become a robin,
And sing the livelong day,
I wonder if things that puzzle me
Would roll like the clouds away.

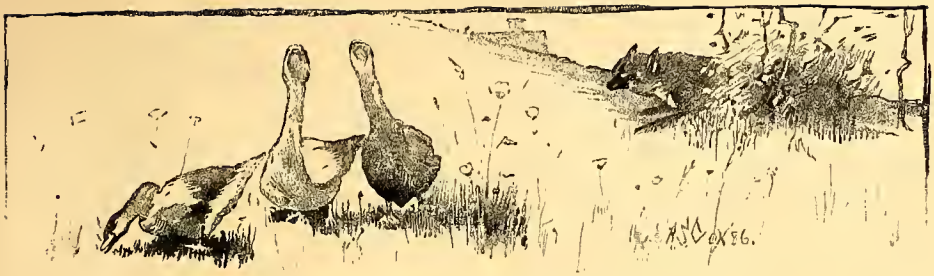
What is it makes the stars so bright?
What makes the sky so blue?
Do the angels, I wonder, up in their homes,
See me as they look through?

And the brilliant rainbow colors,
After the shower is o'er,
Puzzle my brain with a wonder,
Making me wish to see more.



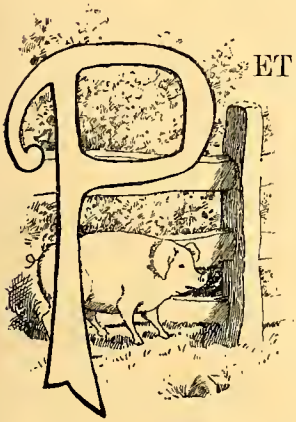
But God is up in heaven,
And the robin sings for joy;
He knows why he made all things,
And made me only a boy.

PARKER HAYDEN.



PET IN THE COUNTRY. — I.

PET'S MISTAKE.



PET had come into the country to spend the summer with her grandmother. She was a very happy little girl as she stood on the steps of the big old farmhouse in the morning sunshine and wondered how she should begin to enjoy her first day.

"Grandpa said there was something alive up at the barn that I might have for my very own," she was thinking. "Guess I might as well go and see what it is."

So, clearing three steps with a bound, she ran as fast as her fat little legs would carry her toward the barn-yard.

"Grandpa said it wasn't a chicken," she said to herself, as she passed the gray hen scratching away for her twelve peeping chicks. "And it isn't a kitten, I know, for there are two up in the laundry already. I wonder — oh, there it is! Oh, you dear, sweet, little thing!"

The next minute Pet was scrambling through the bars of the barn-yard gate after the prize she had seen in the distance.

Grandma was hulling strawberries in a cool corner of the sitting-room, when she heard a queer, squeaky noise, getting louder and louder as it came along the hall outside.

She looked up as the door flew open, and there stood Pet, with a torn apron and a very red face, holding tight in her arms a little white, squealing pig.

"O grandma, I found the live thing at the barn! Isn't it beautiful? Isn't grandpa just splendid to give me a dear little pig?" cried Pet, delighted.

"Well, of all things!" said grandma, slowly. Then she sat back in her chair and laughed till she cried. When she did stop at last, she turned to Pet, who was still standing holding piggy and looking very sober, and said: —



"Helen, dear, take the pig to the barn, and put it down just where you found it, and then come back to me."

When Pet was called Helen she knew it meant that she must obey at once. She walked very slowly back to the barn-yard gate, and put the little kicking pig carefully over the bars. When she came into her grandmother's room again she was crying.

"Grandpa said I could have it," she sobbed, as she was lifted up on grandma's knee.

"Not a little pig, dear, but something a great deal nicer," said grandma, kindly.

"What is nicer?" asked Pet, drying her tears.

"Why, a dear little dog, whose name is Sugar, because he is so sweet. Grandpa shall get him for you when he comes home. And now have your little hands washed, and come watch grandma make the cottage cheese."

So Pet was comforted, and we shall hear next time what she thought of Sugar.

JESSIE McDERMOTT.



WHERE THE CANDLES GO.

TWINK–A–WINK, candles, tell me, do,
Is what my big brother says all true?
Do you really go out every night
And carry away your soft, pretty light?
Twinkle wees, how can you treat me so,
And leave the room no glimmer nor glow,
When I fall asleep and believe you're there,—
Oh, little twink-a-winks, is that fair?

Perhaps you slip from your silver stand,
And glide away gently hand in hand,
Each one trailing a sweeping white gown,
And each one tossing a yellow crown.
With winds and stars at the great sky ball
Dance away merrily, one and all,
Till some one comes and pilfers your gold,
And sends you home drooping, pale, and cold.

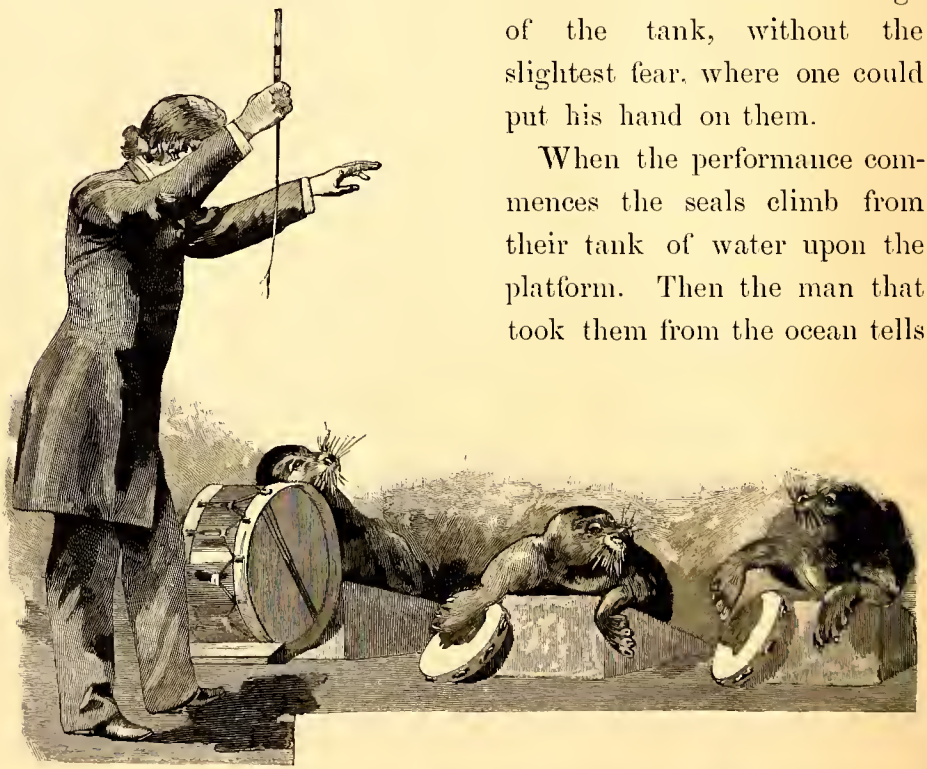
You find it again, though, I confess;
The stars must bring it to you, I guess,
And call you again for more wild play,
Though you're weaker and smaller every day.
At last you'll never come back at all,
But there you'll stay in the moon's high hall,
Your crowns turned into sparkles of light,
And your robes to clouds of filmy white.

MATTIE B. BANKS.

THE LITTLE ACTORS.

We never think of seals performing for people to look at them, when we know that their home is in the ocean. We should look as strange to them as they do to all those little boys and girls that see them act their part on the stage. They have become quite used to human beings now, and lie about the edge of the tank, without the slightest fear, where one could put his hand on them.

When the performance commences the seals climb from their tank of water upon the platform. Then the man that took them from the ocean tells



them to ring bells, which they do by pulling strings. Oh! such a noise as it makes; one is glad when they stop those bells, and take drums and tambourines. The seals wait until their teacher says "Ready!" then they all commence to drum with their queer little feet. Think of that, a band of seals, with their teacher for a leader!

Every seal has a name; and pretty soon the man called Professor says, "That will do, Mrs. Toby. Now, Baby, take a seat in your little chair." Baby is a little seal; so he takes it in his hands and puts it in the chair, and it sits





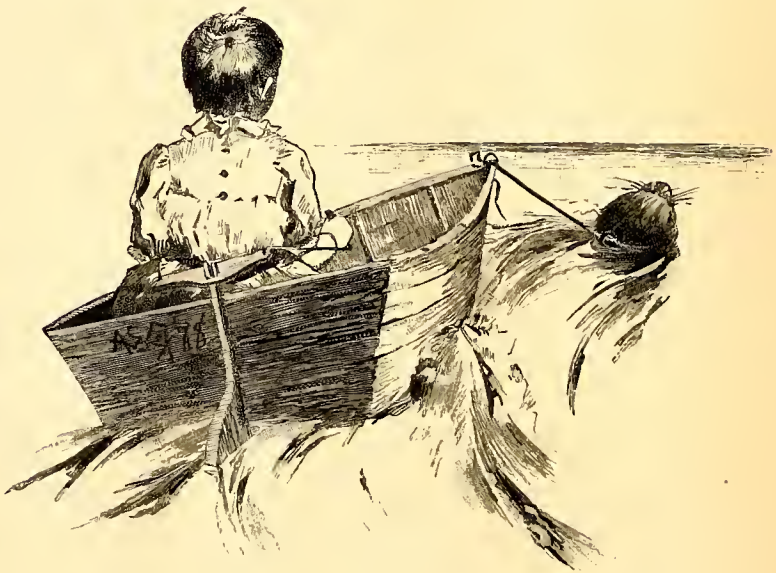


up as properly as a child would. "Now," says Mr. Professor, "please sing for the ladies and gentlemen;" and he commences to beat time with his little whip; then they all sing. You would laugh to hear them, it sounds much like a dog trying to bark, with a very bad cold.

When they do their parts well, the Professor tosses them a fish, which they catch in their mouth without ever missing. While I think of it, I will tell you what the Professor said about their appetites. He told the people that they ate ninety pounds of fish each day; that would be more than some boys and girls would weigh.

There is a nice little boat floating about in the tank, and a little girl gets into it. Mrs. Toby has a collar put around her neck;

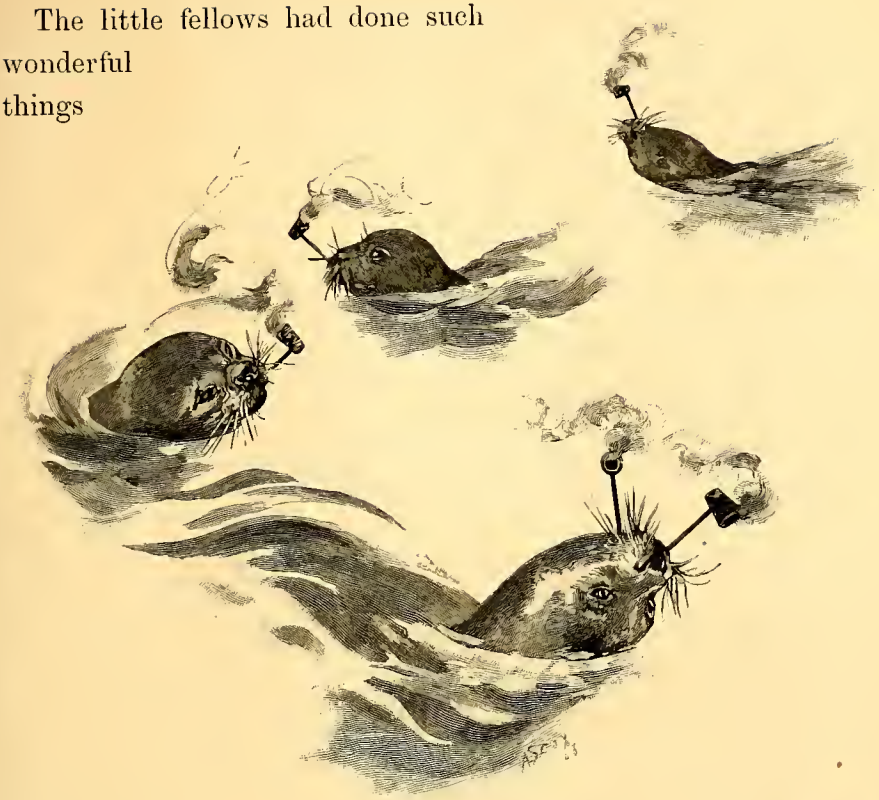
attached to a rope, and away she goes skimming through the water, pulling the boat after her. Don't you think that is a lovely way to sail? After Mrs. Toby has shown what a nice tug-boat she is, the boat is put aside, and the Professor says, "Now, select partners for the waltz." The music starts up, and the seals commence to waltz, turning around as they swim. It is very pretty to watch



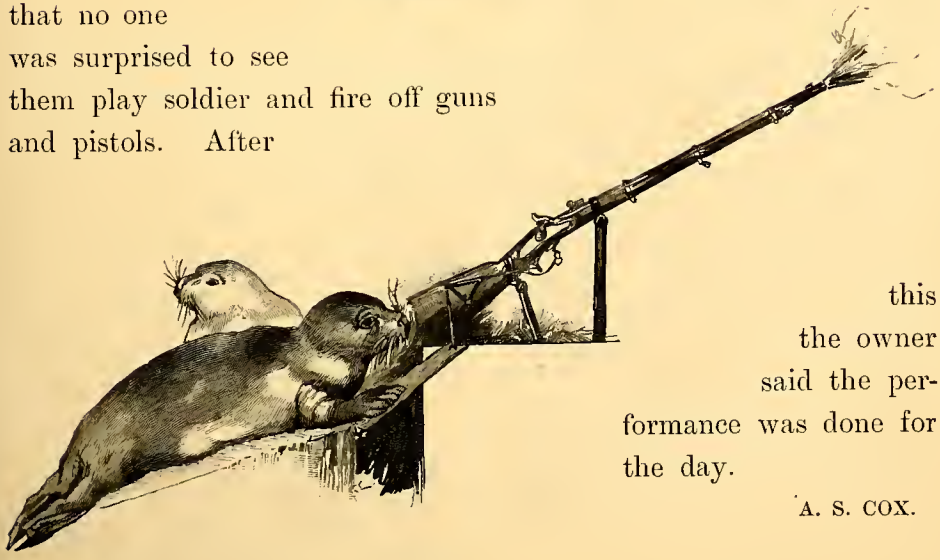
them glide through the water in this way. It is such fun to see them smoke pipes. "You are all sailors," the Professor said; "wouldn't you like to have a smoke?"

At this they all gather around him, and he gives Baby a pipe, just like the rest; but Jack has two, because he is a very great smoker. No wonder all laughed and clapped their hands to see such a sight. Jack swam around on his back, with both pipes high in the air, seeming to enjoy himself like any old smoker.

The little fellows had done such wonderful things



that no one was surprised to see them play soldier and fire off guns and pistols. After



this the owner said the performance was done for the day.

A. S. COX.



THE GOOD GIANT.

A GIANT lives in the forest old,
When leaves have turned to red and gold;
He waves his broad arms in the sun,
He shakes his head with hearty fun,
And a merry song he seems to sing,
While the summer birds are taking wing.
"Oh! it's winds blow east, or winds blow west,
Four little brown eggs in one nest."

"I give to all!" he seems to say;
"So gather, gather, all who may.
Though rough outside, yet peep within,
The treasures of my gift to win!"
Then patters, patters to the ground
His bounty, while the squirrels bound.
"Oh! it's winds blow east, or winds blow west,
Four little brown eggs in one nest!"

Before the wintry winds blow keen,
His rugged hands are empty seen;
His head is bare; he is bent and old,
And his jolly days are past and told;
But the ruddy children shout with glee,
And thank the kind, old chestnut-tree,
With it's winds blow east, or winds blow west,
Four little brown eggs in one nest!

GEORGE E. COOPER.



THE GOOD GIANT.



EVA'S DANCING-LESSON.

"WHERE can Eva be, I wonder?"

This is what Mamma Brooks said. She looked up from her sewing-machine; Eva was nowhere in the room.

Perhaps she is hiding behind the sofa. But, no; she is not behind the sofa. She is not creeping on the ceiling, like a fly. She is not curled up in the work-basket, like a mouse. She is gone.

"She is so still that I fear something has happened," said Mamma Brooks. She went in search of her little girl.

Eva was not a noisy child. She could keep as still as a wooden dog with no legs when her mother took a nap. But she loved to sing and play upon her toy piano.

Now the house was silent. Why was this? Where could Eva be? And Tommy, too! What had become of Tommy?

Where would you look for this pair of missing children?

"I know, — in the pantry," you say. Well, you have a good nose for gingerbread, I think. Wrong! I will not keep you guessing. Follow Mamma Brooks!

Down the stairs she goes, on tiptoe, oh, so softly! Hark! No! That's only Jenny sweeping the kitchen.

Not in the parlor; nor in the dining-room. Hush! Listen at Papa Brooks' study-room. Open the door gently. Here they are! Ha, ha!

But what is this? Mamma Brooks stops, and we stop too. She smiles, and so we must laugh again. Ha, ha!

On the floor is a sheet of music. It is spread out so nicely that it might sing itself without wrinkling.

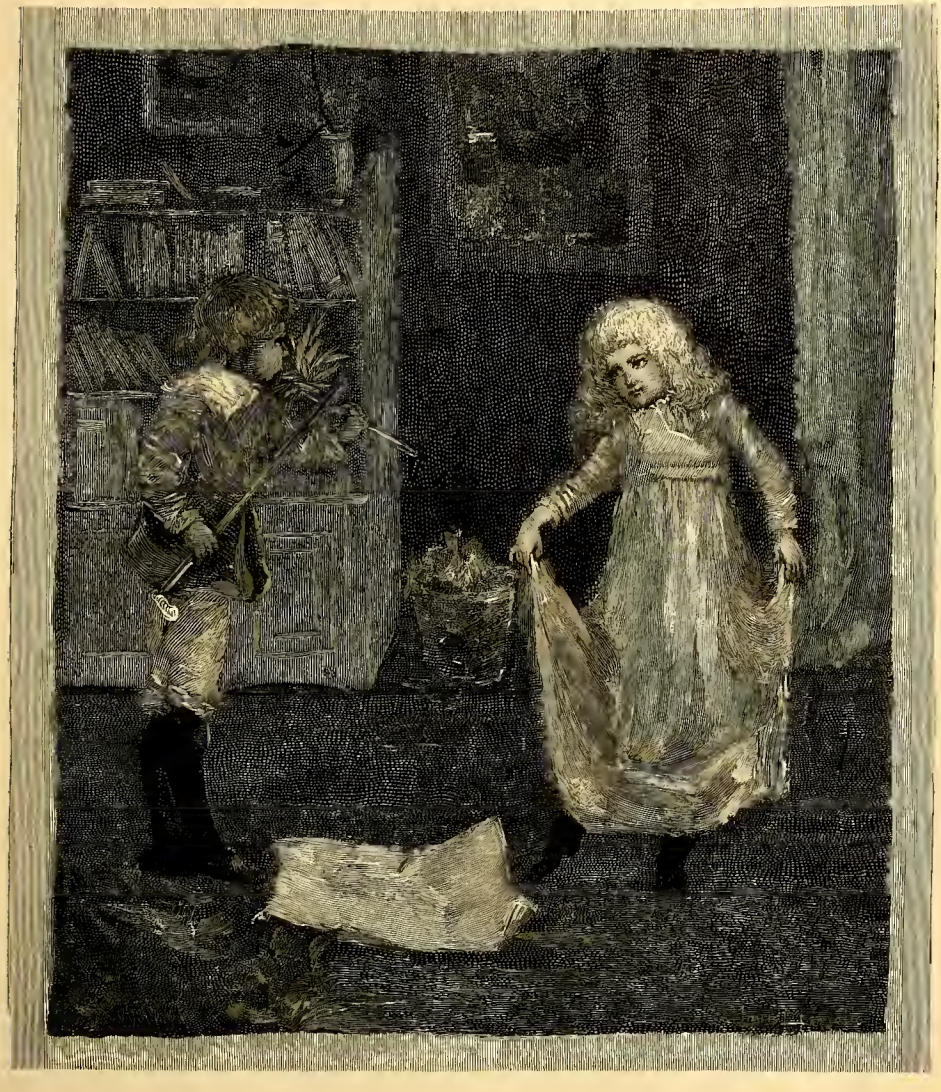
Little Eva is dancing around it — so grandly, with her skirts picked up quite in style. Round and round the music she goes, just as if mamma were playing it all on the piano.

"You dear little rogue!" And, hello! Here is Tommy, fiddling away with all his might. We do not hear him, for his violin is a feather brush, and his bow is papa's cane.

Hurry up the time, little man! We'll all dance around the sheet of music with Eva.

One, two, three, and away we go!

PENN ANDINCK.





THE LADY OF THE TRICYCLE.

My dolly rides a tricycle,
The doctor said she should,
And since she does it every day,
Her health is very good.

She journeys down the gravel walk,
She journeys through the hall;
Frank says, "Poh! just about a rod!"
'Tis miles to one so small.

Once puss leaped through the balusters,
And my poor dolly caught;
Frank shouted, "Panther! Call the dogs!"
He liked that, — I did not.

But brother pleased me yesterday:
A wheel-race for a cent
We had along the garden path,
And all the people went, —

(Dressed sticks, you know), and stood beside,
"Hurrah! Hurrah!" to cry;
And two men climbed a marigold,
To see the race go by.

My dolly rode most splendidly,
Nor ever turned her eyes;
There was no other wheel but hers, —
She won the penny prize.

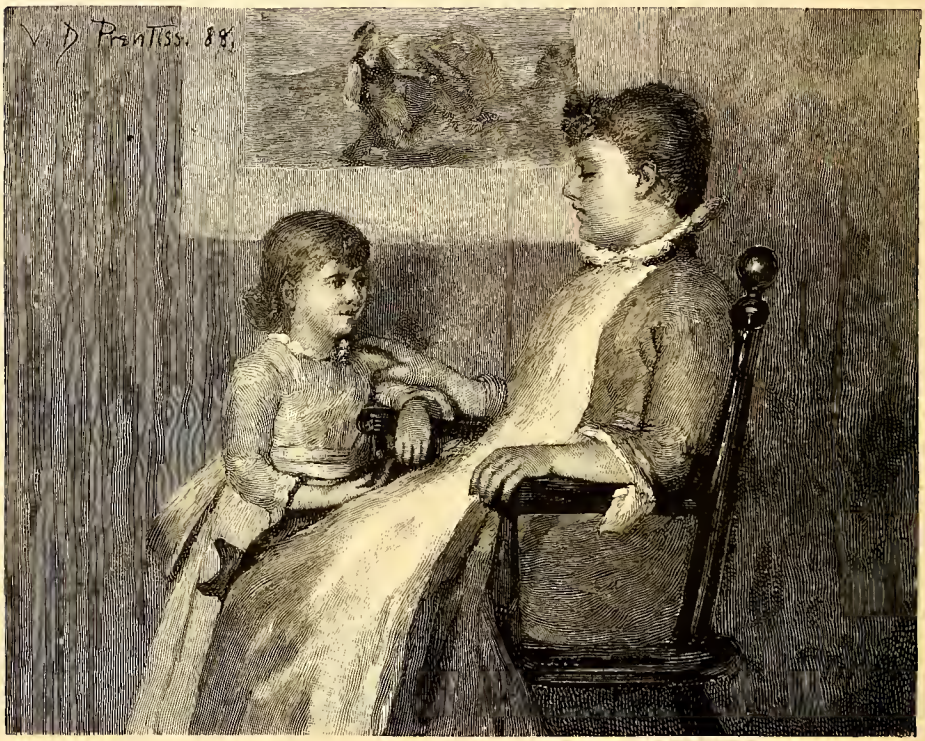
LAVINIA S. GOODWIN.



THE LADY OF THE TRICYCLE.

BETSY'S DOOR-PLATE.

Betsy was spending the summer at the seashore. Her cousin Lucy was there, also, in another part of the hotel. The corridor was long, and Betsy was too young to read numbers. In order to find cousin Lucy's room she would go through the passage, shouting



"Lucy!" Lucy told her this would never do, for it disturbed every one who had a room near. She must learn the numbers, or get some one to show her the room.

"There!" she cried, rushing into her mamma's room, the other day, "I have found a way to know Lucy's room. I am going to tie this blue ribbon to the door-knob, and then I need not call 'Lucy!'"

In a few minutes she returned quite pleased with her idea. Her brother, who was eight years old, thought her plan a very good one.

When she went to Lucy's room she looked for a door with a blue ribbon tied to it. She found it and went in. Lucy was not there, but two ladies sat there reading. Betsy sat down very quietly in a corner and waited for Lucy to come. The ladies looked at her, smiled, and began to talk to her. They had become quite well acquainted before Betsy asked: —



"Where has Lucy gone?"

"Who is Lucy?" asked the ladies.

"Why, Lucy lives in this room."

The ladies had never heard of Lucy, and Betsy showed them the ribbon on the door. She told them of her idea of marking the door; but it was all news to them. They were in their own room, and knew nothing of Lucy. Betsy, however, remembered Lucy's number, and the ladies showed her where the room was, and invited her to come and see them often.

How did the ribbon get on the wrong door? Well, that naughty brother wished to tease his sister, and as soon as she had tied it on Lucy's door he took it off and put it on another one.

M. A. HALEY.



ROVER'S STORY.

My name is Rover. I came from Newfoundland when I was a little puppy a year old. That was a long time ago, — as much as four years, I should think, — and now I am a big dog, and a good watch-dog, too.

When I came here I travelled a long time in a ship, to a city they called Boston, and then on a railroad to this place. How glad I was to get to my home at last!

I found some children to play with, and what good romps we used to have together!

The baby, Roy, was a great pet of mine. I would let him do whatever he liked to me, and never growl or snap at him at all.

He was only a baby two years old, and didn't know he was hurting me.

Every day, after dinner, he would sit down in front of me and pick my teeth with a sharp stick.

He would say, "Now, Rover, you must have 'our teeth cleaned, just like papa." If he hurt me with his sharp point I would get up and walk away.

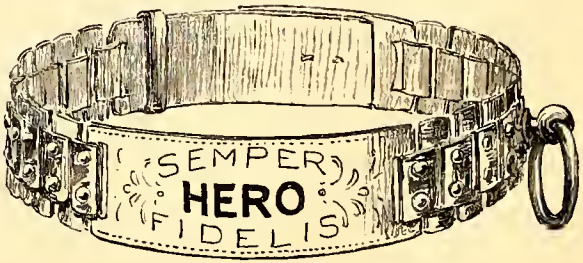
My master has trained me to help him in a great many ways. He sends me to the baker's for the daily supply of bread. The baker takes out the money from the basket, which I carry in my



mouth, and gives me the basket full of bread. I go for the milk every evening, and now my master is teaching me to go for the letters at the post-office.

One day I was out walking with the children, when my pet, Roy, now eight years old, fell into a little pond. His older brother tried to save him, but could not. I jumped in, and, catching the little fellow's jacket in my teeth, dragged him ashore.

My master calls me "Hero" now; and he gave me a silver collar, with my new name on it, with a fine Latin motto, which



I will explain to you. It was "Semper fidelis," or "Always faithful."

Don't you think it is a good motto for children, as well as for dogs?

If you ever come to the place where I live, I hope you will call at my house. I should like to show you my collar.

AUNTIE MAY.

THE CHAMOIS MOTHER.

A HUNTER on the mountains of Austria saw a chamois with her two little ones. He made his way towards them as fast as he could, climbing the steep and perilous rocks.

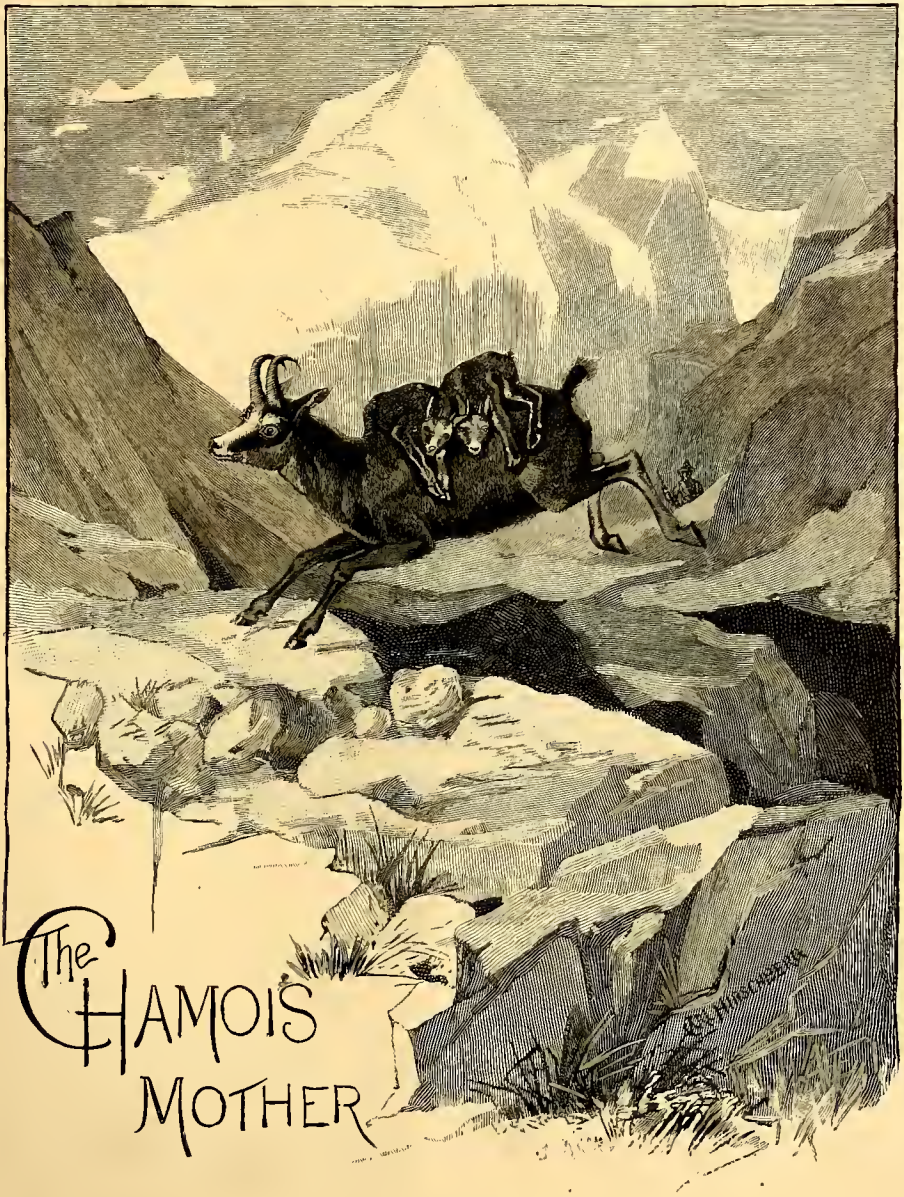
The mother-chamois saw him. At first she rushed towards him with her head lowered, as if she meant to push him off the rocks with her horns. But she soon saw it was useless.

She turned back, and tried to show her little ones how to leap across a chasm to another rock. But they were too young for this. They were not strong enough to follow her.

Poor mother! The hunter came nearer and nearer. He thought

he was sure of them. She seemed powerless to shield them, or get them out of his reach.

But she would not flee without them. She tried again. She



lay down and reached her fore-foot across the chasm to the rock beyond. She looked back to her little ones in an anxious, entreating way.

They understood her; they knew there was danger. They sprang on her back. She leaped with them, — the swift, sure-footed chamois.

The hunter had come almost up to them; but she made the leap, and, once across, the little ones ran by her side.

Away she fled with them, bounding from rock to rock. Soon they were far beyond the hunter's rifle.

Are you not glad they escaped?

MRS. MARY JOHNSON.



Jack and the Parasol.

CHILDREN, did you ever see a collie? — a great, wise dog, who seems to understand everything you say to him, and does just what you tell him to do.

Little Jeanie had just such a dog, and I must tell you what happened one summer's day.

He, Jack, had a great many friends among the various dogs in the neighborhood. On this especial day of which I am going to tell you, one of them, who was running around the house towards the garden, began to bark furiously. Jack answered quickly in return, and made such a noise that Jeanie let him out at the front door. Then she saw him run quickly up to the other dog, and have a little talk. For dogs do talk in their own way and language, whatever it is.

Then Jack ran as fast as he could around to the kitchen door, and gave a series of sharp, quick barks, until Dinah, the old black cook, opened it, saying: —

"Lor, honey, what yer barkin' so fur?"

Then Jack ran a few steps away, and back again to Dinah. He kept this up so long that she started off after him down the path.

On he ran, until he stopped at the foot of a little slope in the lawn. There she found Jeanie's best blue silk parasol, rolling from side to side, having a grand frolic. She had left it open on the veranda when she ran in to play with her dolls.



And Jack's friend had spied it and called to Jack, and told him, and he had called Dinah to rescue it. Had it not been for Jack and his friend, Jeanie would never have seen her pretty parasol again.

This is a true story.

AUNT IDA.

SEE–SAW.

I.

I am up at the top,
A jolly old fellow, you know;
I whistle, and loud the winds blow,
I scatter the ice and the snow;
While I sit here as king,
The boys shout and sing,
Hurrah for the skates, for Christmas and Santa Claus,
Snow-houses and snow-men battered at great loss.

Down at the other end
Sits a poor girl with no friend.
Say that you like me the best, boys!
Say that I bring you the most joys!



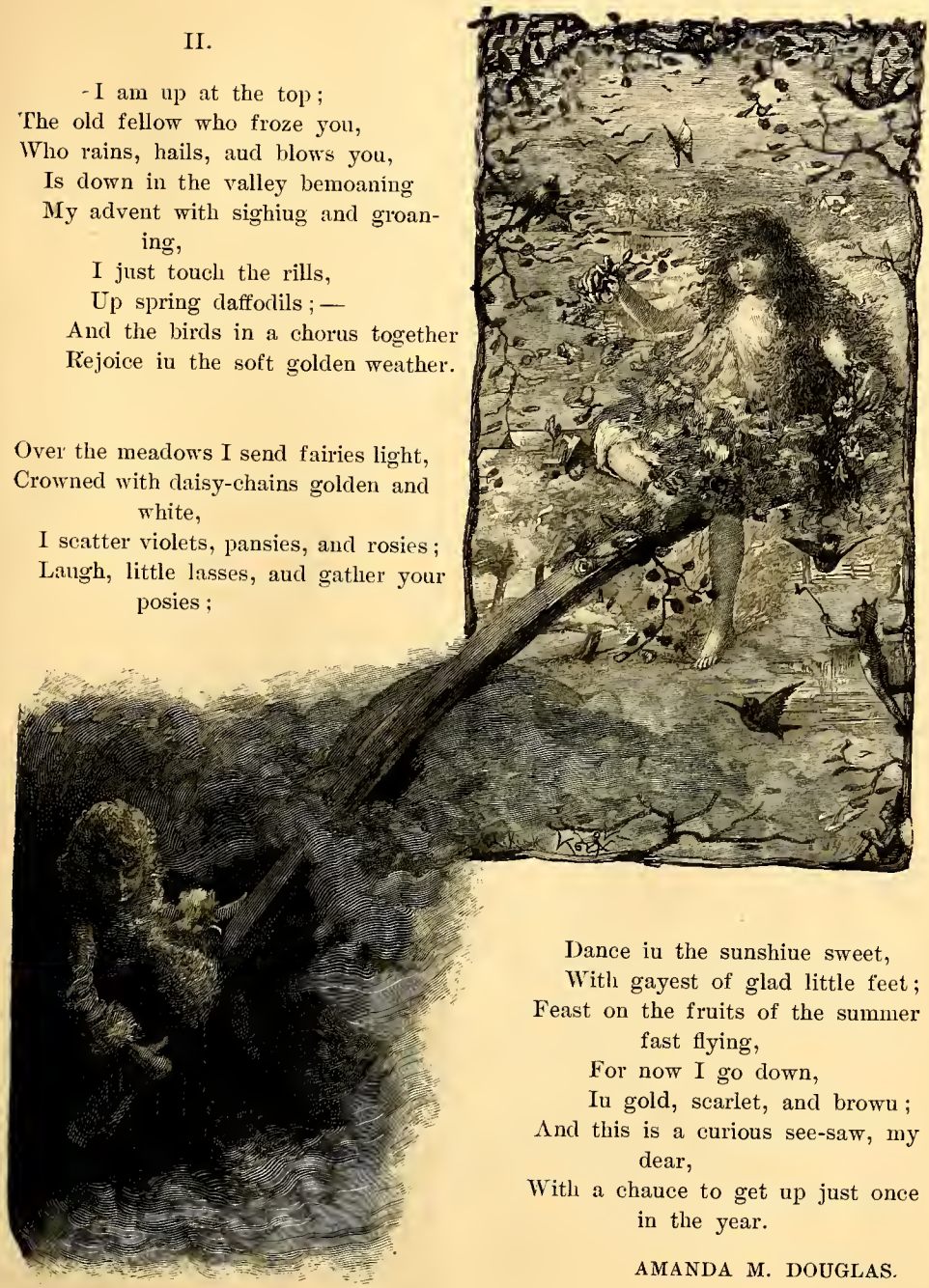


Oh, dear, does the see-saw go down?
Do the icicles drip from my crown?
Is the sun shining over the hills,
And melting the ice in the rills?
Are the snow-forts vanishing quite?
Has the skating dropped out of one's sight?
Oh, dear, is it true,
Must I go down to you,
Yellow-haired girl, with the roses?

II.

I am up at the top;
The old fellow who froze you,
Who rains, hails, and blows you,
Is down in the valley bemoaning
My advent with sighing and groaning,
I just touch the rills,
Up spring daffodils;—
And the birds in a chorus together
Rejoice in the soft golden weather.

Over the meadows I send fairies light,
Crowned with daisy-chains golden and white,
I scatter violets, pansies, and rosies;
Laugh, little lasses, and gather your posies;



Dance in the sunshine sweet,
With gayest of glad little feet;
Feast on the fruits of the summer fast flying,
For now I go down,
In gold, scarlet, and brown;
And this is a curious see-saw, my dear,
With a chance to get up just once in the year.

AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

LITTLE JOE'S TEMPTATION.

Mamma Brown had been making tomato figs. Little Joe had helped her; at least he thought he had, for he had tasted the figs several times and watched the golden fruit bubble in the rich syrup. But he hadn't had half enough, and Mamma Brown said they were too rich for little boys. But Joe would have been glad to try it, at least, for once.



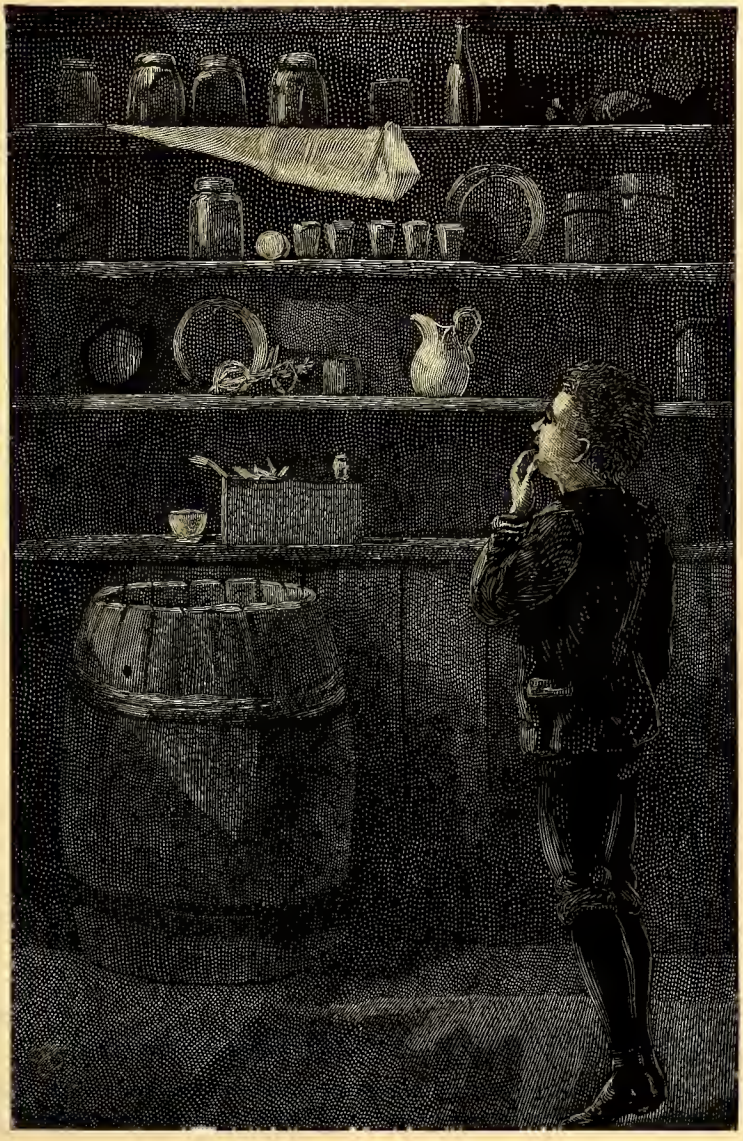
The figs were set away in the big, dark cupboard off the dining-room, where there were shelves full of cans of preserves and pots of jam and jellies.

What a feast just to look at them! Joe would steal in on tip-toe, sometimes, when mamma was busy, and gaze till he would have to shut the door and run away with his hand over his mouth to keep from tasting them.

But, alas! one day he stayed too long, and before he knew it he was nibbling the figs. Just then he heard mamma coming. What should he do? He had but a moment to choose, and he squeezed right into the bottom shelf of the cupboard and swung to the door.

Ah, those tempting figs! And boys are always so hungry! But he would never come near the cupboard again — that was certain.

While he was thus thinking, his mother stepped across the dining-room and shut the cupboard door — snap! She went out so quickly



that he had no time to call out to her. And he heard the front door shut, too! She had gone over to Aunt Helen's, he knew.

Oh, dear! he could not get out! And he thought he should die if he had to stay there long. He began to feel queer at once, and he shouted with all his might, and pounded and kicked the door with his brown heels till the jam-pots rattled. Grandma was taking a nap up-stairs, but she could not hear — she was deaf.



It was no use; he must stay there till mamma came back. And, oh, how slowly the old clock ticked! The seconds seemed minutes, and the minutes, hours.

But after about half an hour he heard his mother talking, and the next moment she came in with Uncle Tom.

Didn't Joe just lift up his voice, then? The whole house rang to his shouts, and in no time, almost, he tumbled out of the shelf into his mother's arms, sobbing: —

"I only wanted to taste a tom — tom — "

"What, not me, I hope?" cried Uncle Tom, in mock affright.

"A tom — tomato fi-i-ig," wailed Joe.

And then the whole story of his temptation came out. His mother talked with him kindly and earnestly, and he felt sure he should never, never be so bad again.

CHRISTINE STEPHENS.

"Used Up,"

"Tired Out," "No Energy," and similar expressions, whenever heard, indicate a lack of vital force, which, if not remedied in time, may lead to complete physical and nervous prostration. **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** is the best medicine to vitalize the blood, build up the tissues, and **make the weak strong.**

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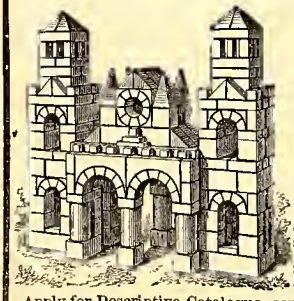
MONEY MADE KEEPING HENS.

Hundreds of farmers who never kept an account, would kill every "pesky hen" on the farm, if it was not for the "women folks." The women intuitively know that the hens do not "eat their heads off every six months," but properly kept, pay better than any other farm animals.

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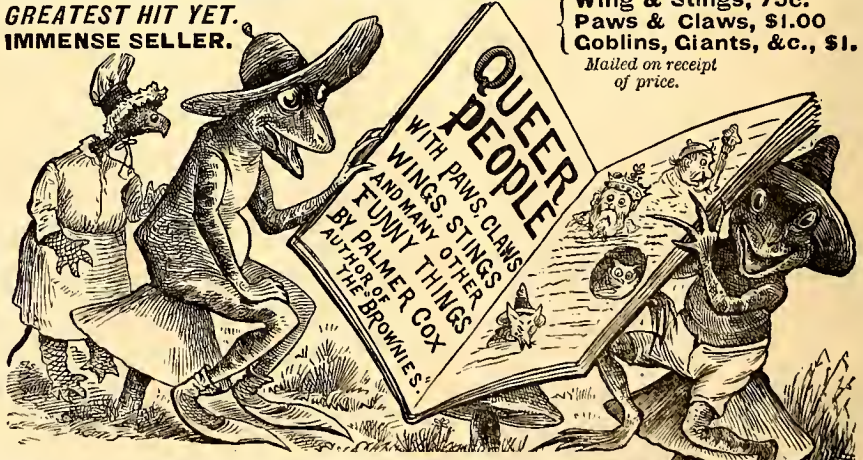
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CONTENTS.

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WHAT AILED THE BELL . . . . . M. A. HALEY . . . . . .
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(Illustrated by Jessie McDermott.)

A GOOD THANKSGIVING . . . . . LAVINIA S. GOODWIN . . . .
(Illustrated by Carl Hirschberg.)

LITTLE KNITTERS . . . . . A. E. A. . . . . .
(Illustrated by Miss A. E. Aldrich.)

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(Illustrated by Maud Humphrey.)

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ST. NICHOLAS for '89



AN ALL AROUND THE WORLD YEAR



THIS world-renowned magazine "for young people and their elders" is to have a great programme for the new volume beginning with November, 1888. The editor, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, calls it "an all-around-the-world year," because it is to contain a great number of stories and papers about the world in general. Of course the bulk of the contents, as heretofore, will relate to American subjects; but young America is always glad to learn what goes on in the world outside, and these stories and descriptive papers are not of the dry geographical order, and they will be strikingly illustrated by the best artists. We have space here for only a few of the most prominent announcements.



America.

"Little Saint Elizabeth," by Mrs. Burnett, author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy"; "The Routine of the Republic," the practical workings of the Government; "The Loaf of Peace," by Octave Thanet; a serial story for girls by Sarah Orne Jewett; "The Young Naturalists," "How to Become a Curve-Pitcher," "College Athletics," "Amateur Photography," "Boys and the National Guard," "The Girls' Crusade," Indian Stories, School Stories, Scientific Papers, etc.



"The Bells of St. Anne," a serial about Canada. South American Stories, "A Railroad in the Clouds"; "Indians of the Amazon," by Mrs. Frank R. Stockton, etc.



Europe.

Life in Norway, by H. H. Boyesen. "Holland and the Dutch," by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge. "The Queen's Navy," by Lieut. F. Harrison Smith, R. N. "The Winchester School," "English Railway Trains." French papers include "Ferdinand de Lesseps and his two Ship Canals," and "Journal of Marie Thérèse." There are several stories about Germany, stories of Russian children by David Ker, papers on Italian art, etc., etc.





Asia.

Yan Phou Lee writes of "Boys and Girls in China," and "Some of John Chinaman's Inventions" are described. Mrs. Holman Hunt will contribute a series on Home Life in the East; and there will be papers on Siam and Japan, including "Ten Weeks in Japan" and "Seeing the Real Mikado."



Africa.

"The White Pasha," by Noah Brooks, a sketch of Henry M. Stanley; "How an American Family lived in Egypt"; "Sailor-Boy Dromios," a story of the siege of Alexandria; "A French Flat in the Wilds of Africa."



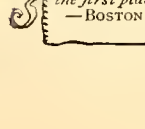
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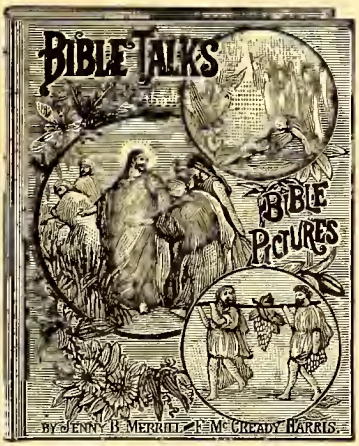
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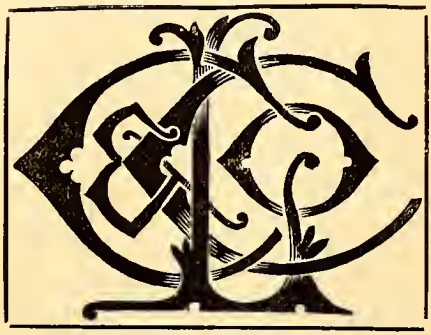
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CAT AND CANARY.

OUR LITTLE ONES

DECEMBER, 1888

VOL. IX.

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No. 2.

CAT AND CANARY.



In a golden cage
Hung a gold canary;
And gray pussy-cat,
Discovering that,
Delighted was — very.

She said to herself,
"I am tired of mice,
And some little thing,
With a tender wing,
Would taste so nice!"



So, ready to leap,
She crouched on the floor,
With green eyes, when
Little Jane just then
Came in at the door.

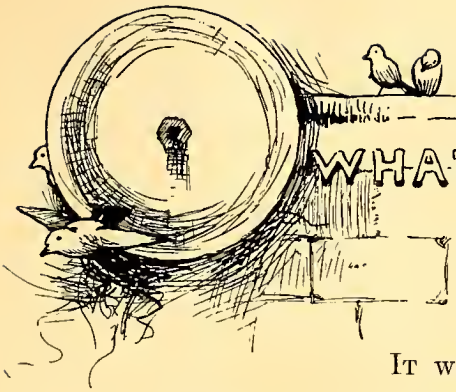
And she saw gray-puss,
So wicked and wary,
With long tail swinging,
And ready for springing
On the gold canary.

Now, what did puss get?
Would you like to hear?
The bird — perhaps!
No! good, sound raps
Upon either ear.

And away she fled
With a loud me-ew,
And Jane grew merry,
And the gold canary
Grew merry too.

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

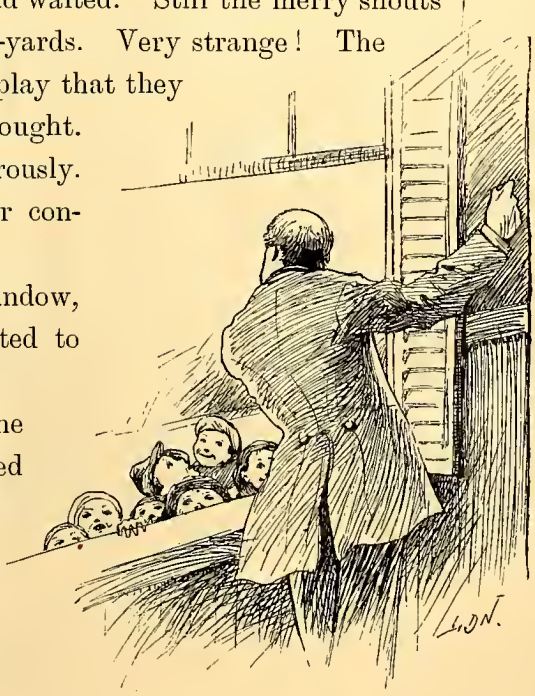




WHAT AILED THE BELL.

It was the first day of school after a vacation. The children were playing in the yards. The teachers sat at their desks waiting for the bell to strike to call the children to the different rooms. The hands of the different clocks pointed to a quarter before nine.

The bell was a sort of gong, fastened to the outside of the building, and the master of the school could ring it by touching a knob in the wall near his desk. It was now time to call the children into school. The master pulled the bell and waited. Still the merry shouts could be heard in the school-yards. Very strange! The children were so engaged in play that they could not hear the bell, he thought. Then he pulled it more vigorously. Still the shouts and laughter continued.



The master raised his window, clapped his hands, and pointed to the bell.

The children rushed into line like little soldiers, and waited for the second signal. The teacher pulled and pulled, but there was no sound. Then he sent a boy to tell each line to file in, and

he sent another boy for a carpenter to find out if the bell-cord was broken.



What do you think the carpenter found? A little sparrow had built its nest inside the bell, and prevented the hammer striking against the bell. The teacher told the children what the trouble was, and asked if the nest should be taken out. There was a loud chorus of "No. sir."

Every day the four hundred children would gather in the yard and look up at the nest. When the little birds were able to fly to the trees in the yard, and no longer needed a nest, one of the boys climbed on a ladder and cleared away the straw and hay so that the sound of the bell might call the children from play.

M. A. HALEY.



BESSY'S DREAM.

Dear little Bessy, all tired with play,
Sat down to rest on a warm, sunny day,
  Under the shade of an apple-tree,
    By the side of the brooklet growing.
She wore a white bonnet and pink gingham dress,
And what a sweet picture was dear little Bess,
  With her sunny hair, so wild and free,
    Over her shoulders flowing!

The murmuring brook, as it glided by,
Whispered to Bessy a sweet lullaby;
  Her eyes grew heavy, her curly head dropped,
    And soon she was fast asleep.
She scarcely had slept but a moment or two,
When three little fairies, all dressed in bright blue,
  Softly down from the apple-tree hopped,
    And into her eyes did peep.



Finding her sleeping, they made a slight sound,
And soon all the fairies came hov'ring around.
They took off her gingham, and dressed her in silk,
And one little fairy said:
"Dear Bessy, we've come to invite you to tea,
Our food is as dainty as dainty can be,—
Sweetest of honey and best of milk,—
Come, for our table is spread."

She woke with a start, and opened her eyes,
When what do you think was her great surprise?
No fairy table was waiting near,
And in place of her robe of silk
She wore her white bonnet and pink gingham dress;
And instead of the fairy — do you think you can guess? —
Mamma and Carlo were standing there,
With her bowl of bread and milk.

GRACE S. BROWN.

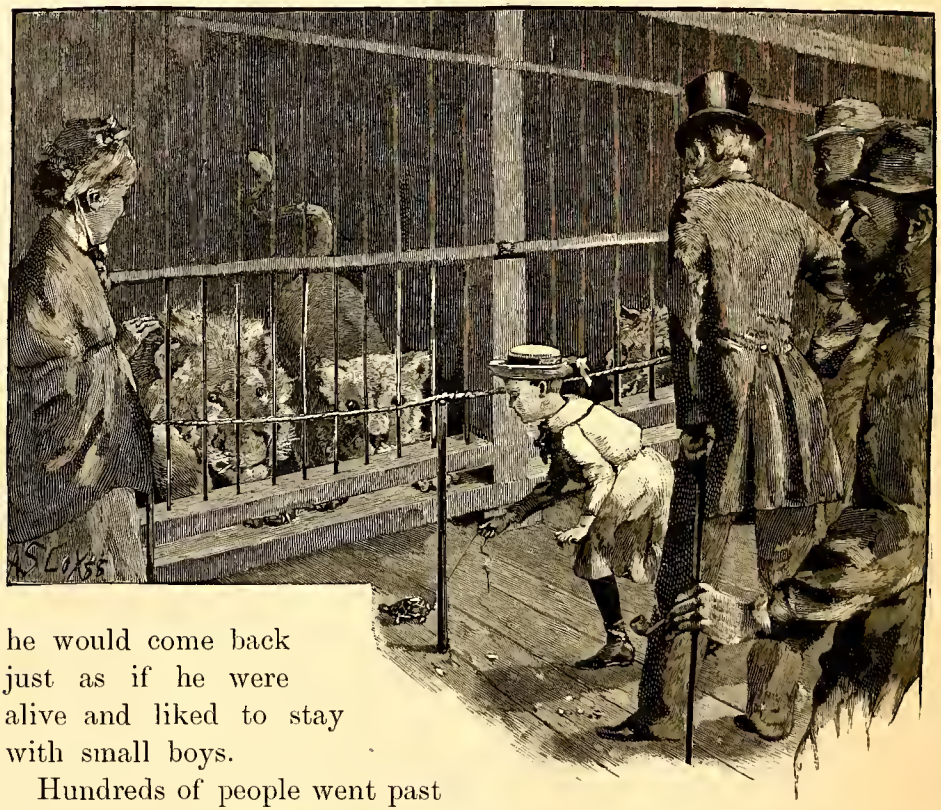


A TRUE STORY OF LIONS.

Don't you want me to tell you about the queer sight I saw the other day at the menagerie? Didn't I speak that big word well for a small boy? Menageries are where you can see the funniest animals that ever lived anywhere. Some have horns on their noses, and there are others with humps on their backs. The creatures with humps are called camels.

The best of all the animals were the lions and tigers. They

were just nice, though. I will tell you why. Papa bought me a lovely tin turtle, painted blue, red, and yellow, and there was a spring inside of him that would wind up a string. When you threw the turtle, if you held one end of the string in your hand,



he would come back just as if he were alive and liked to stay with small boys.

Hundreds of people went past me, but did not even say, "Oh! what a beautiful turtle your papa bought you for a dime!" But when I came to the cage of lions — and papa says the lion is called the "King of Beasts" — I showed them my turtle. If they are kings they can't talk a mite in real language, only lion-talk, which I, of course, can't understand. But they said just as plainly as a lion could, with his kind-looking eyes, "What a beautiful turtle your papa bought you for a dime!" I thought this a good deal for a king to say to a little boy.

After this they raised their noses and smelt of my turtle; then I gave him a little toss and the string wound up, and my turtle ran toward me. You never saw such surprised lions in all your life. I think they thought the turtle was alive. They sprang to their feet, and so did the Royal Bengal tigers that lived beside them.

Mr. and Mrs. Lion acted just like kittens, they wanted to play with my turtle so. I felt very proud, and I made my turtle wind and unwind. A crowd of people formed around me to watch the lions and tigers play. Up and down the cages they ran, jumping over one another, and trying to get at my turtle.

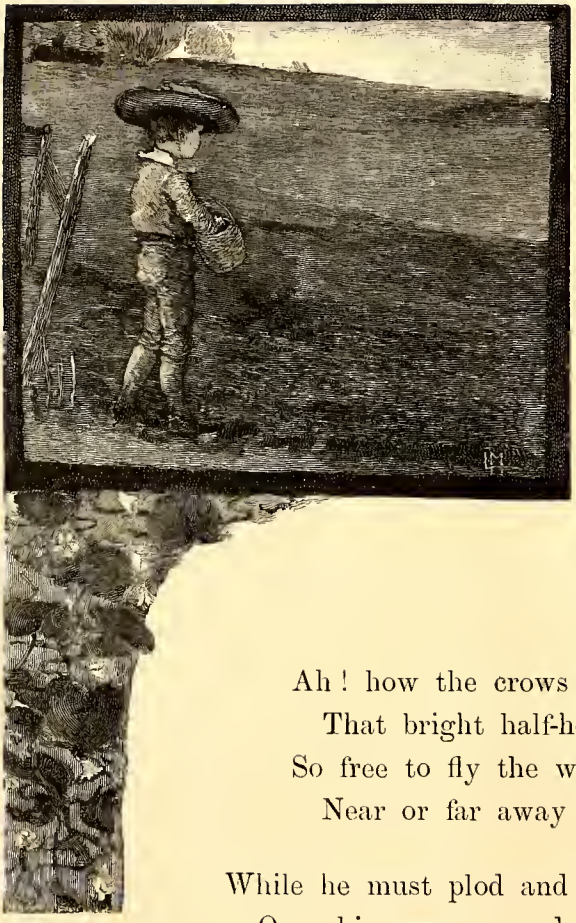
It made one just like those lions to see them so pleased with my handsome turtle. So I said to the man that cared for them, "Mr. Menagerie Man, I love your lions very much. Won't you please sell me one to go with my turtle? I will be real kind to him, and see that he never goes hungry. He shall have a saucer of milk every time my little white kitten does, and he can sleep in the back yard with our dog Jip. I am sure Jip would not hurt him, and it would be very cosey for two in a kennel."

Just then the crowd about me laughed so that I could not hear what the Menagerie Man said. I don't see any sense in people's laughing in that way at nothing. Papa said that we must move on if we wanted to see the rest of the show that day; so you see I didn't get any lion for my own at all.

A. S. COX.



WHO TOLD?



'Twas April, balmy, bright,
And men, from early morn
To night, had worked to turn the furrows
Ready for the corn.

And now 'twas planting time,
And Tim knew well indeed,
His part would be in every hill to
Drop a pumpkin-seed.

Ah! how the crows did caw
That bright half-holiday;
So free to fly the whole land over,
Near or far away;

While he must plod and stoop
Over his weary round,
Tucking the seeds, hill-top by hill-top,
Safely in the ground.

He sighed: "Who'd ever tell,
Or who would ever know,
If just so many seeds ain't really
Planted in each row?"

No one! And so he dug
Out a great hollow space,
And heaped the whole field's future pumpkins
Together in one place.



Who did tell? No one. But
When sun and sweet, warm rain
Had made the corn-field's long brown furrows
Green with growing grain,



In one far corner grew
A most amazing mass
Of stems and leaves, that told the story
Only too well, alas!

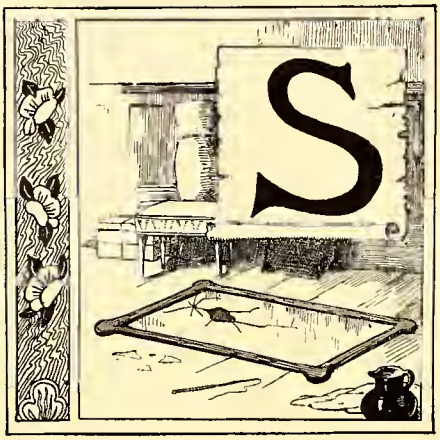
Rank, twisted stems, and broad,
Coarse leaves in tangles grew;
And how they came there, who had done it,
All the people knew.

They knew and laughed. To him
It was a dreadful spot,
And how even seeds can talk, he never
In all his life forgot.

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

PET IN THE COUNTRY. — II.

PET IN MISCHIEF.



SUGAR turned out to be a fat little pug-dog, not more than two months old. In a few days Pet and he had become fast friends. So happy and good was Pet with her new playmate that grandma told grandpa she was the easiest child to take care of she had ever seen.

One morning, when Pet woke up, it was raining hard.

"Oh, dear! how can Sugar and I amuse ourselves in all this rain?" she cried, mournfully.

Grandma laughed. "You can play in the lumber-room if you will promise not to touch any of the things put away there," she said; "and see, here is your doll. I unpacked her last night."

"Oh, old Belle Paris!" said Pet; "I don't want her."

"Poor Belle!" grandma said. "You used to love her."

"But Sugar is so much nicer, grandma. You don't have to squeeze him to make him cry, and he really, truly, eats without making believe."

Grandma had nothing to say to this, so she left the two playmates in the big lumber-room, promising them some fresh cookies by and by, if they were good and did not get into mischief. They played "tag" very merrily for a while. But presently Pet got tired and sat down on a roll of carpet to rest, and Sugar lay down beside her.

"What a lot of old things there are in here, Sugar," said the little girl, looking around. "I wonder, when grandma said I wasn't to touch anything, whether she meant this funny little stool with the stuffed seat. It must have been grandma's when she was a little girl like me.

"O Sugar! Stop tearing the fringe, you naughty dog, you! There, I'm going to put it right back and be good. It's nice to be good, Sugar, you always feel so much better afterwards when you've been good.



"Oh! see this big picture, with its back turned. Why, Sugar, it's a looking-glass! You never saw yourself in a looking-glass, did you, Sugar? See, see, there you are!" and with a great effort Pet turned the heavy mirror round and held it before the little dog.

Sugar pricked up his ears and looked at himself very gravely for a moment; then, suddenly, with a funny baby growl, he made a wild dash forward at what he thought was another puppy, who had no business there.

He smashed the glass and sent the frame clattering to the floor, when grandma, hearing the noise, came hurrying in. She found Pet crying, Sugar bleeding from a cut on his head, and her fine old mantel-glass broken to atoms.

Pet didn't get any fresh cookies that afternoon, and Sugar was sent to the barn to have his head tied up by grandpa. Grandma said she thought Belle Paris was a safer playmate than Sugar for her little granddaughter.

Pet had a good deal to think of that night. She had disobeyed grandma, and hurt her poor little dog, and broken the looking-glass.

She told grandma how sorry she was, and went to sleep after being kissed and forgiven, with Belle Paris hugged tight in her arms.

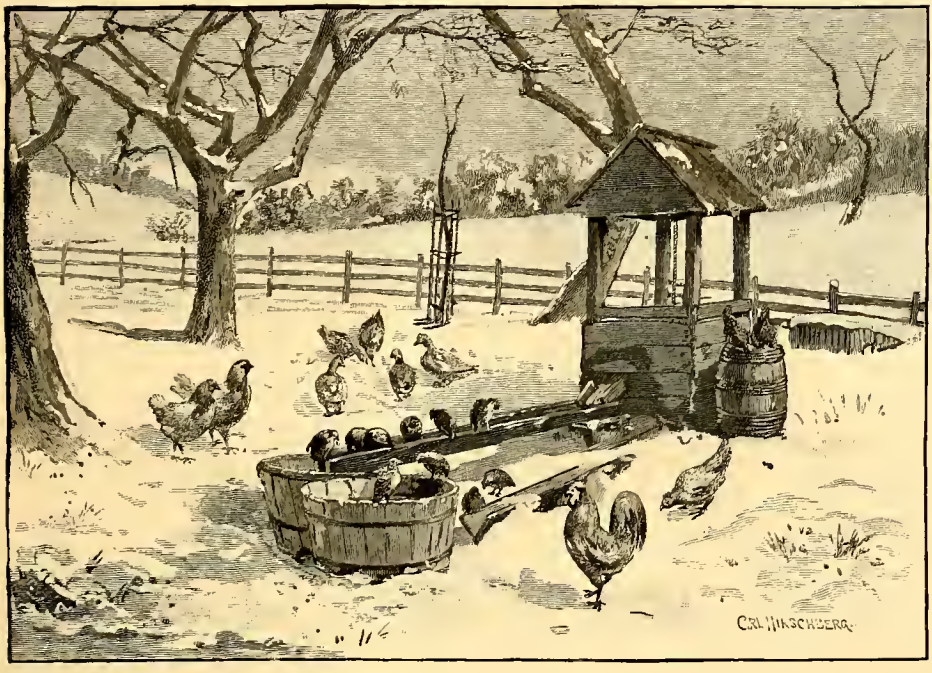
JESSIE McDERMOTT.



A GOOD THANKSGIVING.

Bob White and his cousins, and neighbors all,
Came out of the wood with pipe and call,
Across the snow-field taking their way,
To dine at the farm Thanksgiving day.

On sped the flock in a ragged row,
Leaving the print of their every toe;
Behind them lay, as it were, a line
Of lace embroidery, pretty and fine.

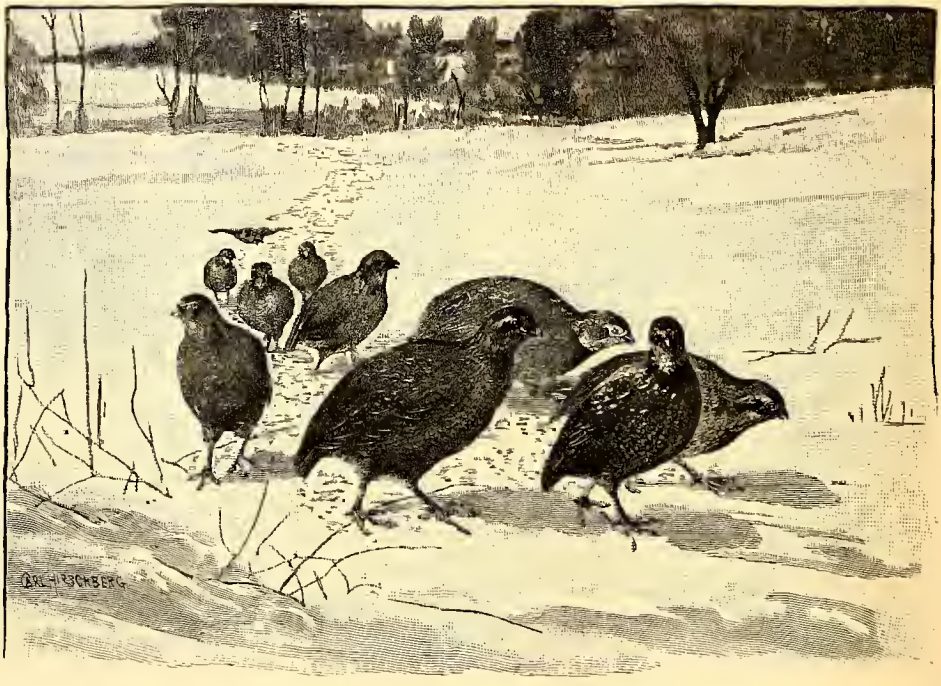


So straight to the yard and through the bars;
Ten pullets cackled, "Now, O my stars!"
Remembering then to be polite,
They bowed and said, "You are welcome, quite.

"Here is a plenty of scattered grain;
Bask in the sunshine and eat again;
Just there is a trough of water sweet;
Fly upon Bossy and warm your feet."

Soon out of the house came Jane and Will,
With cousins Mary, and George, and Phil;
The children had dined right royally
On breast of turkey and best mince pie.

"Oh, here are the quails!" they, laughing, said,
And peeped through the fence to see them spread,

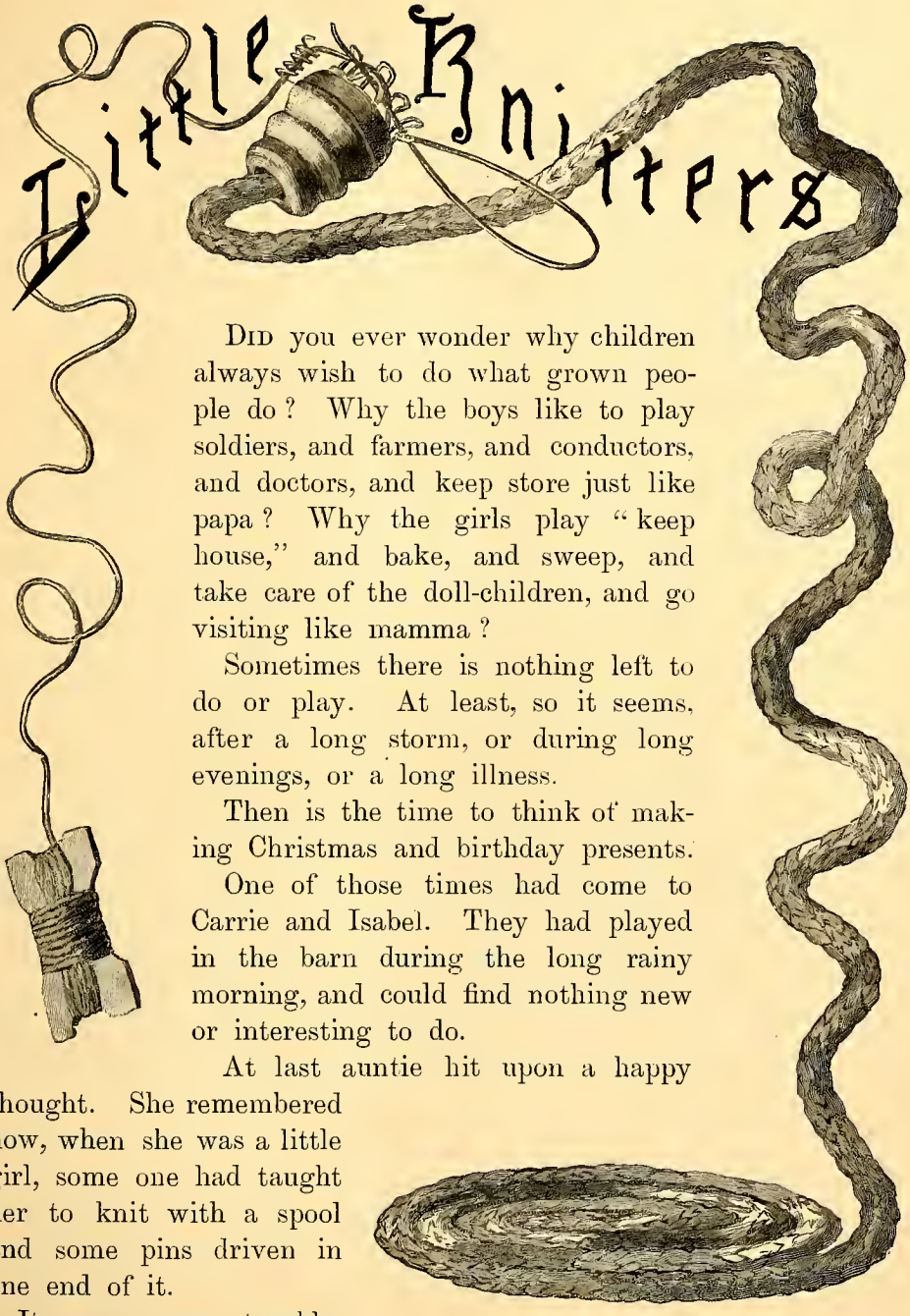


At the holiday feast, each speckled wing,
And try with the fowls some notes to sing.

A good thanksgiving for great and small.
The empty crops stood out like a ball;
"We must be going," said Robert White,
Then back over the field and out of sight.

LAVINIA S. GOODWIN.

Little Knitters



Did you ever wonder why children always wish to do what grown people do? Why the boys like to play soldiers, and farmers, and conductors, and doctors, and keep store just like papa? Why the girls play "keep house," and bake, and sweep, and take care of the doll-children, and go visiting like mamma?

Sometimes there is nothing left to do or play. At least, so it seems, after a long storm, or during long evenings, or a long illness.

Then is the time to think of making Christmas and birthday presents.

One of those times had come to Carrie and Isabel. They had played in the barn during the long rainy morning, and could find nothing new or interesting to do.

At last auntie hit upon a happy thought. She remembered how, when she was a little girl, some one had taught her to knit with a spool and some pins driven in one end of it.

It was a very troublesome way of doing it, for the pins would double up, or drop out.



Then patience would be lost with the stitches, and it would take a good deal of time to recover both of them.

One day, not long since, she had seen in a store window some little toy-knitters, which would not fall apart, and so were much easier than the old-fashioned kind.

When Isabel had taken up the long knitting-needles belonging

to mamma, she said, "I do wish some one would teach me." After a few desperate struggles she had put them down with a sigh. Then the thought of the little knitter in the window came into auntie's mind.



Of course the little girls wanted it "right off," "this very afternoon," and "no matter if it does rain." Down the street ran two little pairs of rubber shoes, pattering with the rain drops. Two little chubby fists, each with a five-cent piece, surprised the little old woman who had not expected customers, especially such diminutive ones, in such weather.

Back came two little rosy faces, in waterproof hoods, eager with desire.

They were attentive pupils this time, and were soon running a race to see who could do the most in ten minutes.

After the sun came out once more, they took the knitters to the favorite apple-tree where they often played and read. They spent more time there than usual, this summer, making mats and reins together. If the robins and sparrows and bluebirds sometimes came and watched them at their work, they were discreet enough never to disclose any secrets.

And one day, when they were going to see a little friend who had gone to a hospital for a little time on account of an injury, they could think of nothing so nice to carry her as one of the little toy-knitters.

A. E. A.



A FORM, white and ghost-like,
Sits there in the room, —
A make-believe phantom
Outlined by the moon!

A long, mournful "Too-who!"
Why should you cower?
'Tis only an owl
In the old church tower!

A flash and a flicker
Across the white wall,
'Tis the nurse, with a lamp,
Outside in the hall!

Why listen and shudder?
Why shrink in alarm?
God's angels are watching
To keep you from harm.



Then go to sleep, baby!
There's nothing to fear
When all is so peaceful,
And heaven so near!

FRANK H. STAUFFER.

BABY BUMBLES AND DOTTIE DIMPLE.

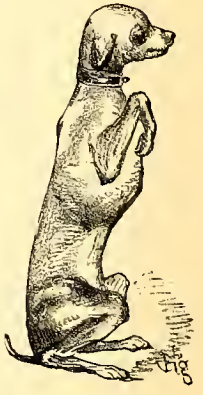


Baby Bumbles and Dottie Dimple are two tiny black-and-tan-colored dogs.

They live in a family where there are no little children, so they are great pets.

These happy little creatures do not have their own way in everything any more than you children do.

They have little beds, on which they sleep every night, and they run and curl up on them just when their mistress tells them to.



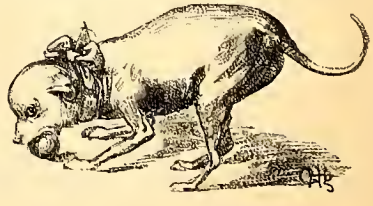
Then every day, as soon as dinner is over, they have a game of ball.



Do you wonder how little dogs can play ball? Well, I will tell you.

Each little dog has a rubber ball for its very own. Dottie will not touch Baby's, nor Baby Dottie's. The balls are kept in a little box, and after dinner the dogs scamper off and get them. They carry them to the sitting-room and lay them at the feet of some one. Then they dance around, giving little sharp, quick barks, until the balls are picked up, and the game begins.

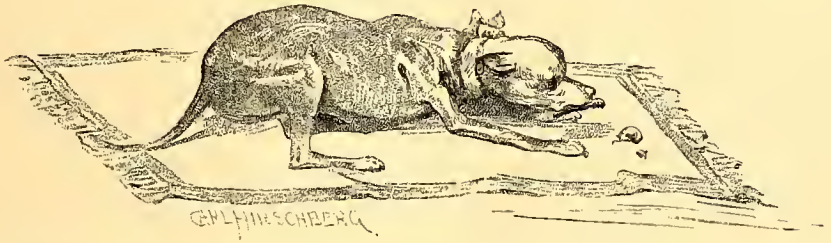
The balls are thrown upon the floor, and, as they bounce, the dogs catch them in their mouths, and carry them up to be thrown again.



This they keep up as long as any one

will play with them. When the game is over they put the balls away again in the little box.

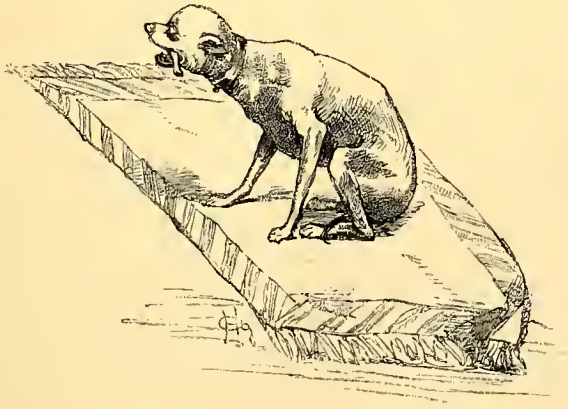
Baby Bumbles and Dottie Dimple, like other dogs, are very fond of bones.



When your mother gives you a cooky, or a piece of bread with sugar on it, you don't scatter the crumbs all over the floor, do you?

No, you are a good little boy or girl, and sit still in one place until your cooky or bread is eaten up.

Well, these little dogs are taught to be just as careful as you are. So, when bones are given them, they run off with them to their mats. Dottie has her mat, and Baby has his.



Here they gnaw every bit of meat off, and make them so clean that they can take them to any part of the house. Little clean white bones are often found lying around on chairs and sofas.

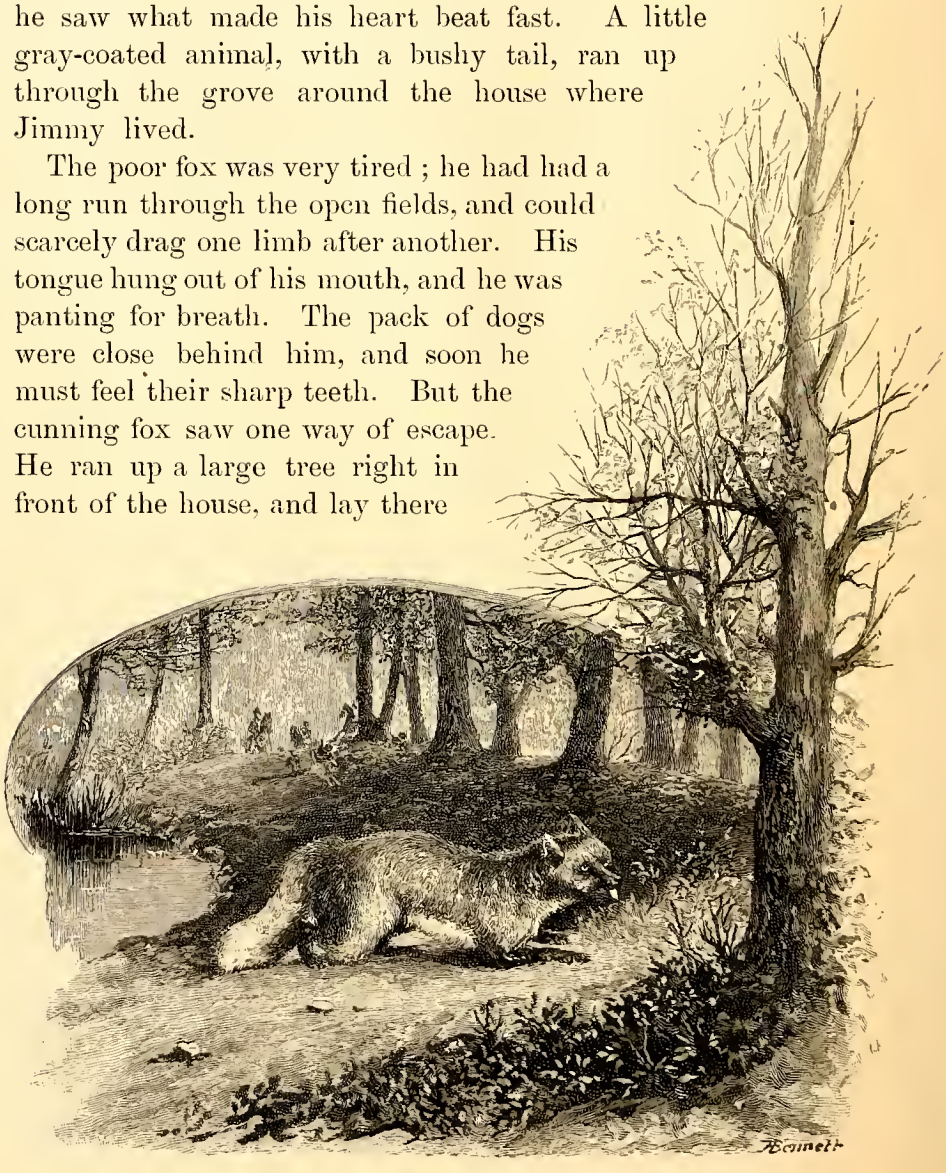
These little dogs go to ride, too, sitting up on the seat of the buggy, looking very wise.

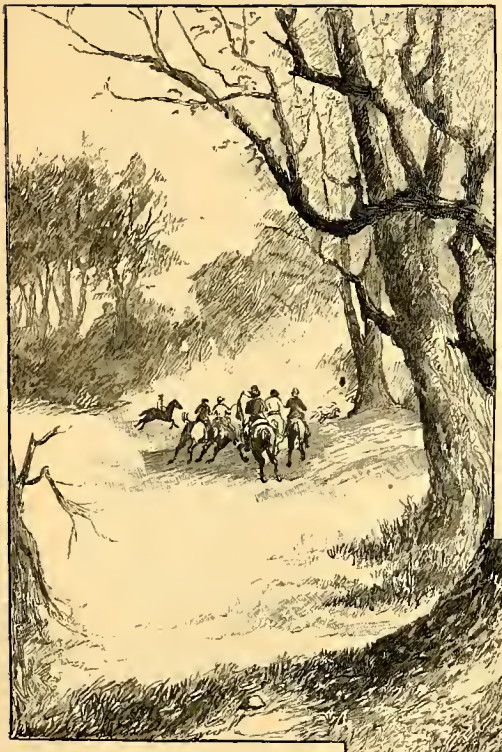
LINA STRONG.

A FOX-HUNT.

One bright morning in February, Jimmy Waugh heard a great noise and commotion. Hounds were in full cry; men on horseback were riding rapidly about. Presently he saw what made his heart beat fast. A little gray-coated animal, with a bushy tail, ran up through the grove around the house where Jimmy lived.

The poor fox was very tired; he had had a long run through the open fields, and could scarcely drag one limb after another. His tongue hung out of his mouth, and he was panting for breath. The pack of dogs were close behind him, and soon he must feel their sharp teeth. But the cunning fox saw one way of escape. He ran up a large tree right in front of the house, and lay there





on a limb, out of reach of the enemy. The hunters rode up and saw Reynard resting himself, but still panting for breath. "Give him a chance for his life," said one. "Let him take breath, and then we will run him again."

The eager dogs circled round the tree waiting for their prey, but presently the hunters called them off, and rode to a little distance.



The fox crept down the tree, on the other side, after a while, and then the chase began again. Jimmy watched the horsemen and dogs as long as he could see them, but could not help wishing that the brave little fox should get off, after all; he had made such a fight for his life.

PINK HUNTER.



WIDE–AWAKE TOWN.

A BRIGHT summer day,
And hard at his play
Our baby rides gayly, in Wide-Awake Town;
His rocking-horse thin
He fiercely reins in,
And then sends him plunging anew, up and down.

He rides to the shop,
And says he can't stop,
But won't Mr. Candyman send something nice?
A bundle of toys
To please little boys,
And a bushel of bonbons, no matter what price!

The postman to hail,
With a box for the mail,
Or off to the depot to meet dear papa!
For journeys of miles
He thinks of with smiles;
To Phil on his rocking-horse nothing is far.

To fires he goes,
And handles the hose,
And helps the brave firemen ladders to run;
Or riding to war,
Where brave soldiers are,
He leads in the battle and shoulders a gun.

To some quiet spot
He makes believe trot,
Where pastures and streamlets and "moolley cows" dwell;
Where wild flowers bloom,
And scatter perfume,
On purpose for country-bred urchins to smell.

O dear little Phil,
If only you will,
When in life's race your course you start on the track,
Keep the same happy art
Of "making up part,"
Delight and contentment you never will lack!

Because, after all,
Whatever befall,
Within is the source of our sunshine, be sure;
Good temper's the thing
To crown a child king,
And he who imagines the best will do more!

MARCIA BRADBURY JORDAN.



PIP.

Ah! but Pip was a cunning chick; so soft and downy, and two such bright, black eyes! Polly thought him the very nicest little thing in all the world. She had such a tender little heart, that when Pip's mother was run over by the farm wagon she begged her grandpa for it.

"I will be his mother," she said.

Pip soon learned to know that he had only to cry "Peep, peep, peep!" and Polly would run to him as fast as she could. He was very naughty about it, too, and would wake Polly at night very often, to give him some bread soaked in water.

Polly would rub her sleepy eyes, and say: —

"Pip, dear, if you just wouldn't get hungry at night;" but she always gave him his bread-crumbs.

When Polly's little friends came to ask her to go out to play, she would shake her head and say: —

"I can't go, 'cause Pip gets so lonesome."

One day grandma persuaded Polly to leave Pip long enough to go with her to visit a sick friend.

"Take good care of Pip, mamma," said Polly; and mamma promised to be very careful.

Pip sat on her hand while she wrote a letter, and peeked at her fingers until he grew tired. Then he tried to put his little head under his wing to go to sleep.

Mamma soon forgot all about him; and when she came to look for

him found that he had slipped down into the folds of her dress and was dead.

When Polly came home she ran into the house, crying: —

"Where's my dear Pip?" But poor Pip lay in mamma's hand, on



his back, with his little claws curled up, and his little eyes tightly closed.

Then Polly cried until Uncle Bob took her on his knee and told her he would carve her a beautiful stone to put on Pip's grave.

Polly dried her eyes and put Pip in a little box lined with cotton. Aunt Fan gave her a bunch of flowers tied with white ribbon. After the stone was finished, Polly printed on it, in her very best letters: —



"My Dear Pip,
Aged Three Weeks."

"I loved Pip ever so much," said Polly, afterwards, to her mamma; "but I am real glad I can go out to play with the girls again; and then, we had such a beautiful funeral!"

LOUISE THRUSH BROOKS.

A Bolted Door

May keep out tramps and burglars, but not Asthma, Bronchitis, Colds, Coughs, and Croup. The best protection against these unwelcome intruders is **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.** With a bottle of this far-famed preparation at hand, Throat and Lung Troubles may be checked and serious Disease averted.

Thomas G. Edwards, M. D., Blanco, Texas, certifies: "Of the many preparations before the public for the cure of colds, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred diseases, there are none, within the range of my experience and observation, so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral."

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D. M. Bryant, M. D., Chicopee Falls, Mass., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has proved remarkably good in croup, ordinary colds, and whooping cough, and is invaluable as a family medicine."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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This is the Stockin'
That ne'er is Crockin'
Wi' washin' & Walkin'—
The Snowblack Stockin'

The SNOWBLACK are the best black Half-Hose in the market. They are of a fast and unfading color, soft and glossy, and so dyed as not to be tender.

The SNOWBLACK are SHAWKNIT, which are the best-fitting and most comfortable of Half-Hose.

For sale by the trade generally, and to be obtained direct from the manufacturers, who will send, post-paid, Parcel Price-list on application.

Shaw Stocking Co.,
LOWELL, MASS.

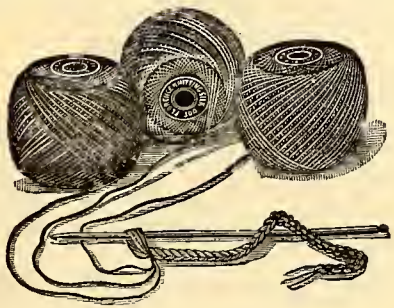


SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS
Are the Best.

in the essential qualities of ***Durability, Evenness of Points*** and ***Workmanship.*** Sample card containing five leading styles of Pens sent for trial, on receipt of return postage, 2 cents. Ask for card No. 9.

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FLORENCE
Home Needle Work



For 1888, is now ready. Contains ninety-six pages with nearly two hundred and fifty Illustrations.

Subjects: Damask Stitches, Tapestry and Italian Embroidery, Drawn-Work, Darning, Crochet, etc. It teaches ladies how to make

SOLID SILK BRAID

for trimming their garments in the latest fashion. Book mailed to any address on receipt of six cents.

NONOTUCK SILK COMPANY,
FLORENCE, MASS.
18 Summer Street, - Boston, Mass.



WE'RE little lads and lassies gay,
Pray to our song give ear;
We've come a long and snowy way
To sing of Christmas cheer.

There's no day half so dear and glad,
Alike to young and old;
We pray that no one may be sad,
Or want for lack of gold.

That each may have a merry heart,
To greet this merry day,
And pass a happy greeting on
To all who come their way.

For Christmas is no time for woe,
'Tis a day for joy and cheer;
It comes with wreathing greens and snow,
To round the happy year.



CHRISTMAS GREETING.

LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES.

EDENIA. MARÉCHAL NIEL ROSE. ALPINE VIOLET.
GOYA LILY.
LUNDBORG'S RHENISH COLOGNE.

DELICATE. REFINED. FRAGRANT.

These Perfumes are for sale by almost all Druggists and Dealers in Toilet Articles, but if, for any reason, they cannot be so obtained, send for a Price List to

LADD & COFFIN,

PROPRIETORS AND MANUFACTURERS,

24 BARCLAY ST., CORNER CHURCH ST., NEW YORK.

AS GOES TEXAS
So Goes the Country.

The following convincing and enthusiastic lines, written by a resident of the "Lone Star" State, are copied from a Texas paper, and will be read with interest and pleasure by thousands whose experience enables them to vouch for the fact that there is as much truth as poetry in the composition:

THEY ARE COMING.

They are coming from the mansions of aristocratic "swells,"
Where the merry music maketh delectation for the belles,
They are coming from the houses of the merchants, and the men
Who are preachers, teachers, scientists, and those who wield the pen;
They are coming from the villas where our bankers love to dwell,
From the happy smiling cottages in dingle and in dell;
From the cities, towns, and hamlets, and from every home and haunt,
To buy EMERSON PIANOS, which will "fill a long felt want."

They are coming, the mechanics, each a man who toils and strives,
They are coming, the wage-earners, with their children and their wives,
They are coming, careless cowboys, dapper clerks, and drummers, too,
Each one bound to buy an EMERSON — no other make will do.
For solid happiness and peace each from its tone derives,
And poetry begins to smile into prosaic lives,
And they troop to GOGGAN BROTHERS or to one of their four branches,
Those men who live in cities and those dwellers upon ranches.

And the EMERSONS are coming from the city by the sea,
The town that had a picnic when they spilled King George's tea;
They are coming by the car-load to fill this great demand,
They are coming down to Galveston, by sea as well as land;
They are coming, too, to Waco, and to Houston, and to San
Antonio, and to Austin, always foremost in the van —
Five citadels of EMERSON, upheld against all others,
By the Texas "Gog and Magog," but known here as GOGGAN BROTHERS.

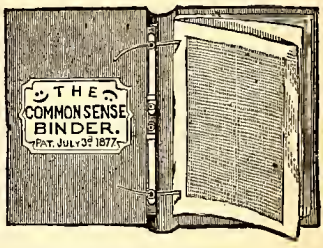
VIOLA TOUT.

Galveston, October, 1888.

THE EMERSON PIANO COMPANY have removed to their elegant new warerooms, No. **174** Tremont Street, Boston, Mass., where a full line of their latest styles in upright and square pianos may be found.

TO SUBSCRIBERS OF

OUR LITTLE ONES
AND THE NURSERY.



WE have had inquiries for a Binder for our Magazine, and to enable us to meet the wants of our subscribers, we have had manufactured a supply of the COMMON SENSE BINDER, which, after careful investigation, we find to be the best in use. Those furnished by us are in cloth, with "OUR LITTLE ONES" in gilt, the inside linings being the same as the bound volume. In this Binder the numbers of the Magazine can be placed each month as fast as they are received, thus making a bound book all the year. Having had a large number of these Binders made, we can offer them at one-third less than the regular retail price, and every reader of OUR LITTLE ONES should have one.

Price, 50 cents, postage paid.

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"THE CHAUTAUQUAN."

"Household," "Cottage Hearth," "Babyhood," and "Good Housekeeping."

Correspondence solicited and estimates furnished for any desired line of advertising.

GEORGE A. FOXCROFT,
Proprietor.

CHILDREN WILL BRUSH THEIR TEETH

with the Child's Prophylactic Tooth Brush (made of soft bristles and delicate enough for a 1 year old babe) because it cleans all the teeth so perfectly. Every Dentist urges more care for the first teeth. Nothing for cleaning the teeth has ever had the world wide endorsements of this brush. Adults use the Prophylactic for natural teeth and The Florence Dental Plate Brush for artificial. For children from the age of 7 to 14 a special youths size is made. Descriptive circulars.

Florence Manufacturing Company, Florence, Mass.

Adults', Youths', and Childs' sizes kept by all Druggists and Dentists.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.

CANDY

Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, *prepaid*, east of Denver or west of Boston. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

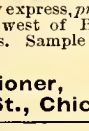
C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.

PEERLESS DYES Are the BEST. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

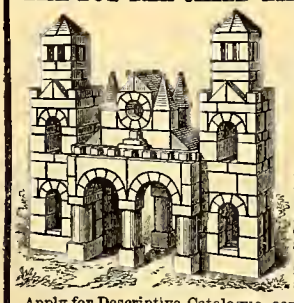
PIANOS FROM $150 to $1500. **UNIVERSITY** ORGANS FROM $35 to $500.



Famous for Beauty, Sweetness, Durability. **No Agents.** Sent from factory direct to purchaser. You save the enormous expenses of agents. **Guaranteed six years**, and sent for trial in your own home. **VICTORIOUS for 30 YEARS.** Catalogue free.
Marchal & Smith, 235 E. 21st St. N.Y.



THE TOY THE CHILD LIKES BEST



IS THE **"Anchor" Stone Building Blocks,** real stone, three colors. The BEST PRESENT for children and adults. For $1.75 or $2.00 a good average box.

Apply for Descriptive Catalogue, sent post-free, to
F. AD. RICHTER & CO.,
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AMUSEMENT FOR ALL AGES.



VACUUM TIPPED ARROW.

CHILDREN are delighted with it.
YOUNG Men and Maidens are captivated with it.
AND OLD Men and Matrons take pleasure in it, or enjoy it with their children and grand children.

It is a perfect Parlor Amusement, as there are no sharp points to break or mar the Furniture, and can be shot with safety even at your window. It *will adhere wherever it strikes.* Sold everywhere.

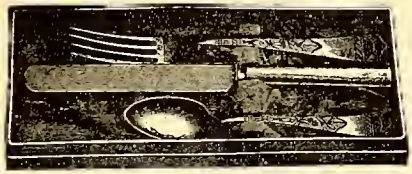
A Spring Steel Bow, Arrow, Butterfly Hanger and Graduated Target, mailed post-paid for **50** cts., or Gun substituted for Bow, **85** cts. **ELASTIC TIP CO.,** Sole Mfrs. Cornhill & Wash. Sts., Boston, Mass.

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A POEM IN

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Three Beauties—Knife, Fork AND Spoon

IN SATIN LINED CASE, ABSOLUTELY

—FREE!—

One of the above sets will be sent, postpaid, as a premium, by THE METROPOLITAN, America's popular monthly, now in its fourth year of publication. The premium would cost you double the subscription. Pryor & Co., wholesale dealers in silver ware, &c. write:

"To the Manager of THE METROPOLITAN:

DEAR SIR:—The large lot of goods you have to-day purchased from us to be given away as premiums, must carry delight into thousands of homes. . . . You have secured a rare bargain for your subscribers."

The present is one eminently **suited to every household. The Queens of Society** have nothing of the kind more beautiful, and nothing could be more welcome from the **Husband to the Wife, the Lover to his Sweetheart, the Mother to her Child,** than this **Holiday Gem.**

When you remember that you receive in addition to the above, one of the best Illustrated Home Magazines in the country for a whole year for only **Fifty cents,** you cannot deny that it is an extraordinary inducement. Remit in postage stamps. Address **THE METROPOLITAN, 32 Vesey Street, New York.**

BARNEY & BERRY SKATES



CATALOGUE FREE.

BARNEY & BERRY SPRINGFIELD, MASS

FOR X-MAS



Latest French Novelty. Magic Wind-Mill Scarf Pin. Elegant, unique, attractive; by mechanical motion. Wind-Mill revolves with great rapidity. Fine metal. Will not tarnish. No acids. Price, by mail, $1.25.

Boys, Girls, Mothers, Fathers, Sisters, Cousins or Aunts

who wish to get suitable X-MAS Presents for relatives or friends, can find exactly what they want in our ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, prepared specially for the holidays, which contains cuts and prices of Gymnasium Apparatus, Boxing Gloves, Chest and Athletic Suits, Skates, Sleds, Toboggans, Bicycles, Rowing Machines, Tricycles, Velocipedes, Lawn Tennis, Base Ball, Wigs, Beards, Moustaches, Magicians' Apparatus, Magic Lanterns, Toys and everything for out and Indoor Sports. Sent post-paid for 10c. Mention this Magazine.

Peck & Snyder, 124-26-28 Nassau St., N.Y.

MONEY MADE KEEPING HENS.

Hundreds of farmers who never kept an account, would kill every "pesky hen" on the farm, if it was not for the "women folks." The women intuitively know that the hens do not "eat their heads off every six months," but properly kept, pay better than any other farm animals.

This is true. A record, simple to keep, so it would be used and show the facts in detail, would prove that every hen paid a profit. They could be made to pay, from one to three dollars each. Mr. James L. Burgess, Nashua, N. H., reported to the Nashua "Telegraph" that his wife made a clean net profit last year of $36 50 on eggs alone, from only sixteen hens. He thinks her success was largely due to using Sheridan's Condition Powder, a much advertised preparation to make hens lay.

Do your hens pay like that? Do you want to learn how to make them pay better? Are you in delicate health, and want to commence poultry raising for the sake of open air employment? If so, get some reliable advice how to do it. An enlarged and much improved Poultry Raising Guide has just been printed. It contains practical information and many new features, which every person who keeps hens should have; such as records and accounts for each month of the year. It also contains a long series of very valuable articles, by A. F. Hunter, "How to Make Money With a Few Hens." Of him the Lowell, Mass., *Journal* says: "The most sensible poultry literature we have read we find under the name of A. F. Hunter. He evidently knows what he is talking about." These two features alone are worth ten times the cost of the book; which the publishers, I. S. JOHNSON & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass., send postpaid, for only 25 cents in stamps, or two 25-cent packs of Sheridan's Powder and the hook for 60 cents, five packs $1; a large 2½ pound can of the Powder for $1.20 postpaid; six cans $5, express prepaid. They will send a testimonial circular free to any one.

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125 SPLENDID Embossed Scrap-Book Pictures, Pictures, 10c. POPE & CO., Montpelier, Vt.

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CROCHET WORK: —A new and complete work of 112 pp., fully illustrated. Full instructions for all kinds of Crocheting in Cotton, Linen, Silk and Wool. The most complete book published. Price 35c, postpaid. WESTERN LACE MFG. CO., 218 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

CROUP REMEDY The only medicine known that will cure **Membranous Croup.** The proprietor of this medicine has used it in his private practice twenty years, and in **every case of any Kind of Croup it has never failed to cure.** The remedy is tasteless and harmless. *Sample with directions sent free by mail.* Price, **50c.** per box.

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PEERLESS DYES Are the BEST. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

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Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa,* from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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Perfectly Pure Extracts of Choicest Fruits. THE BEST. Unequaled Strength for all. Thousands of gross sold. Winning friends everywhere. DEALERS TREBLE SALES WITH THEM.

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Now's your time to get up clubs for our *celebrated goods* and procure a **Beautiful Watch—Stem Winder** and **Stem Setter**—Imported Swiss Movement. Just the watch for boys. We have in stock a large line of premiums for all. For full particulars address **The Great American Tea Co.** P. O. Box 289. 31 & 33 Vesey St., New York, N. Y.

PLEASE **REMEMBER** THAT

ESPEY'S FRAGRANT CREAM

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OF LIME, SODA, IRON, FOR HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

Preserve the children's golden moments,
Guard well their precious lives,
And if you'd have them strong and healthy
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